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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE 'THOUSAND ISLANDS.'

—  
WITH A GLANCE AT SOMETHING ELSE.  
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IN these unchivalrous, matter-of-fact days, it would seem to border on the audacious to offer any remarks suggestive of a more liberal use of life, since the spirit of the age seems unsatisfied unless one toils, droops and dies, with harness on his back.

We cannot now divine what may come from the nib of our pen, but as we do not belong to the regular army of 'litterateurs,' we may be excused if we should load, aim and fire in the most promiscuous and unsportsmanlike manner, taking now and then a feather from the game that may rise on our path. We may, however, avow thus much: we shall not avoid applying the language of censure to those who find no exhilarating, soul-improving influence in the ministrations of Nature, or who are inclined to deride or cheapen the motives of those who advocate the necessity of manly exercise.

When we revert to the scenes that with no slight rapidity have succeeded each other during the season that is now closing, we feel much like the boy who, on his first visit to a museum, is so dazzled by the variety and extent of the objects he encounters that he can calmly contemplate none. He may possibly retain a dreary recollection of the hippopotamus, the big turtle, and Tom Thumb; and in like manner we can only recall such things as are chiefly rememberable from their size or insignificance.

As a substitute for the forgotten, we may indulge in some general remarks, saying less of woman than man; and with the aid of our fly-rod, bring an occasional fish into the upper air for the relief of the reader's eye.

He who should take a view of the actual condition of his fellow-man might be surprised to find how large a portion of them are shut out or prevented from participating in the beauties and uses of the outward world; the positive requirements of daily life demanding the fulfilment

of duties through which existence can only be sustained. But his surprise would be increased in contemplating another and higher class; such as possessing the requisite leisure and means to interrogate and report on the manifold objects of interest that are so profusely scattered over the Empire State, but with *no will* to do it. Such as these may be justly termed infidels to all beauty, culprits at the bar of Nature, and exposed to the severest sentence of her court: indifferent and apathetic; criminally at fault; exhibiting few aspirations beyond the confines of their own domicils, and fearful that the functions of life would stop if they could not hear the rattle of an omnibus, or the news-boy cry 'Herald, Tribune and Mirror;' singing hosannahs to sixpences, while the sweet minstrelsy of Nature appeals to them all in vain. Tell us, ye exclusives of city and suburb! if it is not an unfortunate state of mind that finds more pleasure and repose in silver dinner-sets, splendid mirrors, Sevres porcelain and Turkey carpets, than it does in the heavens and the earth? Not that there is folly in manifesting an attachment to such adornings, but the folly there is in being *mastered* by them. Devotion to the true interests of humanity may be preserved without idolatry; neither is the race of life expected to be run on a mile-course and repeat. We would not be understood as undervaluing the necessity and efficacy of employment, which is the Magna Charta of our well-being, but we do maintain that the conflicting cares of life, its wear and tear, would be better met and borne, and probably diminished, if a more equitable division was established between work and play. An indiscriminate attachment to what is usually termed 'the requisition of duty' has contracted more souls than it ever enlarged; and, what perhaps is worse, it is apt to foster an uncharitable spirit, which pours out its bitterness without stint on many a devoted head; now frowning on any thing implying a genial impulse of the heart, and now rebuking any inspiration that the imagination may evoke in the presence of inanimate objects; in short, it is humanity half lighted up, and worshipping one idea. One of the shrewdest observers, and *the* most successful author of our age, has remarked: 'I have never remarked any one, be he soldier, divine, or lawyer, that was exclusively attached to the narrow habits of his own profession, but what such person became a great twaddler in good society.' Who does not know, or has not felt, the cold withering denunciations of your exclusively worldly man, when he assumes the censor's cap, endeavoring to suppress all local affection for the sake of gain; denying as delusive whatever cannot be crammed into one's pocket or put into a bank; dwelling with emphasis and severity on whatever allures from traffic; and prophesying defeat and disaster to him whose soul rejects being melted in *his* crucible and discounted! Such a man, rather than 'bind himself to Nature's chariot-wheels,' would go to the *stake* if he was sure the fuel were bank-notes; his conscience owning no fellowship but with 'tare and tret.' This is no fiction; a day's reality transcends a century of fiction. The lives of some people are passed in the contemplation of *prospective* benefits, keeping them idle on one spot, and subjecting themselves to a jail-like penance. They have an uncle or an aunt or grandfather on whom this day's sun may set for the last time, and believing that their moneyed salvation de-

pend in being in at the death, if they do not die by overwatching, they at best only *survive*, throwing nothing but their shadow on Time, and Time in his turn consigning them to a well-earned oblivion.

Who has not witnessed or heard of family commotions heaving with oceanic fury, and which the smoothing oil of time is often insufficient to allay, and to whom the harmonizing idea of 'distinct like the billows, but one like the sea,' was as much regarded as a rope of sand, in connection with the welfare of the paternal ark? There are few more potent allies in training the affections, disciplining the temper, and promoting tranquillity, than a familiarity with the sublimer scenes of Nature, and the habit at stated intervals of communing with what the ALMIGHTY FATHER has reared in his magnificent solitudes as fitting shrines for the worship and solace of his creature, man.

Sir Walter Scott says somewhere in his Journal: 'I was commanded to Windsor.' Not long since a similar court-like message came to us from a noble friend, not to repair to a palace, but to a spot ever rememberable for its picturesque beauty and its lovely and remarkable combination of land and water. 'Come,' said he, 'prepared for shooting, fishing and slaying; but mind you come!' Our accomplished Nimrod knew well enough the distinction between a command and an invitation, and rightly anticipated the effect of its reception. The distance of the proposed place where we were to unjoint our rods, free our reels, throw the fly, wing the fowl and kill the deer, vanished into thin air when on examining our equipment we found it all right, and seemingly anxious for distinction. So here we are, careering through the Mohawk Valley, teeming with all the beauty and luxuriance of vegetable life, which belong to the first days of Autumn; now passing with a provoking speed some graceful bend of the river; now stretching our neck after a too-fleeting landscape; and now listening to the rapturous exclamation of a young tourist: 'I could travel for sixteen years if it was all like this!'

New measures of delight spring up as we advance, never wearying with the yet unwrinkled face of Nature, and the soul that beats in unison with our own. We pass Rome, but see no capitol; Canastota, but no Indian chief; Syracuse, but no Dromios; but at the latter place we did see the very beau-ideal of a host, in the person of one RUST, who is worthy of a more shining name. We hope that the saline properties for which this region is so celebrated may exert on him a conservative, life-lengthening influence.

We must pass rapidly by Salina, Liverpool and Geddesburgh, if we would escape *evaporation*, for their people are exceedingly well instructed and exercised in that process. As we approach one of our inland seas, of one hundred and eighty miles in length, and bid good-by to that thriving, mill-speeding town, Oswego, with its button-wood tree, thirty-five and a half feet in circumference; the 'Worden' Garden, with its fine fruit; its ill-kept hotels and dilapidated forts, our fancy becomes quickened and excited by both the present and the remote; for we are now pressing the soft carpets in the saloon of the Steamer 'Cataract,' and passing and repassing joyful faces and mirthful hearts. Forty miles are accomplished, and Hounslow Bay, with Sackett's Harbor for its



diadem, is revealed to the eye, as well as sundry stone barracks, and a 'first rate man of war,' who has kept his hat on for more than twenty years! Striking across now in the lake and now among islands, the Martello towers of Kingston engage attention; and now the city, with its forsaken government palace, its church-spires, its superb stone market house and adjacent forts, present a picture of no inconsiderable beauty. At the wharf we remark the *red coat*, but unaccompanied with the bristling implements of defence; no gilded barges or bannered ships. On shore no martial air salutes the ear, or military review dazzles the eye, but every where a sad serenity prevailed; significant of the overshadowing effect of an unpopular government. Subsequently we visited it, wearing a more agreeable aspect; emblems of the thrice renowned victories of peace then met us at every turn. Within a ten-acre enclosure, of octagon form, tastefully embellished with balsams, were collected the most curious machines, agricultural implements of all kinds, and flowers of all hues; and while HER MAJESTY'S band was playing some appropriate air, we made our exit, not forgetting that the 'annual fair' was now 'a matter of history' to us, as well as to the multitude who were hurrying on foot and in vehicle to the seven steamboats, whose bells were ringing the final home-march.

We are again on board the Cataract, heading for 'French Creek,' our impatience increasing as the distance diminishes. Our impatience was soon relieved, when turning to the west, we saw the heralding of a brilliant sunset, one of those occasions 'when nature takes a coloring fit and does something extraordinary; things which can only be conceived, while they are visible.' We watched and watched, and wondered at the intensity and variety of hues presented as the great luminary was about to sink, and were never more forcibly impressed with the *fact*, that Nature can master Art, and hold her at defiance whenever she chooses; whatever the North American Review may say to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our sensations of promised enjoyment are now rapidly multiplying, as island after island is passed, and the Mecca of our hope is only screened from view by some forest sentinels which seem to bow their high heads in welcome, as we move on to our inheritance.

We are there. The hanging shore proclaims it; the liberty-pole attests it; and if required, the 'commodore' and the 'squire' will swear to it.

The Commodore bears himself like one of your large land owners, with water privileges to match; his deer range over a hundred islands, and his vision, when put to it, can nearly embrace the whole. He is greatly annoyed at times by the pilferings of the wild fowl among his 'wild rice' plantations, and he has frequently been known to make his bed in their immediate vicinity, (and his board too,) with the 'Squire as co-watcher, determined to maintain and protect his rights, even at the mouth of his two-barrelled gun.

A sort of gentle disagreement sometimes occurs between these denizens, touching their individual experiences and prowess, and then it is that the argumentative adroitness of the 'Squire is seen to advantage. He is first rate authority on any contested point connected with 'Goose

Bay,' 'Eel Bay,' or that once bloody stream 'Crooked Creek,' where the Yankees once hemmed in an enemy, even unto death, by felling trees; he is positive of one thing, and will affirm it to his last day, 'that Daniel Lambert's over-coat was never large enough to make a jacket for the Commodore.'

Many a jest encases a truth, and the 'Squire is known to be as just as he ingenious. When he brings *all* his skill and perseverance into action in angling, he rather excites the envy of his generally victorious associate, for then his supremacy stands confessed; for instance, one hundred and fifty-three pounds against one hundred and six in one day's trailing! Our intimacy with these brave-hearted men was such that we did not permit ourselves to travel either land or water without them!

Rarely did we pass an island without having our memory charged with some real or legendary fact; some sanguinary panther conflict, voluntarily engaged in without fire-arms, by a person who now bears the scars received in the encounter, and thrillingly relates the incidents of his victory; of some steamer that struck upon a ledge at tea-time, and overset no cups or saucers, and sundry other more amusing and more impossible things.

Long life to these keen-eyed, broad-chested, big-hearted denizens, and may they always keep their boats in good order, and provide them with better *seats*, especially for the convenience and comfort of their twelve day visitors, whose one thousand three hundred and forty-three pounds of fish so favorably affected the *salt* market at the Bay!

Now we are among a rare family of islands, the least of them possessing some distinct character of form or beauty, and some few capable of supporting some forty or fifty families. We have frequently visited a dairy there which turns out two tons of good cheeses every year. The great majority of them are neither cultivated nor inhabited.

Our skiff is constantly threading its way among these *land aquatic*, affording the most agreeable employment for the hands, engagement for the mind, and variety for the eye. Now we are stemming the rapid current of some narrow 'gut' with a black bass on every fly, and now quietly gliding back into a deep and tranquil basin to relieve our rod of the life that bends it almost to breaking; now we push into a wider expanse of water, where the tempting 'shoals' successively appear swarming with myriads of the finny tribe, and inviting employment for all our equipment and skill, fortunate if both fail not in reciprocating as they ought the multiplying and affectionate attentions of this gamesome fish. (This is more especially the case during the summer months, as the bass generally quit the shoals by September for deeper water and other feed.)

Now we relinquish for a time this sparkling, exciting sport, and seek the borders of the main channel, or push into some capacious bay where the quick-eyed, darting pickerel is wooed from his grassy bed, by our brilliant spinning bait, and where the bump of Hope attains its maximum in calculating the chances of securing a 'Muscalonge.'

Now our gallantry is most agreeably exercised as we approach the 'Three Sisters,' who are here anchored for a long life, and each possessed of a distinct separate estate; their domiciles are models admirably

adapted to withstand the fury of the elements and requiring no repairs from mortal man; fortunate, as Forsyth might have said, both in their society and solitude. At their side, ever ready 'to avenge a look that threatens insult' is the trusty 'grenadier' whose majestic and imposing aspect is only equalled by his endurance and constancy.

Many are the salutations they receive from the passing traveller, and many a maiden of the continent has probably envied, and would be glad to inherit their perennial loveliness, even at the expense of single blessedness!

That most agreeable dilemma, 'Where shall we dine?' now presses us like a friend. Whether, where VICTORIA holds rule; on the line, where 'Bill Johnson' ceases from torment, or on some of 'UNCLE SAM'S' isolated possessions. Our feelings being somewhat royal, incline us toward the Queen. We soon reach the main shore, and under some thickly-leaved oak or maple, the stone table is spread, and near by the flame ascends with a truly sacrificial pomp; the senses are summoned to their work, and their *engagedness* continues, until that diétetic monitor, the palate, announces the hunger-appeasing jubilee terminated.

To be able to interpret nature, where there is every thing to elevate, and 'none to molest or make afraid,' is surely an enviable privilege, especially when we can successfully practise our deceptions on the finny tribe, now offering an artificial bug, now a gray fly, and now one so gay and gaudy that we almost envy the victim that takes it. Now that the repast is over, we push forth again; and as we turn a point, the practised eye of the oarsman discovers, noiselessly engaged in plucking its food, that provokingly shy bird, the 'black duck,' and the instant whizzing that salutes the ear too certainly proclaims his escape; the beautiful wood-duck is quite at home here, but they are quite apt to be out, to mere callers! Enough of both, however, may be secured in September to satisfy the occasional sportsman or the palate of the epicure. The gray duck, shell drake and teal, also inhabit these waters, and are obliged to tolerate in their society that almost unconscious, stupid, tough, shot-resisting thing, which is called 'nigger duck.'

The broad winged 'blue heron' is an unmistakeable object, whether standing or flying, and his commanding stature and solemn bearing would recommend him as an overseer of the entire feathered family of this region.

As an agreeable contrast to this commerce with the birds, the field of action may be transferred to where the porcupine, the gray and black squirrel, and an occasional mink, abound; not to mention the muskrat, whose houses loom up at intervals like very little log-cabins! We will not dwell on the doe, which met the usual fate of almost all deer that take to the water when pursued: no incident is so instantly inspiring to an oarsman as a discovery of this nature; he turns his boat round with an inconceivable quickness, and disregarding rods, lines and flies, makes for the spot in hot haste and engages in the capture. If the word *enthusiasm* required a more active and positive definition, the lexicographer might find one connected with such an event.

Having threaded our way among this marvellous congregation of

islands for a day, and which we have attempted without exaggeration to describe, disposes the angler to seek, with a deep consciousness of an overruling BENIGNANT POWER, his rural retreat for the night; and having exhibited to his comrade the result of his skill, he selects a few of the fatest bass for his stomach's sake. Having repaired the wants of the inner man, he slumbers on a bed of feathers or hemlock leaves, at his discretion, and sleeps a lord, until the morning sun summons him to another day's renewal of delight:

'I AM too little to contain my joy  
It flows above the narrow bank' GEORGE B.  
'What shall I say? Let me bathe here eternally  
And study new arithmetic to count  
New wonders.'

This is the region that the angler of the present day contemplates with unmixed satisfaction; and if the imaginative principle is active within him he may dwell even with rapture on the perspective which the future may throw around it, when upon several of these numberless isles will doubtless arise villas of simple beauty dedicated to a pastime which time will have more fully developed and ennobled, and where the professional man, the man of the world, the poet, the philosopher and the statesman may find not only a charming release from the entanglements and trammels of life, but a deepening interest in the tie that binds them to Nature. And who knows but at this congress of sages and wits, plans may be devised, principles evolved, and action resolved upon, that may startle the (then) *entire* continent?

The angler who may then desire to dine on a foreign soil, must cross the ocean to do it. VICTORIA will then be in her grave, and *perhaps* her country.

How spontaneous is our liking for the man who regularly makes a pilgrimage to these pastoral shrines! Should the cares of home or business press heavily, he does not, like your untravelled, unmountained worldling, become surly, snubby and churlish, for he has been accustomed to forsake his bill-book and ledger for a time, and say to his family: 'Now I am going to another sphere, where I may see moving objects without tongues, and eloquence without passion; I go to interrogate our dear mother and ally, Nature.' His pulse soon begins to beat quicker and stronger; his cheek assumes a more ruddy hue, his muscles expand, and his vision enlarges to the full orbit of humanity. He reaches an elevation where nothing speaks to him of animated life, except perchance some butterfly borne unduly by the breeze from its parent bed of flowers. And here he has audience with himself; and in this temple where the tormenting passions are dumb he marvels and wonders why his fellow men are so indifferent and dead to Nature's appeals; why it is that communing with her is considered no boon; why that her rugged riches have no temptations, her sleeping beauties no suitors, her torrents so few delineators, her massive everlasting pyramids no votaries, and no sculptor to chisel his way to fame among her interminable quarries?

Such questions, however pertinent, as they enter one ear of the world go out at the other, and no response goes up to the mountain and the

lake better than this: 'No time, Sir, for such things; I am a married man; have duties to perform thicker than blackberries and longer than rope-walks; have a neighbor who is a little better off than I, and am sore afraid he will be more so if I relax my efforts.'

This we imagine, though put in homely phrase, embodies the truth, and nothing but the truth; and so long as this continues to be the taught gospel of our day, so long will it be necessary to preach another. These are the sentiments that make the study of the professional man a damp rayless cloister, the counting-room a fashionable hospital, and the shop an embroidered hearse; active agents all in repelling whatever favors a manly exercise.

That old, very respectable, but man-killing maxim, 'Time is money,' is too narrowly interpreted. Time is *every thing*; employment, sensation, pastime, prose, poetry; and he best redeems it who crowds most into it.

The pulpit sends forth without stint its denunciatory voice against undue worldliness, wealth, extravagance and ambition, but the number of their votaries diminishes not. It seems necessary to hold up to men's minds, apart from Holy Writ, something that may outsparkle the gilded lucre that so exclusively controls the energies of our times.

When the Evil One wished to tempt the SAVIOUR, he led him up into the wilderness. Cannot the preacher dwell with effect at frequent intervals on the refreshing, exalting influences locked up in nature's love? Can he not gently remove the bars that press so heavily on many an imprisoned heart, and invite it out to exercise in the propitious redeeming sunlight of bountiful nature? Some of our divines, as well as their hearers, are so transcendental that they would take us clean off the earth; and if they do not consign us to a vacuum, they keep us so long uncomfortably suspended, that our sensations bear a near resemblance to those of the unsuspecting boy who is promised a sight of London if he will consent to be lifted up by the ears.

There is, we imagine, no fear of making the world too spiritual; but those who are so singularly fortunate as to believe that they have received without measure of this heavenly afflatus, are very apt to use language that freezes hope and darkens knowledge; and so far as we have observed, they neither live nor act better than other folks. We may be perhaps too fastidious in these matters, or too utilitarian; but we are inclined to think that we *ripen* as fast in sunlight as in moonlight.

The material part of our nature is not sufficiently addressed; it is under-fed. The spiritual is over-fed. Instead of fusing the material and spiritual together, thereby promoting a good average for the conduct of life, the clergy for the most part seem mainly anxious to *draw off* all the material into the spiritual; an attempt quite as likely to be successful as emptying one ocean into another. The antagonistic attitudes thus impelled and established between the two keeps up a sort of 'border warfare,' neither allaying asperities nor bettering the heart, and in which both soul and body are often sacrificed. Every department of nature should furnish texts, and be pioneers or messengers of life-giving truth, carrying the preacher's doctrine home to the heart, and tending to promote as far as possible a union of the visible and

invisible in indissoluble matrimony. This magnificent dowry, the outward world, was bestowed for all time and all people, and it becomes the noble heart, the gifted pencil and the eloquent tongue to recommend and illustrate its manifold and benignant uses.

We are aware that we have stepped upon ground that does not legitimately belong to us; but anglers are accustomed to exercise the largest liberty and to throw their fly with *peculiar* zest into waters the most unfrequented. We have frequently advocated the propriety of appropriating certain portions of the year to healthful pastimes and manly sports, deeming their indulgence highly conducive to our temporal well-being. Neither pennies nor dollars may be saved thereby, but there will be great gain realized in a series of years, visible in an improved animal frame, a mind freer and more forcible, an imagination readier to receive and transmit, a fancy more vivid and truthful, and a heart enlarged to the full circle of human cares and caresses.

To one not regardless of the physical aspect of the rising generation it is evident that there is much defective training, or a culpable omission of any. If the *Human* were as well nurtured and watched as the *State* Constitution, we should have more sound minds in sound bodies. There are few more sorry sights, and they occur at every turn, than the attenuated form and dropping-away aspect of the ambitious scholar, who, abjuring all manly exercises, hovers like a miller over the midnight lamp, and, like that insect, heedlessly and prematurely perishes in its blaze. As he would wear no armor, Fate was sure to hit him.

The *Olympic* games were instituted to help both soul and body; the *American*, to distract the one and weaken the other. Those who can do a world of good, thinking and writing on a small physical capital, are few and far between. Children of our day are either pampered or pinched; the larger part we believe are permitted to select their own schools and teachers, and inclined to frown on any thing that looks like subjection; the idea of being consigned to any specific system of training, either physical or mental, is as unwelcome as the sting of a wasp. The gentler sex, especially of the rich, too often bear about them the marks of premature decay. Survey the clustering groups at any of our summer resorts, and those of a sound body and healthful air peer up and are as unmistakeably prominent as a fresh-descended Juno would be.

This disregard to physical training is almost exclusively a parental affair. The delinquencies of parents in this respect stand out in monstrously bold and killing relief; daughters especially find out before long that their constitutions are broken and their life-inheritance jeopardized; and most of them inclined to do little else than consult doctors, nourish a passion for fine furniture, rich personal adornings and eye-catching jewels, repose nowhere to their mind but on satin embossed chairs, or sleep-inspiring couches, tolerate no books less exciting than French novels, and even find fault with the breath of heaven if it is not charged with cologne. If such are to be the future mothers of our race, the race may ere long call in vain for fathers.

There are few more sublime spectacles on this earth than the matron

who, amidst the dust and din, the asperities and impertinences, the cares and caresses that more or less centre in every home, exhibits an activity neither forced nor unnatural, a composure neither assumed nor insulting, and a dignity so easy and unconstrained that she seems like a living gospel of charity and peace; but we fear that the customs and habits of our times are peculiarly unfriendly to their increase.

Society, as now constructed, with its captivating, consuming refinements, hardly permits a young lady to survive the period of blossoming:

'A VIOLET in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.'

If the probationary period allotted to man is three score years and ten, why is it that the monuments of the 'early dead' in our cemeteries form so large a majority? This fact is invested with a double significance by commemorating what death has done, and what parental ignorance or neglect has unconsciously aided in doing. The times require a great physical reformer; one combining in his person the captivating qualities of an Apollo, and in his heart the ardor and eloquence of a Paul.

Muscle must be more considered and developed in connexion with mind, else the latter, which is a sharp, sensitive blade, may eat through its scabbard, and be turned on itself.

Our sensibilities and our censures are sadly taxed in daily viewing the conflicts and struggles of the aspiring mind with the young but enfeebled body:

'CUT is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is APOLLO's laurel bough.'

It is somewhat surprising how few are the professional gentlemen that have crossed our piscatorial path. Among the clergy only two stand out on memory's record possessing the needful courage to make the wilderness a place of mirthful joy, and at the same time exhibiting a Peter-like zeal in the cause of conversion, and a martyr's devotion to the line of duty, run where it may. We have occasionally met lawyers who had temporarily relinquished the brief for Walton's breviary, bestowing gracefully their *patronage* on cold-water sports; but for the most part they instinctively incline to intimacies with those who live near and *in hot water*. They are a decidedly domestic biped, and mainly anxious for good fees and fat feed. Among the doctors we can recall but two who appeared 'to have taken the pledge,' and both possessing a just appreciation of the claims of Nature and of man. It is, after all, the merchant who pulls a plum out of every thing, and redeems the time, being literally minister, lawyer and doctor, and who does more by his unpatronizing, incidental communings with the hard-working, uncomplaining or complaining inmates of the log-house, in communicating intelligence and inculcating contentment, than a regiment of missionaries, specially armed and equipped to teach and reprove!

Statesmen sometimes bend *to* the rod, but more frequently *under* it. We apprehend that they are more inclined to court the ocean shore than the inland lake; a fitter emblem perhaps of the surge-like life to

which they are ordained. We confess no peculiar partiality for salt-water sports, for our suspicions never slumber or cease to torment with 'fear of coming change;' but he who is fond of a long pull, and a strong pull, and unmindful of skinless fingers, may find excitement enough and to spare in taking the yanking, hauling, jumping 'blue fish.'

Even that illustrious man, the 'Great Expounder,' marvelled when he saw how those *sea Satans* were wooed and won by our tempting 'spoon victuals.'

Fancy for a moment the gladdening effect of the angler's return to his home. Joyful notes herald his approach, and ready arms cradle and embrace him at the threshold; young eyes look up to him as a nut to be cracked; faces radiant as the sun thicken about him, wishing that time would move with redoubled speed evening-ward, when the gates of his memory are to be unlocked, and the narrative to gush forth, fertilizing the fancies of the young and regaling the declining senses of the old! And while the dear delighted ones are hanging with enraptured ear on what comes fresh and spontaneous from the heart, he escapes for a while from the otherwise broad but now too-confining path of prose, and with a sweet compelling eloquence challenges afresh their admiration by rehearsing from some favorite poet 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn:'

'CALM-BOUND is the form of the water-bird there,  
And the spear of the rush stands erect in the air,  
And the dragon-fly roams in the lily bud gay,  
Where walk the bold pike in the sun-smitten bay.

'O waken, winds! waken wherever asleep,  
In the cloud, in the mountain, or down in the deep;  
For the angler is watching beside the green springs  
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings.'

'O waken, winds, waken! the waters are still,  
And in silence the sun-light reclines on the hill,  
While the angler is watching beside the green springs  
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings.

'His rod lies beside him, his tackle unfreed,  
And his withe-covered pannier is hung on the mead,  
As he looks on the lake through the fane of green trees,  
And sighs for the curl of the soft southern breeze.'

Those who are sick of doing, acting, or even hoping, and those too of bruised hopes and stained lives, may discover, if they choose, that *Nature* distils the most precious remedies; and those who partake most largely of them will be soonest cured or relieved.

To all who are competing for the world's honors, and overlaid with accomplishments, and conceits to match, we would urge *them* to climb the everlasting mountains and witness the dawn of a single day, on which so many eyes will open and close for the first and last time; reäscend them at set of sun, and suppress, if ye can, the mingled emotions which the scene inspires! Here you seem to stand above and beyond the life you have lived, and with perceptions clarified and enlarged, the map of your past existence becomes vivid and luminous, errors stand revealed in forms not to be mistaken, and good works loom up as light-houses against the sky.

If from such a spot, where the feeling of your own insignificance im-



parts power, you are not inclined now and forever to repudiate and abandon whatever is unjust, unkind, morose or of ill report, then you have sought this Pisgah in vain, and your salvation must be wrought out where your thralldom commenced.

Land of the mountain, and the lake that only mirrors the sun in his meridian! language was not made where ye dwell, and words must give place to feeling; but we cannot forbear to repeat our conviction that both our moral and physical natures were intended to be quickened, improved and embellished by a familiarity with thy eloquent and immutable presence!

Our remarks have reached an undue length, and, as we premised at starting, are equally conspicuous for their want of order, arrangement and grace. But if they should assist to charm any of that innumerable company of over-workers from their sphere of voluntary bondage, and incline them to seek *our* land of promise, where the bodily and spiritual functions *do* equally glory in each other, then we may not have written in vain.

Should any deem our logic too bold, or our style too declamatory, we can only recommend to such a freer acquaintance with the rod and reel; and should the advocates of unceasing and unremitting toil, or the penny-splitting denizen, assail us or our motives, we shall repair to the *Walton Oak*, whose two centuries of growth now describes an area equally fitting and secure to shelter his sincere disciples as that over which the Angelo dome was reared for the convenience of her Catholic votaries.

October, 1849.

D. E. N.

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THE CENTURY PLANT.

In the midnight, when each sweet bud sealeth  
Its lids in sleep, and folds its purple wings  
Across its breast, upon the still air stealth  
The mystic plant, and into beauty springs.

Through slow ages it hath lived, undying  
Amid the swift year's greenness and decay:  
Harvests grew and fell, with footsteps flying;  
E'en man, who saw its youth, hath sped away.

Through slow ages, hid in nature's bosom,  
In calm silence waited it the hour;  
Now revealed, it stands in glorious blossom.  
Time's ripe offspring and consummate flower.

Yet a few short days alone it bloometh,  
Soon again its eye shall mildly close:  
Soon the coming Fate, that all entombeth,  
O'er its slumbering soul his mantle throws.

In the midnight deep of faith and feeling,  
When the song is dumb, the heart is cold,  
Wakes the new-born mind; though long concealing,  
Now the ripened thought it must unfold.

Mid a wondering world, in splendor tow'ring,  
Waves it o'er the race of barren men;  
Sheds its perfumed life, then passed its now'ring,  
Sinks in deathless rest, to rise again.

Newburyport, Mass.

E. A. W.

## THE SPECTRE-CARAVAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILICHGUTH.

'T WAS at midnight, in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;  
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds were stretched around;  
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,  
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,  
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded, o'er my limbs was lightly spread,  
While beside me, as the Kapitaun and watchman of my band,  
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry  
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,  
Or the smotherings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,  
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold! a sudden sandquake; and atween the earth and moon  
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon:  
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man,  
And the cry was, '*Alla Akbar!*' 't is the Spectre-Caravan!

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;  
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,  
Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers in their hands,  
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as the sands!

More and more! the phantom-pageant overshadowed all the plains,  
Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-trains:  
And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs,  
Here, afoot as HADJEE pilgrims; there, as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had sought and found  
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,  
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,  
And in dim procession march to kiss the KAABA's Holy Stone.

And yet more and more for ever! — still they swept in pomp along,  
Till I asked me, Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-throng?  
Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole world of Hades waits,  
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandel Straits!

Then I spake, 'Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles every one!  
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!  
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here.  
Cry *Bismillah!* and that mighty name shall banish every fear.

'Courage, comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-west,  
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies in gold and crimson vest,  
And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,  
When again upon your brows you feel the odor-winds of Morn!'

## T H E W O O D - T H R U S H .

'Tis dark, wet and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the wood-thrush thrill through the dripping woods from morning to night; and it may be truly said, that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song.' — WILSON.

A BIRD with spotted throat and breast  
Is singing on the tallest tree,  
While day is fading in the west,  
In strains that with the time agree :  
I know the little minstrel well,  
His favorite haunts are also mine ;  
The silence of the lonely dell  
O'er-browed by hills of murmuring pine.

Breathe out thy mellow vesper lay  
While shadow drapes the listening skies ;  
Far in the forest depths away  
How plaintively the music dies !  
With sunset to their nests have flown  
Gay birds that love the golden light,  
And left thee in the woods alone  
To welcome melancholy night.

And I am glad no warbler near  
Responds to thy transporting strain,  
For never will a mortal ear  
List to such minstrelsy again.  
Let other instruments be mute,  
And Silence lock them in her cave ;  
Even the warble of a flute,  
Creeping by moonlight o'er the wave.

In murky weather, when the sun  
Is hidden by a cloudy veil,  
And the plumed wanderers one by one  
Have hushed their pipes in wood and dale,  
Delighted, I have often heard  
Thy symphonies so clear and loud,  
And wondered that a little bird  
Was with a voice so sweet endowed.

Where alders overhang the stream  
Thy mate's frail nest I have espied,  
Protected from the noonday beam  
With its four gems in azure dyed :  
Fit place to rear a singing brood  
Was the wild scene that lay around,  
While mocked the gray majestic wood  
Old solemn Ocean's bass profound.

Shy, unobtrusive bird! thou art  
 An emblem beautiful and meet  
 Of the poor poet's weary heart,  
 That loves in solitude to beat;  
 A lofty heart that finds relief  
 And inspiration deep and strong,  
 When closeted with gloom and grief,  
 Its chords grow tremulous with song. W. H. C. HOMER.

FEMININE PERFECTIONS,  
 OR THE UNREASONABLE BACHELOR.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.\*

As the study of geography and history is become universal, every body doubtless knows all that has been published concerning the kingdom of Tuscora, and its renowned sovereign Alphonso the beautiful. Still a little private record exists of the court, that has not yet found its proper place in any published annals of that far-celebrated monarch. He was, as every body knows, only nineteen years old when he was called by PROVIDENCE to ascend the throne of his illustrious ancestors; yet he possessed a very manly figure, and his muscular energy was so great, that he could bend an iron crow-bar by the mere strength of his hands; while his intellectual powers were thought to excel his physical.

Alphonso, though he was so exalted in station, young and beautiful, shunned all the amusements with which his courtiers sought to gladden his accession to power. He was evidently unhappy. He lost his appetite, and sleep forsook his pillow. Alarm for his health soon became general, till at length, so imminent seemed the peril, that his oldest and most respected minister of state, the venerable Pokefunatus, disregarding the severe etiquette of the court of Tuscora, fell on his knees before the young monarch, and implored him to reveal to his faithful servant, the grief that was but too evidently preying on the royal breast.

Pokefunatus knew that whoever presumed to question the sovereign on any topic, forfeited his life unless his majesty should remit the penalty; but the loyal old man was willing to hazard his life and to lose it, if he could thereby restore the King to health and happiness. He soon found that he had need of all his devotion, as Alphonso's beautiful face seemed convulsed with surprise and sudden rage, at what he characterized as the bold impertinence of a superservicable slave. All color fled from his cheeks and lips, and his scimitar seemed to leap from its scabbard, and gleam aloft by its own impulse, so rapid was the movement of Alphonso to terminate at a blow, the offence and the offender.

\* AUTHOR of a 'Treatise on Language, or the relation which words bear to things'; 'Religion in its relation to the present Life'; 'The Philosophical Emperor, or the Progress of a False Position, etc., etc.'

But the old counsellor was so greatly beloved for the mild dignity with which he had borne his high honors, and for the many important services that he had rendered to the state in the past and preceding reigns, that all the courtiers who filled the audience-chamber manifested involuntarily, so deep a consternation as to cause Alphonso to arrest his purpose, and respite the offender till he should have passed some reasonable time in preparation for death and in bidding a final adieu to his family.

Even this melioration of the catastrophe failed to restore tranquillity to the alarmed court. The sudden outbreak of so fierce a wrath seemed to leave no man secure for a moment; especially as princes who indulge themselves in acts of tyranny, can at any time create occasion for tyrannous conduct. Alphonso saw in the constraint of his attendants that they were uneasy; hence for the purpose of restoring confidence, and perhaps from a revulsion of feeling in favor of an ancient servant, he convoked all his principal officers, and graciously declared that while he would punish every coercive interference with his private thoughts, he was willing to state voluntarily the trouble that oppressed him. It proceeded from the love which he felt toward his dear subjects, and the consequent duty thereby incumbent on him, of furnishing them with a lineal descendant to occupy the throne at his decease; while personally he possessed such a repugnance to the whole race of womankind, that he feared the aversion was unconquerable: unless indeed one could be found whose voice was habitually lower than that of any female he yet had heard; for in a loud voice seemed to lie his great antipathy. If within a month such a female could be found, he would marry her, and even Pokefunatus should be pardoned.

His majesty's gracious determination, and a hope that the prime minister might be extricated from his present peril, induced a search to be instituted throughout the kingdom, for a young lady who would suit the royal requirement; but though all the ladies of Tuscora lowered their voices for the occasion, and spoke almost in a whisper, yet when suddenly excited by either grief or joy, or perchance by anger, they would speak so loud, as manifestly to be disqualified from becoming the wife of an absolute king who could not endure loud speaking.

While the termination of the month was rapidly advancing, the messengers returned slowly and sorrowfully to report the failure of their mission. Gloom again appeared in every countenance, and the life of the ill-fated minister seemed hopeless; when suddenly as the last minute of the last day of the fatal month was transpiring, an unusual clamor was heard outside the palace; and presently a breathless messenger announced to the assembled court that he had found a lady with a voice so low and harmonious that when he first heard it, he mistook it for the soft breathings of an Æolian harp.

Every person was delighted except the King. He was manifestly disappointed and displeased. He intimated that the month was expired, and that the messenger was too late to gain a throne for the lady, or to save the life of the criminal. Still, lest his justice should be questioned he granted Pokefunatus a respite during another month; and if within that period a female could be found who was amiable while disappointed and contradicted, he would marry her and pardon the prisoner.

The messengers had encountered sufficient difficulty in the former search to almost despair in the present, which seemed to require a greater deviation from the ordinary moral organization of human beings than the other had from the physical organization. Yet they departed with a determination to fulfil the new requirement of the sovereign if such a lady as was designated should happen to exist. They naturally visited all the boarding-schools of the metropolis, as more likely places than any other, for finding the object of their search; not omitting the various watering-places where more mature womanhood disports its loveliness during the heats of summer; for that happened to constitute the period of the year when the search was in progress. As rumor apprised the female world of the object of the messengers, they were greeted every where with an amiability that no imagination could exceed by delighted and hopeful expectants; who, however maintained the required degree of amiability only while they were hopeful. This was just what the messengers had feared, and they all returned to court, sad, slow and unsuccessful, as the month verged toward its close.

The last day arrived. Brightly shone forth the sun, making sadder by contrast the appearance of the returning messengers. The King, surrounded by all his great officers, was seated on his throne, to hear what was already known informally, the failure of the second experiment. Despondency was visible on every face, despite the forced efforts of obsequious loyalty to counterfeit delight. The life of the unfortunate prime minister was fast tending to an abrupt termination, when again a tardy messenger announced, in breathless haste, that he had found a lady who could preserve good humor and kind feelings under the severest disappointments. The King could scarcely restrain his indignation. He insisted that the sentence had been in effect pronounced, and that the minister should no longer be respited. Still a moment's reflection sufficed to assuage his rising impatience. Even the most absolute princes must not disregard the deeply-rooted feelings of their subjects; and he saw, in the general dejection, that he must omit no form of apparent lenity and justice. He accordingly granted another month's postponement, with the promise of pardon and marriage, as heretofore, if a lady could be found who never cried.

This requirement was deemed more difficult of accomplishment than either of the others, and the messengers could scarcely be induced to attempt the search; but so great was the sympathy for the unfortunate old counsellor, that they at length resolved to find a dry-eyed lady, if one inhabited the kingdom. Fame soon promulged what the King was seeking, and not a tear was shed in Tuscora by any female, young or old, during the whole month. But this availed not. They all had been accustomed to cry when they were vexed or perplexed; and the messengers returned to court dispirited and sullen.

The King received them in all the pomp of royalty as usual. He had heard the failure of their mission, and attended now only to give due solemnity to the sequel. Right pleased was the royal misogynist in the perverse contemplation of living hereafter in undisturbed celibacy, while even his enemies — if kings have enemies — could not reproach him therewith, after the great efforts that he had taken to procure

a consort. But in the midst of these secret felicitations, again a tardy messenger rushed into the presence chamber, and prostrating himself before the throne, announced that he had found a lady who never cried.

This time, however, the month was clearly ended, and no one presumed to question the justice of Alphonso when he declared that execution could no longer be delayed against Pokefunatus, nor his own royal person be farther disturbed in seeking for a partner to share his throne. The unfortunate old man, who had been brought from a distant fortress, and who, surrounded by the king's guards, was in an ante-room of the palace, was therefore summoned into the presence that he might be sentenced personally by the king; for such is the custom of the realm when a great officer of Tuscora is to be decapitated. Not long was the fatal summons uttered before a distant door was thrown open, and through it was seen to issue, in slow and measured pace, a gloomy procession of armed men, with the prisoner in their midst. Confinement and sorrow, even more than lengthened years, had whitened his head and emaciated his body. Pale and manifestly feeble, yet with a dignity which conscious rectitude can under such circumstances alone supply, he advanced toward his offended master, leaning for support, and evidently with no stinted pressure, on the arm of his youngest but most devoted daughter, the lovely Adeline. Engrossed wholly by the sorrows of her father, she knew not that her beauty was attracting the admiring gaze of king and courtiers. Still, no tear dimmed the radiance of her eyes, and when she addressed some words of consolation to her venerable parent the sounds were so soft and melodious that the king felt that he could listen to them for ages with increasing delight. Female loveliness had never before touched his heart, and he exclaimed, almost involuntarily: 'Who is this heavenly vision?'

'Sire,' said the tardy messenger, 'she is the lady who never cries! I found her with her father in the distant fortress of Clontorf, or I should have been able to return in time to save her father's life.'

'Sire,' said the other tardy messenger, falling on his knees suppliantly, 'she is the young lady who is always amiable! The distance that I had to travel in returning from the prison, which she inhabited night and day with her father, occasioned my unfortunate tardiness.'

'Sire,' said the remaining tardy messenger, 'she is the lady whose voice is always low! I had heard of her by fame; but resolving to trust no evidence but my own senses, in a matter which concerned your majesty, I went in person to Clontorf; and though I journeyed with the utmost expedition, I unhappily failed in returning sufficiently early to save the noble prisoner from death.'

'And who shall take his life?' exclaimed Alphonso; 'the father of so much sense and loveliness must not be lost to our kingdom!'

All the prejudices of the king against marriage were dissipated, for he found that they had originated in erroneous prepossessions. Instead of sentencing his ancient counsellor he forthwith restored him to favor; and as for the beautiful Adeline, she soon became queen of Tuscora. Alphonso the Beautiful and Adeline the Good long reigned the happiest monarchs of the age in which they flourished, and their descendants still occupy the throne of the same ancient kingdom. Even to this remote day a decree exists, which was promulged by Alphonso on the

morning of his marriage, that whenever intellectual, moral and corporeal excellence combine in the same woman, no man shall withstand her influence, under the penalty, on disobedience to the decree, of universal contempt.

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N O V E M B E R .

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BY ABBY ALLIN.

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BLEAK and bare and blear November,  
 Art thou here?  
 Saddest thou of all the twelve months  
 In the year :  
 All the twelve months in the year.

Birds'-nests dot the naked tree-tops,  
 All around,  
 And the dry leaves mutter, mutter,  
 On the ground :  
 Mutter, mutter, 'Summer 's gone !'

Now the Storm-wind, solemn Storm-wind !  
 O'er us breaks,  
 And the forests fall before him  
 As he wakes :  
 Fall before him as he wakes.

Clouds o'erdarken all the heavens,  
 Brimmed with rain ;  
 Hear the round drops drumming, drumming,  
 On the pane :  
 Drumming, drumming, on the pane !

By the door the willow boweth,  
 As in prayer,  
 And the hemlocks quake and quiver,  
 Sighing sair :  
 Quake and quiver, sighing sair.

Brooks, their high banks overleaping,  
 Rush along,  
 Washing dead flowers down their margins,  
 All along :  
 Down their margins, all along.

Earth is sick with weeping, weeping,  
 Drunk with rain ;  
 And the tall trees moan and shudder  
 As in pain :  
 Moan and shudder, as in pain.

Bleak and bare and blear November,  
 I implore,  
 Let one sunbeam, like a rainbow,  
 Evermore,  
 Arch thy shadows, evermore !



## T H E O L D B I B L E .

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It lies upon the stand, beside  
The antique book-case tall and wide ;  
Massive indeed it is, and old,  
With heavy covers stamped with gold,  
Gothic casements, oriel panes,  
And clasped with quaintest silver chains ;  
It shows the wear and tear of age ;  
Now and then you miss a page ;  
The leaves are loose, and day by day  
The old black-letters fade away ;  
And holy tears, by mourners shed,  
Blot the records of the dead !

Fathers, amid their households bright,  
Read it duly morn and night ;  
Solemn-voiced before the prayers,  
Forgetting earth and all its cares ;  
And hushed, the servants gathered round,  
Sat listening, in awe profound !  
Mothers read its tales divine,  
Commenting on them, line by line,  
To rosy children fond and sweet,  
Grouped on benches at their feet ;  
And they, the while, with earnest eyes  
Questioned deep in simple wise !

Happy grandsires old and white,  
Spectacled and near of sight,  
And ancient dames in ruffled caps  
Read it to prattlers on their laps ;  
And the little folks sedate,  
Peeped o'er the page to see the plate !  
The village priest, in surplice white,  
Unclassed it, on the bridal night,  
And read the marriage service there,  
And wed the loving, blushing pair !  
And Sabbath days, the lads, perplexed,  
Lookèd over it, to find his text !

Brothers and sisters, fair and kind  
Like loving tendrils, intertwined,  
Sat arm in arm, and read away,  
And laid the volume down to pray !  
The sick man propped on pillows white,  
Pored on its pages with delight,  
And kissed it o'er with streaming eyes  
And dreamed himself to Paradise !  
And when he died, the mourners sought,  
In hopeful texts, relief from thought ;  
And meek and patient, kissed the rod,  
And gave the sainted-dead to God !

When I was but a simple boy,  
 And lived in innocence and joy,  
 I loved this good old BIBLE well,  
 It bound me with a holy spell;  
 But now alas! my youth is fled,  
 And Hope is gone, and faith is dead;  
 I hide the HOLY book away,  
 And worship idols made of clay;  
 But oft in my unquiet hours,  
 When thinking of my wasted powers,  
 And living o'er my early years,  
 I wet it with repentant tears!

### **Rambledom: in Four Chapters.**

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

##### LIBERAL OFFER FOR A PORTRAIT.

WE must not judge of the appreciation in which the Fine Arts are held by the ignorant estimate of the backwoodsman, nor by the assumptions of 'fashionables' who, for fashion's sake, lounge in the Art Union, International, Dusseldorf Gallery, or collection of the 'Old Masters' in the city of New-York. There is much ignorance, more contempt and prejudice, and not a little affectation among the 'intelligent' republicans of the United States on the subject of Fine Arts, and especially the art of painting. But the expansion of a juster general taste is rapid, and if it were not, there are plenty among us who can rightly value and enjoy a Guido Reni, a Carlo Dolce, a Caracci, or a Rembrandt, as well as the most exquisite European connoisseur. But such was not the taste of the person making the offer at the head of this chapter.

Ten years ago this very autumn, I started from Whitehall, at the head waters of Lake Champlain, in company with a New-York artist named W —, to hunt, fish, and sketch, on the shores of Horicon. Climbing those mountains west of Whitehall, we descended their tortuous slope to 'South Bay,' across which we were canoed, and commenced our march over the Dresden Mountains, from the barren scalps of which, Horicon lies visible to the naked eye, a mirror in which the heavens glass themselves with a beauty, a glory and a mystery. But I must describe this Dresden in brief. It is a mixture of various rocks, huge and unshapely, interspersed with the pine, the spruce and the hemlock, and among which the rushing torrents, especially in the snow-melting season, bellow to the thundering clouds. It is a vast den of rattle-snakes, bears and mosquitoes; roadless, except as one greases his pantaloons and slides down planes, with no snubbing posts save the bottom of a hill, and no guide but a firm trust in Providence. It is a town of lumbermen; rude, frank, but altogether pagan in their consideration

of the refinements of life. They have no churches nor schools there; they attempted a school, but the women would permit no such nonsense as 'genders,' which they called *ganders*, to be taught to their children, and so the young ideas of Dresden were left to the guidance of nature. They attempted a conference-meeting once, but Deacon —, the only person present who had a distinct recollection of a Bible, was so drunk that he could not articulate, though he bravely propped one of the pillars of the edifice in which the congregation had assembled. The official honors of the town-executive descended upon one man; a one-eyed, weasel-looking fellow, who was justice of the peace, path-master, collector and town-clerk. His only books were a volume of almanacs, and a copy of road acts. Upon these, he swore witnesses, and out of them drew decisions that would astonish Blackstone. I had the misfortune to live in this town four years, my father having a lumber-bush there, and when I emerged from thence into the world, I was minus of toe-nails, these having been grubbed off among the rocks. As I have said, rattle-snakes abound in Dresden, but the general impression touching these serpents is a false one. They are a handsome, well-behaved race. They 'rattle' you a warning of their residence, if you give them the smallest chance, and never was a serpent readier to 'cut stick' when it is possible. Though I have killed hundreds of them 'for fun,' and for the fine penetrating oil they yield, they never molested my bare-feet, and in all that huge den of a town, I never heard that man or beast had been bitten. Some of the out-and-out Dresdeners hang them as pendants to their bed-posts, having first extracted their teeth, while others fasten them upon their children's necks in winter, as pleasurable boas. Others still, having faith in their medicinal excellence, bite through the length of their backs to cure the tooth-ache, and swallow their galls to stave-off consumption. The rattle-snake too is a water-fowl. I have seen them thridding the mid-waters of Horicon, holding their heads 'high' like a moose swimming Lake Umbagog.

But the bears are thick as the snakes. I will tell you a true bear story. My father's mill was close upon a 'gum-woods,' and one Sunday, in lieu of 'bee-hunting,' I went with a lot of boys 'gumming.' It was the only time I ever went into Dresden woods without a gun. We were not more than a quarter of a mile from the mill and our log-cabin, when, with a terrible oosh! oosh! very like a swine, there rose a huge bear from a bed of high fern. We all ran save one, a fellow of great spunk, and the bear, after quizzing a little, made snuffingly toward him. We looked on from a safe distance in terror, but our comrade was not inclined to be eaten. As the bear neared him he commenced climbing a spruce tree, but on getting up about the bear's length, his pantaloons caught upon a knot, past all chance of 'letting up.' Bruin's eyes twinkled at the predicament, and he began clawing up the tree. His bait, however, had got a firm hold of limbs above him, and his legs were well drawn up, and the bear clenching his paws upon the unfortunate knot, tugged until knot and breeches both gave way, and down went astonished Bruin on his backsides. Improving his opportunity of freedom from the knot, our friend mounted up and saw himself safe. Upon this, we hurried for guns, dogs, and the 'old folks,' but before we

got back, the bear, evidently 'smelling a rat,' had trotted off. This was a narrow escape, but not so narrow as one I *can* describe.

There are many great 'racers' on record, but none to beat this. On the high shore rocks of South-Bay, at the mouth of Pike-Brook, stood a saw-mill. It was water-fed by a long wooden race-way, connecting the river with its floom. This race-way, from long use, had become slippery with moss and slime on the inside. An acquaintance of mine, one day slipped into the race while raising the pond-gate, and the swift water carried him a quarter of a mile to the floom, plunged him down into one of the huge buckets of a water-wheel, in swift motion, and this in *its turn*, emptied him into the Bay. He got out with little difficulty unhurt and unterrified. But to the portrait; and yet I must say a word about the nearest approach to a Christian burial I ever witnessed in Dresden. Does the editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER* regard a pig? Does he sympathize with Lamb (not mutton) in that description, wherein Hoti, and his son Bobo, dis-ember the first porker ever tested as to succulency, by the palate of a celestial? Relishing 'Bolognas,' will he plead that a jelly-eyed roaster is disgusting; that a spare-rib from a mature swine is distasteful? No, no! Then he will hear and appreciate me in this incident. Beside the lumber-bush, my father cultivated a little farm, and I there learned to scatter oats (not wild), peas, beans and barley, and to raise 'pigs and chickens.' We had a spotted pig, black and white, of the masculine gender, which became a sort of 'cosset' — a favorite. Of course he was affectionately tended, but I had heard that a long tail was detrimental to a pig's growth, and that 'in season' pigs' tails should be cut off. With my mother's consent, I undertook this amputation, on a bitter cold day — not the right weather — but to save my hand which grasped the flexible pig-pendant, I cut so close that there was not tail enough left to fasten a string to. He bled to death, and died without a grunt. I remember his precise look; as he paled in the face that had so often nosed the bucket, his countenance wore a smile of forgiveness and resignation, as much as to say 'It was an accident!' Upon my soul, I shed tears, for in such a pagan land it was something to find refinement of feeling, delicate appreciations of intent, even in a cat, a dog or a pig. 'But you shall have a monument,' said I. On the roadside, sloping down a hill, we had a patch of gravel stones where beans would grow, but nothing else. Yet it was a place on which the earliest and the latest sun shone. It looked out upon a river, and upon mighty mountains, and all travellers in Dresden beheld it. At the top of this patch I scooped a deep pit; consigned my pig, done up in straw, to its depths; placed a stout memorial at his head; covered him up and left him to the 'winds and rains of heaven.' Whether his life or memory were most savory, I know not, but I do know that his tomb-stone is still standing; that it is perhaps the most respectable grave sign in all Dresden; and I know that rank corn is now grown on the bean-patch below. A pig's memory may be nothing, but Hoti and Elia thought not so.

But to the portrait. W — had a flask of brandy, which we supped by the wayside, somewhat to the hindrance of our journey. And here, let me say, that a Whitehall editor, B —, of the *Chronicle*, was our companion to the focus of Dresden Mountains, where a political con-

vention was to be held, and he, B——, was bound to exercise an outside influence *in* this convention. We were ready to serve him, if we could; and on coming to the 'meeting,' by dint of our bottle we became vice-presidents and secretaries. The plot was to send a whig delegate to the county convention from a town that had not five whig voters in it; a town where the inspectors of election carry boxes and keys, and examine and correct the vote to suit themselves. By 'bottle-plying,' not pipe-laying, we succeeded in sending the whig, to the confusion of General B——t, who once gave to the New-York democrats the finest 'hickory' ever raised before 'Old Tammany.' This done, we bade adieu to B——, and upon two 'poked' colts, which we caught and bridled with beech withes, descended to the shore of the Horicon. It was near sunset. Scarce a cloud flecked the sky, and the burning eye of day wore that red smile which, I doubt not, tinctures the leaves of autumn. Lovingly and sadly it seemed: it looked back upon its eastern pathway, but the mountains rose before it, catching its latest blushes, and casting them on the calm waters beneath. From the mountain side we gazed mutely upon the glorious scene. Pen nor pencil can describe it. It was a conglomeration of Poussains, Wouvermans, Rembrandts and Titians; a pot of nature's glory-colors spilled over island and lake, mountain and field, and all we could do was to be worshipful to the Infinite Spirit, who in that circle of seclusion and quiet had dipped *His* fire-plumed pencil in the sky, and flung down mingled lights and shadows to mock the vanity and presumption of man!

But we are near the portrait. A little past sun-down we alighted at the hospitable farm-house of ——, unslung our traps, and prepared for supper and a night's rest. I had been at the house before, and was known, but W——, the man and his trade, were incog. We were scarcely in doors before we saw evidence of a party to be held that evening, a 'paring-bee,' and W—— was ready for fun. Soon after supper the boys and girls from all the country round about began to gather in. The editor of the *KNICK*. knows what a paring-bee is, but some of his readers may not. It is a gathering of jolly boys and girls at a farm-house to pare, quarter, core and string apples for drying. The working time is until nine or ten o'clock, then comes dancing, plays, kissing, etc., the whole winding up with a supper. The girls, you may be sure, had on their 'go-to-meeting' clothes, (they came out with *big* figures;) and the boys, throwing off coats, according to custom, when the dance commenced, though a little short in pantaloons, and flush of whip-strings to tie them down, displayed their 'bran new gallowses,' alias suspenders, and their new silk nose-wipers, generally red or yellow, and always tucked in the breeches-pocket, so as to 'hang out' large. And when the fiddle struck up, did n't they seize partners, and right across, and wheel and reel, and up and down the centre, with an earnestness that would surprise 'Searing,' and an honesty of purpose which, if our belles would follow the example, instead of 'lolling' through quadrilles, would drive the fallow from their cheeks, save the reputation of nature, and put rouge at a discount! Give me the real paring-bee reels and jigs before all your waltzes, and Spanish dances, and bawdy polkas! I speak for *myself* in this matter. Not inclining to dance, and always hating silly plays and kissings, I posted to bed at an early hour, while W——, up

to his ears in the clover of novelty, staid the party out, waited on the prettiest Miss home, and came to bunk about four in the morning. Yes, I went to bed early, but on my way 'up-stairs' I had a strong presentiment, from a peculiar tingling of my olfactories, that a cupboard of pies and other goodies was somewhere. I very soon convinced myself, to the mortification of two pumpkin-pies and a cup of jelly, the dishes of which I tucked under my bed. The next morning I heard the theft laid to the 'pesky' rats. With a good night's rest, I rose early, long before W—— was awake. In the meantime, the old lady of the house, with that curiosity natural to women, and which filled Blue-Beard's house with headless wives, had inspected W——'s traps, and was urgent to know from me his occupation; indeed, she asked me, 'What duz he dew for a living?' 'O, he paints pictures,' said I, 'and sometimes faces.' Now W—— was zealous of his art, and with a lack of philosophy could not see why any body should be ignorant of its beauties. He was soon up, and we took breakfast preparatory to crossing the lake. When we came to 'settle up,' I saw that something weighty was on the old lady's mind. The charge was one dollar each, (cheap enough, considering the pies and jelly,) which we 'planked down.' She took my money, but looking up to W——, she said, 'I won't charge you any thing, if you'll only wait an hour or two and *paint my old man on the clock-glass!*' I saw a storm of wrath at such a measure for his noble art rising on W——'s face, and turning him aside, told the old lady to take the money, and we would be back in a day or two and do her job. Our boat was already engaged, and on reaching it I found W—— swearing that he would never come within reach of such a heathen again. I have not seen the good dame since, but I know that she could fry pork, onions and apples 'first rate,' and, I doubt not, she thought a dollar a very liberal offer for her old man's portrait. She did not dislike, but rather liked the painter's art; her only fault was ignorance, from having seen no Art-Unions, Dusseldorfs nor Louvres, but only some pretty-faced WASHINGTONS and NAPOLEONS on clocks and looking-glasses.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

## BOOKS AND LABOR.

IN one's travel in these days it is natural that one should read books. During my short ramble I read my share. They were not selected, neither were they miscellaneous; they had come to hand by chance, and, for a wonder, were all sensible. First, being somewhat of an invalid, I read a manual on health, the concoction of the wise heads of the Graffenberg Company, who, abjuring all quacks and bleedings and mercurializing, with a gist worthy Chrono-Thermal and its apostles, lay down a theory of their own; a very good theory, in which allopathy, without lancet, and hydropathy are about equally blended. In our day of multitudinous systems for the regeneration of the flesh, it seems strange that men drop off; that people die at all. The world is become a panacea shop, with its pots and jars and bottles all labelled 'perfect cure.' And the people dose and drug from the cradle to the

grave. There is no intermission of the pill or the phial at the mouth. It is swallow and rub on, *ad infinitum, ad nauseum*, until Death, like a eunuch, puts his consoling bow-string to the weasand, and twangs out the breath of life. I read also, for the first time, the works of Congreve; he who wore in the old age, and by the consent of that great poet, the poetical mantle of Dryden. But I think as a poet Dryden over-flattered him. Congreve is heavy, and too often bombastic in verse, especially lyrics and odes, though his blank-verse play of 'The Mourning Bride' is grand and masterly. It is a tragedy, for it ends with at least a dozen deaths; enough to convulse even the boys at the 'Chatham' with horror. But Congreve's prose plays are unexcelled. They are all comedies, genteel though smutty, as was every thing popular on the stage in his day. His 'Bachelor' and 'Double Dealer' might with slight expurgation be brought out successfully on the American stage. Their biting satire applies to the rakes and roués of to-day as well as they did to the fashionable profligacies of the last century. It is a matter of wonder to me that some manager does not try the speculation. 'The Mourning Bride' I have called a grand piece of blank-verse, and so it is. Dr. Johnson did not hesitate to applaud it in parts, and he was one of those hedge-hog critics who are the last to confer merit on authors. In 'The Mourning Bride' are many of the sayings that have passed into common quotation, and which ninety-nine in the hundred who hear them would credit to any one but the right owner. In this play occurs the

'Music hath charms to soothe,' etc.,

and the

'HEAVEN has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.'

But with all the momentary applause that followed the Ben Jonsons, the Marlowes, the Malones and the Congreves, their fame was never world-wide, nor to become so. They dragged down their glory to the tomb, leaving their books as shelf-monuments, to be read in the student's closet, but little to be known to the masses. Only Shakspeare of the play-writers in our language wrote for the common heart, the common passions, and for all time. Death unveiled instead of obscured him, and his fame expands in proportion as he is past its personal advocacy. Such is the reward of that genius which beholds and speaks great truths; which forgets itself in its utterance, and, though unconsciously, envelops itself in a pyramid of light which pierces upward forever:

Most noble SHAKSPEARE! who hast sung and said  
Such goodly things as men can ne'er forget;  
Though dead in flesh, thy spirit undecayed  
Doth walk abroad, and lives and conquers yet.  
Thou greatest bard! thou bravest-thoughted man  
Which time hath given to teach all other men,  
Thy name and fame already have outran  
Fame's farthest goal; and yet, to those who ken,  
Thou hast but started on the immortal course:  
Up! onward still, with swift undying force,  
Thy glory pants; we wistful watchers gaze  
With awe and joy to see thee mount so high,  
Waving thy pinions in God's boundless sky,  
Leaving old earth in splendor and amaze.

I read also 'The Nineteenth Century' American quarterly, devoted

to progress as developed in the radicalisms of our day. The number was embellished with a portrait of the American De Staël who contributes to its columns. Have you ever seen 'Cora Montgomery,' alias Mrs. S——, alias Madame C——? for she is now emerged from widowhood, and married to General C——, whilom high in Texan office. You ought to know her, if you do not, L. G. C., as the most masculine-minded woman in America; a perfect political Juno in petticoats, and more than a master of diplomacy and tricks of state than any five statesmen living. She writes clearly, to the point, and always with vigor. She loves to fight abolition fanatics and aristocracy in government. She is democratic to the core, and all over a Southerner in feeling. She is one of the women who are literary without being pedantic. She never bores you with discourse on that point; you might talk with her as a stranger for half a day, and take her for a most conversationable nun. I like such women, as I hate the eternal reciters and gabblers about 'what they have written.' Most of our literary women manage to unsex themselves; they do n't positively put on breeches, but they lose all modesty, and forget duties which women should most remember. Be sure that the children of 'blue stockings' go as ragged and dirty as the preacher's. They cannot compose stories and see that the pot boils and the babies are washed. Madame C——, (or De Staël, for that name well belongs to her, without the personal ugliness and scandalous *faux pas* of its original bearer,) is not one of these. She is a true, modest woman, with a masculine-thoughted mind; and her thoughts will one day form a text-book of political clevernesses, if not truths. But most of all, and with gusto, did I read a number of 'Old KNICK.' It matters not what number, for they are as like in marrow and fatness, in humor and wisdom, as a circle of sausages made in the same stuffer. By the way, 'L. G. C.' loves sausages; he emulates therein a dignitary of the capital; and if I might liken a good intellectual thing to a sausage, I should call 'Old KNICK.' a tremendous string of sausages! Yes, I read 'Old KNICK.'; always racy, and sometimes, in its jokes—vide 'Editor's Table'—like 'J. B.,' 'devilish funny and devilish sly!' Why does n't the Editor gather up from that 'Table' of his a volume of pearls and gems, and cast them before us as sausage-meat? Let not his modesty deter him. Is he not past his minority, and installed, of his own good worth, among the worthy, to stand clean out of a niche somewhere, at least in the Pantheon of 'Gossip'-ers? For one, I call on him to rake over the coals, (they have been in ashes long enough to test them,) and give us the live ones in a string. And the reading of these books suggests how wonderful is the revolution created and going on by that machinery which scatters books as dust—the press. The press is the Atlas, the Titan of our age. The press bears the world on its shoulders, and heaves it into the light. It creates mind; it makes opinion, and guides it. It is a heart in harness of iron, steam and lightning, filled with free and fiery thought, and it throbs against chains and dungeons and thrones, making the earth freer with every revolution of the sun. Warriors and statesmen hear it and fear it, and priests and hierarchs tremble at its pulsations. Wherever it exists, the seed of light and freedom is planted, and can never be rooted up. Tyrants nor crafts can stand before the press, for the press



is the forlorn-hope of the people ; their apostle, their fortress, their invulnerable rock ; and around it they rally in the strength and majesty of millions of God's images. Fifty years hence, and types instead of soldiers will fight the battles of the nations ; types will supersede bayonets and cannon, and the trade of the man-butcher will be a hideous memory.

But during all this time, this jaunting through four chapters, tiresome enough to me, and to the reader too, I doubt not, I have forgotten the word I would say for labor. Among the beautiful things I saw on every road-side, in every valley, were the grain-fields, which I call the grand signet of toil, and the best title to aristocracy on this round earth. Indeed I care not in what honest guise labor appears, it is transcendently beautiful ; for it fulfils one of the great laws of nature and providence, and answers to the first necessities of man. The ploughman or the goatherd is a lord in his own right ; a lord of the soil, paramount to all swindling lords of parchment and all robber kings. I care not who disputes his title or beats him back with violence, no man can annul *his* patent, or degrade a nobility gotten by him directly from God ! However estimated in courts or camps, he shall be, as he has been, the basis of states and societies, and his monuments shall be wherever temples and palaces and pillars rise ; wherever the earth yields ores and grains ; wherever white wings cleave the seas ; wherever art and science rear a trophy, and wherever humanity is exalted, or Christianity exemplified in the practice of its precepts.

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THE THREE TREASURES.

'T was on a time, and in ye month of May,  
A little merrie, spritely elfe one day  
Hopped on ye pillowe where FENELLA lay,  
Touched her softe cheek, and saide, 'I praye  
Awake, faire maide, and liste to what I saye!

'Inshrined within my casket here I holde  
Three treasures richer than all earthlie gold :  
A *Beautie* which can ne be boughten nor yet solde,  
A blushyng *Modestie* and *Grace* untolde,  
Which once a goddess did betraye of olde.

'These will I give, and manie more,' quo' he ;  
'An' if thou 'lt mounste a sunbeam now with me,  
And hie away to where ye murmuringe sea  
Laves ye greene borders of oure isle, and be  
A subject to my gracious Queen.'

Ah, me !

Ye maiden's heart did throb exceedingly !  
Nathelless she pressed ye casket to her heart,  
As if from home it almost tempted her to parte.

Juste then a knightlie bee, in azure veste,  
In golden armoure, and with lance in reste,  
Of some adventure worth his steele in queste,  
To meete this enemye himselfe addrest.

Meanwhile ye elfe, who hadden little leisure  
For warlike pastime, had it been a pleasure,  
Y<sup>e</sup>scared was beyonde all courtlie measure ;  
Y<sup>e</sup>vanished, and quite forgot his treasure !  
And thus it haps the maiden faire and brighte,  
Retaining still these jewels as her righte,  
Is gorgeously arrayed in them to-nighte.

P. MARTINDALE.

to progress as developed in the radicalisms of our day. The number was embellished with a portrait of the American De Staël who contributes to its columns. Have you ever seen 'Cora Montgomery,' alias Mrs. S——, alias Madame C——? for she is now emerged from widowhood, and married to General C——, whilom high in Texan office. You ought to know her, if you do not, L. G. C., as the most masculine-minded woman in America; a perfect political Juno in petticoats, and more than a master of diplomacy and tricks of state than any five statesmen living. She writes clearly, to the point, and always with vigor. She loves to fight abolition fanatics and aristocracy in government. She is democratic to the core, and all over a Southerner in feeling. She is one of the women who are literary without being pedantic. She never bores you with discourse on that point; you might talk with her as a stranger for half a day, and take her for a most conversationable nun. I like such women, as I hate the eternal reciters and gabblers about 'what they have written.' Most of our literary women manage to unsex themselves; they do n't positively put on breeches, but they lose all modesty, and forget duties which women should most remember. Be sure that the children of 'blue stockings' go as ragged and dirty as the preacher's. They cannot compose stories and see that the pot boils and the babies are washed. Madame C——, (or De Staël, for that name well belongs to her, without the personal ugliness and scandalous *faux pas* of its original bearer,) is not one of these. She is a true, modest woman, with a masculine-thoughted mind; and her thoughts will one day form a text-book of political clevernesses, if not truths. But most of all, and with gusto, did I read a number of 'Old Knick.' It matters not what number, for they are as like in marrow and fatness, in humor and wisdom, as a circle of sausages made in the same stuffer. By the way, 'L. G. C.' loves sausages; he emulates therein a dignitary of the capital; and if I might liken a good intellectual thing to a sausage, I should call 'Old Knick.' a tremendous string of sausages! Yes, I read 'Old Knick.:' always racy, and sometimes, in its jokes—vide 'Editor's Table'—like 'J. B.,' 'devilish funny and devilish sly!' Why does n't the Editor gather up from that 'Table' of his a volume of pearls and gems, and cast them before us as sausage-meat? Let not his modesty deter him. Is he not past his minority, and installed, of his own good worth, among the worthy, to stand clean out of a niche somewhere, at least in the Pantheon of 'Gossip'-ers? For one, I call on him to rake over the coals, (they have been in ashes long enough to test them,) and give us the live ones in a string. And the reading of these books suggests how wonderful is the revolution created and going on by that machinery which scatters books as dust—the press. The press is the Atlas, the Titan of our age. The press bears the world on its shoulders, and heaves it into the light. It creates mind; it makes opinion, and guides it. It is a heart in harness of iron, steam and lightning, filled with free and fiery thought, and it throbs against chains and dungeons and thrones, making the earth freer with every revolution of the sun. Warriors and statesmen hear it and fear it, and priests and hierarchs tremble at its pulsations. Wherever it exists, the seed of light and freedom is planted, and can never be rooted up. Tyrants nor crafts can stand before the press, for the press

## The Bunkumville Chronicle:

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF NO. 1, AND NOTHING ELSE.

GOD GIVE THEM WISDOM THAT HAVE IT, AND THOSE THAT ARE FOOLS LET THEM USE THEIR TALENTS.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1850.

No. 1.

### THE CARRIER'S DREAM.

BRING AN APOLOGY FOR AN ADDRESS.

In the vast charnel-house of TIME all in my dreams stood I;  
The gathered dust of ages past I see around me lie—  
All in their marble cere-clothes clad, grim DEATH's cold panoply!

Farther than mortal eye may scan, down the sepulchral hall,  
Sleep by-gone years in long array, and o'er them, one and all,  
Begrimed with dust and stained with rust, hang trophies of their age;  
Old pennons torn, old spears war-worn, swords dulled with battles' rage.  
There, too, unfurled, that o'er a world had waved in victory,  
Many a hero's banner hung—full low the owners lie!

I heard a toll for a parting soul, a wailing shriek swept by:  
Old Forty-Nine, that sigh was thine! and straight a feeble cry;  
An infant's wail comes on the gale; for, see where draweth near,  
A youthful heir to claim the throne of the departed year!

A long and sad procession moves adown the dusky aisle,  
The parted year is borne along to his funereal pile;  
And all around, before, behind, flit figures of the past,  
Dim shadowy things of human form—the year had been their last!

Amid the hosts of pallid ghosts, by phantoms dire led on,  
CONSUMPTION, with her hectic cheek, marshals a goodly throng;  
An AZURE FIEND, all hollow-eyed, counts millions in her train,  
Gathered from city and from field, from mountain, hill and plain:  
Pale FAMINE, with her shrunken form, her sad, lack-lustre eye,  
Foul DROPSY, with his bloated limbs, fierce FEVERS too, pass by.

The bloody car of ruthless WAR leads on its myriads now;  
Oh! had ye but have seen the sight, your cheeks had paled, I trow!  
The wheels whose creak 's a dying shriek roll on the trembling stones,  
The ghastly hubs were grinning skulls, the spokes were dead men's bones.

Here come the patriots of Rome, slain by false-hearted Gaul;  
The deepest, darkest, damning blot on her escutcheon fall!  
Freedom for her? No, God forbid; for her, the living lie?  
Oh lay on France the stripes and chains, and pass the Magyar by!

But see, from once proud Hungary what thousands swell the tide;  
Not all were slain on battle-plain—these on their hearth-stone died,  
And these by cord, and these by scurge, doomed by base Austrian law,  
That found a hangman fit in thee, Oh! world-accursed HAYNAU!

Ye Christian men and Christian realms, that stood so passive by,  
And saw the horde of Northern slaves o'errun doomed Hungary,  
Raise now the voice, raise now the arm, lest such fate be your own,  
And check the foulest murderers the world ere this has known!

CALIGULA, thou heathen brute! thy name shall be forgot!  
Thine from the page of history shall Time, Oh! NERO, blot!  
While pen may write, while tongue may tell, or ear drink in a sound,  
HAYNAU, O vilest of the vile! wide shall be thy renown!

And with thee live thy master's names, more hated yet than thine,  
Could but a lower depth be found in catalogue of crime;  
Oh! for a pen of living fire, deep dipped in bitter gall!  
To record all the curses dire, I pray upon ye fall!

The world methinks is growing old; the yellow leaf and sere  
Is falling to the wintry blast—the end sure draweth near:  
How long, how long may such things be, until a wasting flood  
Of earth-devouring flame shall cleanse the monster stain of blood?

The morning sun is shining now, and with its earliest ray  
The direful phantoms of the night affrighted fled away:  
Oh! may this young time so dispel these deeds of blood and fear,  
And usher to a sorrowing world a peaceful, Happy Year!

OUR OWN COURSE AND THAT OF OUR ADVERSARY. — Let the adventurous eagle, him of the piercing eye and sturdy wing, pursue his quarry in the pure expanse of ether, putting a final clause to the career of many a bright-winged and glad-voiced wanderer of upper air, wherewith, to fill the wide-agape throats of the eaglets of his eyrie; let the bold fish-hawk of the iron beak and relentless purpose dive swift as bolt of Jove, deep, deep into the crystal bosom of the lake, bearing away in triumph from their parent waters the mottled trout, the bright-scaled perch or silvery pike to appease her clam'rous brood; let the king of beasts roam dauntless through the tangled maze of the pathless forest, or o'er the sandy sea of Afric's burning plains, and ruthless seize the quivering prey to feed the ravening cubs; still will the resurrectionist jackall prowl midst the cadaverous remains of decayed mortality; the disgusting buzzard flap her heavy wing o'er filthy carrion, and the vile tumble-bug gloat o'er her accumulation of ordure-ous matter!

Onward and upward is our course; now flitting with lightsome wing through the airy regions of wit; now stalking with measured pace mid the sober halls of philosophy; and ever choosing from the wisest and the best to feed the thirsting votaries who look to the 'CHRONICLE' for their mind's food. Grovelling in the dirt, prowl-

ing midst the rejected dust and trash of ages; disinterring the buried remains of pestiferous jests; dabbling in the muddy waters of pseudo-philosophy; our adversary poisons the wretched few who patronize him, and rankles an ever-festering sore upon the fair bosom of our country's literature; a disgrace to humanity, to himself, and to his readers!

Yet what better can we expect?—for is it not written, '*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*'? Which, reader, *which* is here the eagle and which the buzzard? *Dixi*: we have said.

#### KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

##### NUMBER FOUR.

##### GASTRONOMY.

GASTRONOMY, properly speaking, is the science of the table, but among seamen it is known as panthology, their food being always served up in pans.

We have no institution in which this art is taught, but in England they have an Eaton College.

The feeding establishments connected with our literary institutions are termed 'commons,' in consequence of the inferior quality of food served up.

Starvation or absence from food is a very

popular mode among physicians of ridding themselves of troublesome patients.

Gruel is a common expedient in such cases. The term is a corruption of 'growl,' from the effect which it produces upon both tongue and stomach. It is made by thickening a tea-spoon full of flour or meal with a gallon of water.

A few years since the physicians, fearing that the demand for food would be greater than the supply, invented a new disease, called the dyspepsia, which is a patent method of starving men to death by a slow but sure process. The dyspepsia is first cousin to the 'hypo,' and connected to the 'hystericks' by marriage.

Women were probably intended to do all the carving, since we are informed that EVE was given to ADAM for a help-meat.

With regard to the usances of the table, we would remark, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that it is considered to be a breach of etiquette to use the napkin (a table-cloth) in lieu of a handkerchief, especially if one has a cold in the head; that tooth-picks should not be applied to the ear should the fingers be washed in the wine-glass; and that silver forks are not intended to eat soup with.

Gastronomy and astronomy are different, although both are illustrated by a series of plates; yet persons who have been indulging in the pleasures of the table are very apt to see stars, and examine intently revolutions both of celestial and terrene bodies.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

As free and enlightened citizens of the 'Great model Republic,' we have a thousand causes for self-gratulation; but among the manifold blessings showered upon our heads by a beneficent Providence, we know of none for which we should be more truly thankful than the high moral tone, irreproachable bearing, and brilliant writings which distinguish our daily press. We have often fondly imagined that a collection of those gems, so frequently to be found in the columns of our city papers, would make a pleasing and readable tome. In illustration of this, we present our readers with two or three scintillations:

Since the celebrated eulogy upon the Florida legislator 'Mr. HIGGINS, who 'died of the brown-creasers,' was an ingenious person, and in his younger days

had a father and mother,' we have not met with any thing approaching in beauty the following paragraph, extracted from an 'editorial' in the 'Tribune,' the subject being the late President's career:

'JAMES K. is the oldest of ten children; acquired the rudiments of an English and classical education near his home, and after years of suffering from a very painful complaint, was relieved by a surgical operation.'

We learn from the following, that although the cutting a man's head off with a carving-knife is not a 'tragical affair,' it becomes one when performed by a 'chopper.' We quote from the 'Herald':

'He confessed to Captain LEONARD that he had intended to stab them. There was another sharper carving-knife lying beside it on the same table, and had he taken that he would have cut off the head of CUNNINGHAM, or had he taken a chopper that was there, the consequences would have been tragical.'

The tulip-mania and the morus multi-caulus fever are the only vegetable excitements ever heard of by us until the following startling announcement 'met our eye.' As 'vegetable excitements' must be growing evils, they are much to be deplored. The intelligence comes by telegraph from Syracuse:

'THERE is a great vegetable and cattle excitement here.'

Several very startling discoveries have been lately made. Some time since the 'Journal of Commerce' found an 'ephe-meral' artery in a man's leg; which is perhaps the first instance that one of a transitory and evanescent nature has been met with.

Here is another modern miracle, the dead restored to life:

'THE four persons attacked (*besides those to whom it proved fatal*) are recovering, and proper precaution has been taken to purify the place. There have been no cases resembling cholera any where else.'

##### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES. — A maiden lady of our acquaintance objects very strenuously to the first part of this proverb; for she says the men do n't propose at all.

AVOID LOW COMPANY. — Good advice. Never be seen in company with a man who lives in a cellar; neither with a well-digger or a grave-digger.

BACCHUS HAS DROWNED MORE THAN NEPTUNE. — Do n't know about this. His

sub-marine Highness has caught many a chap 'half-seas over.'

**CREDIT LOST IS LIKE A BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS.** Exactly. Rather hard to shave with any longer.

**FATHER AND SONS.** — Uncommonly smart fathers are very apt to have uncommonly stupid sons. And we fear for our offspring, when we think upon OLIVER CROMWELL and Master DICK, DANIEL O'CONNELL and his boy JOHNNY. DICK was too small potatoes to be made a DICK-TATER of; and his father's mantle fits Master JACK, as a purser's shirt does a bean-pole. The great RICHARD of England, (not DICK CROMWELL) was known as 'CŒUR DE LION,' Master JOHN will probably figure as '*Tête de l'Âne*.' The former raised men for a Saracen crusade, the latter demands the Repeal crews-aid in the form of mopusses. His father received more purses than his share, but we fear the son's 'rent' will, like that of a certain Secretary of War, be in arrears. JOHN is considered by all to be a BROTH of a boy, which accounts for his being so much of a soup.

#### CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

'A FRIEND' sends us the following disquisition upon the lines:

'Oh, life is a river, and man is a boat,  
That over its surface is destined to float.'

Most true, oh! king, and accounts for many things, particularly and especially the propensity some men have for getting 'half-seas over.' Some are very fast; real clippers; while others are decidedly slow-sailing craft. Some are luggers of wood and carriers of water, while others with their fanciful streamers flying, yacht it up and down the world, having a perpetual holiday. There be crafts of pleasure, and there be crafts of business; there be crafts that cannot move a peg, unless wound up to a proper pitch with steam, and a noisy, quarrelsome, turbulent, troublesome set they are; always coming in collision with something or somebody, until a collapsed flue, a burnt-out boiler, a stove-in bow, broken paddles, or a run down at night, put a stop to their career. In fine, all men are crafty.

'SALT WATER' says we are not right in supposing that pitching and tossing and turning up coppers, are the only vices that

ships are guilty of; for, he adds, they lie to.

We extract the following from a letter to a friend. The writer is evidently down in the Musquito country: 'This place is sum, spehially in summer. Your nose lme tached to the shang daffers in the diggin line. Oh BILL! ef ye could ondly clap ise on the perduckshuns of this side, yude be silent enuff about yure farm. All the trese here bares poll-parots and monkese and coons and go-away-news and possums and kokernuts, and awl on 'em a hangin' by thare tales. Them kokernuts is full ov milk, and the peple gits awl thare butter and chease that way. When thay want to lie in thare winter suply, they git tugeder a hull passel on 'em, and makes a long rope out of monkese tales, and fastens one eend to the top of the tree, and pulls backward and for'ard till the milk is awl churned.

'When the thunder and litenin' begins, thare awl as busy as beese. The thunder kurdles the milk, and they do n't use runnit, but jest set to and brake up the nuts, and put the contents in a bag, and ride horseback on it till its hard enuff, I tell ye.'

DEAR READERS, one and all, a Happy New-Year!

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'AN ANXIOUS FATHER' writes thus: 'What am I to do with my boy? He is one of the d—P's unaccountables. Steals his mother's sweetmeats; worries cats, dogs and girls; fights all the small boys; plays truant four days out of five; and threatens to set the house on fire, if I do not quit thrashing him.' My very dear and afflicted Sir, the only remedy that we wot of, in such a distressing case, to have him run over by an omnibus, or blown up with gunpowder. He will immediately become a fine, intelligent, interesting, and amiable boy; and should he not survive the operation, you will have the satisfaction of learning from all the papers that condole with you, that his loss was deeply lamented by a large circle of loving and mourning friends and acquaintance.

'STREET INSPECTOR' inquires if Canal-street be not one of the coldest and most disagreeable streets in the city, during winter. We think not: there is a Bleecker-street just beyond Houston.

'ORDERLY' asks why perturbed spirits are like raw recruits. We take it to be, because they require exorcising.

'ANTIQUARY' wishes to know if any attendant spirit watched over the safety of Noah and his family when upon the vast flood; and if so, what one. Can't answer precisely; but if such was the case, suppose it must have been an archangel.

'CRABTREE' desires to know what tribe of Indians deserves to be d—d. Upon the best information which we have been able to obtain, we should rather think it must be the Creeks.

'DRY MEASURE' asks why eight quarts are like a good appetite. Because it makes one peck.

'ANN ELIZA' wishes our advice about going to California. Go by all means, young lady. Analyzers are very much needed there.

'EXTRA 'ERALD.' — We cannot tell you, my lad, who was the first news-boy. It is not yet decided whether the honor belongs to Cupid or Hymen. We incline to the former, who certainly brought bows into play among the fair sex.

'GIN SLING' asks what David said to the vain-glorious boasts of his gigantic adversary? Not positive: Go-tier, perhaps.

'PILGRIM' has just discovered why the hooping-cough is so named, because it goes round the family.

'VERY SUSPICIOUS.' — JOHN BROWN and BILL SMITH went to Boston the other night. BILL suffered dreadfully from sea sickness, and brought JOHN, who was standing by him, to seek out the steward and obtain some brandy-and-water. JOHN however refused to move until he did, for fear he might be arrested for passing a spurious BILL.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BURN-EM'S GREAT AMERICAN HUM-BUG.**—Direct-lie opposite the Bunkumville Church.

#### SUPERHUMAN ATTRACTIONS.

Just received a DEGREE OF LONGITUDE taken in the very act of

#### CROSSING THE LINE.

And purchased at an enormous expense.

Also, the identical Boots in which Tarquin took his

#### RAVISHING STRIDES!

A branch of BURNAM WOOD, cut just before LEAVING FOR DUNSINANE!

TWO WOOLY HENS OF SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE'S breed.

A wax-figure of a STREET INSPECTOR. (A purely imaginative work.)

#### A REAL ALLIGATOR,

that in endeavoring to swallow a young negro, was partly suffocated by the heels lodging (see painting) and in this condition was easily captured. The negro, who in consequence of his fright, is transformed into a white man, is expected in a few days. Lest a too incredulous public should doubt this simple statement, their

attention is respectfully solicited to the following extract from PLINY:

'Quando Crocodilum desideratum est catchere, et non comatibus est in swampo. Juvencilem nigrum take about at 'Tinct. Optii,' aut 'Acet morphtii,' aut 'longo sermone,' put him to sleepum heels foremost. Inde hogibus modo granatum est. Rust Crocodilus, niger swallow ad usque ad midoleum et instanter sickus bargami Caffee vult ejectere. Sed cannot come it heels fancibus hancit impossibilis est squallere, et frightem-to-deathibus novo fixa, captabitum.'

The proprietor would embrace this opportunity of informing the public that the *lien* law does not apply to any fat children, women, or Highland boys raised in Brooklyn, in his possession; and all persons building suits for them will do so at their own risk. PETER BURN-EM.

**FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD** will be paid for a live Street-Inspector, and FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS additional if satisfactory evidence is produced of his being taken in the streets. Apply to

BURN-EM.

**TO THE GREAT UNHUMBUGGED AMERICAN PUBLIC.**—GOBBLE, VIPER & CO. have the honor to announce, that they now offer an opportunity to Americans to patronize the distinguished artists of Europe.

The advantages of the plan are obvious and manifest. A helping hand will be lent to the decaying genius of Europe. A round sum put into the pockets of the subscribers, and native humbug will be prevented from foisting their trash upon an ignorant community.

N. B. Rich and racy French prints and pictures, which the ridiculous and meddlesome laws of this country prevent us from exhibiting, can be obtained by private application. All communications will be considered as strictly confidential.

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#### STANNAS: TO LUCY.

'ONLY the actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.' — SHIRLEY.

Ay! Beauty fades; but Love and Truth  
Can never die. Immortal Youth  
Crowns each with Life, and both shall glow  
In the bright blues which angels know!  
Lucy! on you life's earliest spring  
Is scattering flowers with lavish wing;  
My prayer is that to you be given,  
The Christian's growth to God and Heaven.

E. T. R.

## THE FIRST FLAKES.

BY CHARLES R. CLARKE.

YE tarry long, pale wizards ! but at last,  
 In the still hush of evening thin and dreary,  
 Mantling our fields and forests, autumn-weary,  
 With pallid whiteness have ye shivered past.

And still ye flicker through the biting air :  
 While the bright moon, in mockery of your sailing,  
 Sheddeth her ardent beams, but unavailing,  
 Thickly where cling your hoar-frost jewels rare.

Ye are right welcome ! by the ancient board,  
 While sparkles comfort from the generous ember,  
 'Tis joy to quaff again, with old DECEMBER,  
 The full hilarious cup, by Memory stored.

'Tis joy to hear the glad, familiar sound  
 Of merry sleigh-bells, in their busy tinkling,  
 And o'er the carpet of your grateful sprinkling,  
 See the gay whirl of Pleasure's morris-round.

'Tis joy to follow o'er the slippery waste,  
 Anon, the skater in his graceful swinging ;  
 Mark the bold curve, then list the iron ringing,  
 And feel the dying hours grow feathery-faced.

Ay, these are joys : but mingling in their chime,  
 Are strains whose echoes tell no tale of pleasure ;  
 That creep betimes across the happy measure,  
 Like the lone plaints that blend the wild-bird's mime.

They whisper that the fierce north-coming chill,  
 That only wreathes our ruddy fireside brighter,  
 That only bids our home-cheered heart beat lighter,  
 Speeds arrowed DEATH o'er Want's unguarded sill :

Bears on its frozen wings a weight of wo  
 For him, the toiler, whom DISEASE unnerveth,  
 For her ! whom Hope a bitter morsel serveth,  
 For them, the thousands whom we cannot know.

Then let our radiant charity be flung  
 Out on the air thus weighed with blue-lipped sorrow,  
 Till the fierce chillness of the hour shall borrow  
 New cheer for us, and joy where misery sprung.

*Rochester, (N. Y.) November, 1849.*



## M E M O R I E S   O F   S U M M E R .

BY A COUNTRYMAN.

THEY 'RE gone, all gone! those joyous days,  
When balmy Summer shed her rays  
From ever blue and laughing skies,  
And made the earth a paradise.  
In green and gold the fields were dressed,  
The foot the flowery carpet pressed,  
And through the grass, with ardent looks,  
The noon-beams chased the virgin brooks;  
Which ever, as they coyly run,  
Throw tinkling laughter at the sun;  
While fragrance hung upon the air,  
And birds careered and carolled there,  
And insects swarmed in tireless play,  
Dancing their giddy life away  
In bacchanalian merriment,  
As fiercely gay, as swiftly spent.

They 're gone, all gone! the gentle flowers,  
Whose life 's the poetry of ours;  
Speaking beyond the power of art  
In silent numbers to the heart,  
And waking in the enraptured breast  
Feelings that may not be expressed.  
All, all, alas! have passed away,  
And stole its lustre from the day;  
The modest beauties and the proud,  
The solitary and the crowd;  
Bright-eyed ones laughing o'er the meads,  
And mourners with their drooping heads;  
And worshippers with tearful eye  
All-meekly lifted to the sky;  
The violet that mused alone,  
Like hermit, 'neath a mossy stone;  
The meek-eyed daisy, primrose pale,  
The queenly lily of the vale;  
From field and hill they all have passed,  
And left this dead prosaic waste.

They 're gone, all gone! each happy bird,  
Whose song the waking morning heard:  
The road-side sparrow chirps no more,  
Nor swallow skims the meadow o'er;  
Nor from the river's reedy brink  
Carols the tuneful bobolink;  
Nor linnet, hid among the leaves,  
His curious note unwearied weaves.  
No parent-robins gather food  
To still their open-throated brood;  
There, where the cunning nest was seen  
Snug-built behind the foliage-screen  
Of vines, that o'er the portal crept,

And where unscared the birdlings slept,  
 Though underneath friends cosy sat,  
 And whiled the time in lively chat,  
 Or 'sweetly sympathetic' wept,  
 While plaintive night-winds round them crept.

And they are gone, the friends so loved,  
 With whom we sat, with whom we roved;  
 Sometimes discoursed in serious mood  
 Such wise as sober people should;  
 And sometimes (blush we to confess?)  
 Spent time in wiser idleness;  
 Set the unruly member free,  
 And bade it wag in lawless glee,  
 And lungs to crow like chanticleer,  
 Till echo answered far and near.  
 We kicked the football-jest about  
 Till we had fairly kicked it out;  
 Loud laughing when the mark we hit,  
 And louder when we missed of it.  
 Or took DAN GÖTHE'S 'FAUSTUS' down,  
 With grammar eke and lexicon,  
 To find the meaning of our lesson,  
 And where we could not find one, guess one:  
 Or, foiled at last, would smile to see  
 'Der Meister' solve the mystery.  
 And now and then a peep we took  
 At 'Dr. SAM.' in BOZZY'S book;  
 Enchanted with the grand old cur,  
 Sage, critic, lexicographer,  
 Poet and wit, as rolling there,  
 He bolts SIR JOSHUA'S generous fare,  
 And belches forth such sparkling gems  
 As pale the sheen of diadems;  
 And all the goodly group the while  
 Their thoughtful admiration smile.  
 GIBBON, and 'LANKEY,' and BEAUCLEER,  
 GARRICK, and 'GOLDY,' THRALE and BURKE,  
 And (*instar omnium*!) mighty BOZ,  
 More than the Great Sublime he draws.

Sometimes we turned our SHAKESPEARES o'er,  
 And ranged the realms of fancy-lore,  
 In wildering moonlit mazes lost  
 With HAMLET and his father's ghost;  
 Or, chuckling, watched the garden trick  
 On BEATRICE and BENEDICK;  
 Dropped tears o'er DESDEMONA'S fate,  
 And gave PETRUCHIO joy of KATE;  
 With many an observation sage  
 Shed light upon the doubtful page;  
 Untied all knots, and brought to view  
 More beauties than the author knew.

Or throwing books and business by,  
 Forth sallied to the open sky,  
 And roamed, a roystering company,  
 Exultant, noisy, far and free;  
 Climbed to the hill-top's breathless height,  
 Thence turned to gaze (O goodly sight!)

Where green Chenango's glory lay  
 Beneath the enamoured eye of day,  
 At softly slumberous ease reclined,  
 Her green robes waving in the wind,  
 With liquid-silver ribands\* wound,  
 And leafy garlands wreathed around,  
 And yon far-gleaming lakelet set,  
 Like jewel in her coronet.  
 The fiery-god arrests his car,  
 And bends to breathe his passion there;  
 While the full chorus of the groves  
 With nuptial songs salute their loves,  
 Sounds of the distant waterfall  
 Embossing the sweet madrigal.

Then plunging into forest shades,  
 We sought the cool sequestered glades,  
 Where holy Nature dwelt alone,  
 From sight and sound of men withdrawn,  
 And, myriad-voiced, her MAKER praised,  
 In temples His own hand hath raised.  
 But all-unworshipful were we,  
 Shouting aloud our graceless glee;  
 Laughing in consecrated bowers,  
 And plucking all the holy flowers;  
 Or huddled in some leafy nook,  
 Along the margin of the brook,  
 With songs and cachinnations there,  
 Startled to life the sleepy air;  
 Then spread our feasts to gods unknown,  
 And, sated, left the ground bestrown  
 With cake profane and chicken-bone.

Ah! happy days were those, I ween!  
 Those days of gladness and of green.  
 But now, alas! in vain we rove  
 The faded field, the fading grove,  
 And search each memory-haunted spot  
 For those we love — we find them not!  
 The season has begun in town,  
 And every Gothamite is flown:  
 Where late we saw their soul-full faces  
 We gaze into cold, empty places,  
 And freezing silence smites the ear,  
 Bent their familiar tones to hear.  
 They're gone, all gone! the summer hours,  
 The friends we love, the birds and flowers;  
 And these entrancing memories seem  
 The fragments of some fading dream.

But while we mourn, of these bereft,  
 Thank Heaven, our happy home is left!  
 And other friends, a cherished few,  
 And cheerful work enough to do.

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\* ONE of the prettiest features of our landscape is furnished by the windings through it of the beautiful Chenango and the canal. The river, here just swelling beyond the dimensions of a mill-stream, wanders across the plain and into the broad mouth of the valley, 'at its own sweet will.' And the bold, graceful curves of the canal slide into the lines of nature with an ease and a decision which speak well for the taste of the engineer (I had almost said of the artist) who traced them.

The wood-pile laughs beneath the shed,  
 The stove asks only to be fed ;  
 The cellar bulges with the hoard  
 Of good things in its belly stored ;  
 Our books stand waiting on the shelves,  
 And, bless the stars ! here are ourselves :  
 With aids like these methinks we 'll do —  
 At least we 'll try to rough it through ;  
 Rejoicing aye to think how soon  
 The days of absence will be done,  
 Stern WINTER and his icy reign,  
 And all we love come back again !

J. H. R.

*Madison University, (N. Y.) November.*

## W A L D E M A R :

A T A L E O F T H E I T A L I A N C A M P A I G N O F 1805.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY 'DELTA.'

W A L D E M A R T O H I S F R I E N D G U S T A V U S .

*M...a, July 17th, 1805.*

HERE we are yet, dear Gustavus, lying quietly in front of the enemy. I do not understand the reason of this eternal delay ; the whole army is anxious for the battle, and all, with me, curse this tiresome inactivity which so wears out our spirits. According to all appearances, we shall remain here for some time yet, and our hopes of an engagement with the French seem likely long to remain unfulfilled. To-morrow I am to advance with my guards some fifteen miles to Villarosa. My comrades envy me even this change, for it is said to be a very pleasant spot. It belongs to Count P——, who has also considerable possessions in the Tyrol, where you certainly have heard of him. He is living here in the bosom of his family, who, as well as himself, are praised by every body, enjoying the delightful rural scenery. It is not to be denied that one learns here, in the rough companionship of war, how to value the privilege of living in the society of refined and intelligent persons. But such reflections are only transient. I would we might go into battle to-morrow, rather than live in this intolerable idleness.

That I should thus visit this land, this Italy, the subject of my fondest dreams ; that I with rough and bloody hand should help to drive sweet Peace from its hallowed vales, pains me deeply. I had hoped to cross its borders under other circumstances. I am a soldier ; a soldier from choice, from pure love and thirst of battle ; but such wild passions suit not this sky, this scenery, where every thing, in spite of these troublous times, flourishes in such luxuriance and beauty. Oh, you should see, my dear Welland, its richness, its splendor and bloom ! Who could bear to enter here at the head of a victorious army ?

*Villarosa, July 21.*

I WRITE to you from Villarosa, this Paradise of nature. Friend, envy me; envy me each hour I am permitted to live here. What a circle of noble persons! You should see Magdalene; her tall, noble figure, her full dark eye, her rich flowing tresses. You should hear the music of her voice, sweet as the note of a seraph, and you would forget, as I do, war and its tumults. The quiet sadness—gentle trace of some deep sorrow—giving a softening richness to her exquisitely beautiful features, and the expression of fondest love that beams forth from her eyes, make her appear most unspeakably ravishing. But I cannot describe her to you; I cannot tell you all the wild sensations that with sweet intoxication fill my soul!

But I just perceive that I have written nothing as I should have done. Know then that Magdalene is the daughter of Count P——, to whom Villarosa belongs. An old friend could not have hoped to have been better received than I have been; such warm-hearted kindness has been shown me, that I cannot understand my own good fortune. Brother, now I live under the same roof with her; am almost always near her. I accompany her on the guitar when she sings her native airs; those sweet songs of love and sadness. She leads me through the beautiful grounds of the villa, and enters with such delight into my astonishment at this Garden of Eden. Ah! she is an angel; a creature of perfect sweetness and gentleness! How I feel all the inclinations of my spirit changed! I feel that I am become better; that her presence elevates me. I am happy, for I may see her. Indeed, I am blessed!

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*Villarosa, July 23.*

THANK GOD, as yet we hear nothing of any change in our quarters! Probably the armies will remain thus opposite each other for some weeks yet, and I shall not be compelled to leave my paradise. I never thought that love could so have changed me. Formerly, a continual, burning uneasiness drove me out into the mists of the distant; all my wishes lay in the future, and life with mournful tones passed shapeless before me. But now!—all my longing has ceased, and in her hallowed presence the wild storm of the soul is hushed in sweetest contentment. The present fills me with inexpressible bliss; and, moved by the breath of love, there is vibrating deep within me the chords of a higher and holier life.

With how much kindness they treat me! They do not let me feel for an instant how burdensome I necessarily must be to them. What noble persons they are! The father, with his eye fixed so calmly on these stormy times, his tall, manly, respect-commanding figure; and the mother, who exists only in the circle of her dear ones, embracing all things in her deep and holy love; and Magdalene—Magdalene! He has never known what is holy and rapturous in life who has not seen in her angel-eye the dawn of a higher existence; who has not before this pure shrine bowed his knee in sincerest devotion.

She has a brother whom she most fondly loves. He has been obliged to absent himself on account of a duel, and they hardly know

where he has gone. This is the cause of her sadness ; for she clings to this brother with a love and tenderness that only her own heart can know. How she told me it all, with such an expression of anguish ! How the tears filled her eyes ! I cannot tell you how deeply her story affected me. There are no circumstances in human life under which the tenderness and nobleness of the soul are more fully displayed than in sorrow ; and it is not possible that there can be any thing more affectingly touching than the tear-drops sparkling in the lovely eyes of one so beautiful. I told her so, and she felt it was not a mere compliment. Gently withdrawing the hand I had seized in the excitement of the moment, she rose quickly, and whispered as she left me : ‘ I believe you have a kind heart, Waldemar ! ’ Oh, you can form no idea of the heavenly sweetness in the tone of those few words ! For some time I stood and gazed at her receding form, then threw myself on the ground and kissed the grass she had gently swayed as she passed. Do you call me a child, Gustavus ? Well, yes, I am ; but I am a happy one !

At evening I stand by my window as long as I can see a light in her room ; for as hers is in the left and mine in the right wing of the villa, I can look directly upon her apartments. Often do I stand thus for hours and watch the flickering of her light until it expires, then seize my guitar and pour out its passionate tones on the clear moonlight, which here under the Italian sky lies like the spirit of the ETERNAL ONE holy and quietly upon the earth. Can you form an idea of the bliss that then surrounds me with heavenly harmony ? Have you the least conception in your bosom of these raptures ? No, Gustavus ; we never dreamed of such !

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*Villarosa, July 20.*

Oh, that I could throw myself into your arms, that on your brotherly heart I could shed tears of deep, unfathomable delight ! That I must endure alone this overflowing of endless joy ! My poor heart cannot bear the throbbing of these emotions ; it *must* break !

Gustavus, she is mine ! From her quivering lips trembled the confession of her love ; she lay upon my breast, and I dared to press burning, glowing kisses on those lips. We were sitting together in silence upon the balcony, lost in sweet dreams, the sun just setting behind the mountains, when a squadron of our troops emerged into view, the arms of the riders flashing in the setting sun light. At that instant it seemed as though the voice of a spirit whispered in my ears : ‘ Thou must depart ! ’ Magdalene perceived my emotion, and sympathizingly asked me the cause. I told her my fears, and added, as I seized her hand : ‘ And will you shed a tear for me ? ’ She trembled with emotion, and gazed tenderly into my face, while the tears gushed into her eyes. I could restrain myself no longer, but throwing myself at her feet, exclaimed : ‘ Magdalene, I will not disguise it : I love you ! ’ She sank, overcome by her feelings, into my arms, and our lips sealed the holy confession.

When at length I roused from the sweet delirium, what think you were my feelings ? The evening shadows indeed lay upon the earth,

cradling the world to a gentle slumber ; but there shone in my breast the light of an endless day ; the morning of my happiness had dawned. And how changed was my Magdalene ! She stood as it were transfigured before me ; the spirit of a higher existence was shed around her, and the expression of happy love shone in her features like the bright halo which encircles the immortal. Before, she was the perfect woman ; now she stood before me a seraph from a better world.

I have not spoken with her parents yet, but I hope they will not blight our happiness. They love Magdalene with such tenderness, that I feel sure they could not throw a cloud over her sky. Gustavus, if you have never yet experienced the rapturous moment when love wraps two hearts in sweet confusion and fills them with highest earthly bliss, if you have never heard the heavenly words ' I love thee ! ' falling from lips you love, then you can form no idea of the fathomless joy, the soul-thrilling joy, of requited affection !

Villarsa, August 1.

SHARE my happiness, dear Gustavus ; she is mine ! — mine by the choice of her own heart, and mine by the consent of her parents ! They make no objection to me ; they receive me, stranger as I am, into the beautiful circle of their love. Does not every thing conspire to gratify my fondest wishes, sooner than even I had dared to hope ? Does not every thing lovingly unite, even in these stormy times, to establish sweet peace forever in my breast ?

I have told them all my plans ; how that from love of arms I had joined this campaign ; how I intended, when it was over, to obtain my discharge, sell my property in Bohemia, and return to my happy Italy, there to live for Magdalene and the pleasant duties of our youthful loves. I told them all, and believe they felt that at least I would not make her unhappy. I pressed them to make a speedy decision, for I expected every moment orders to march ; and they at length gave us their blessing. Gustavus, when the father led her to me and said : ' Take her — she is the joy of my life — and make her happy ! ' when she sank into my arms and the kiss of ratification burned on our lips in the holy presence of her parents, I was lost in bliss ; all the angels of heaven descended into my soul, and bore down to me a most bewitching Eden. I revelled in the fulfilment of dreams that now, in beautiful reality, were blooming on the path of my life. Surely, Gustavus, such happiness was never intended for me !

Villarsa, —

DEAR FRIEND : What days of Eden I am now enjoying in the circle of those I love. The father and mother strive in every manner to show their regard for their new son, and Magdalene lives only for me. We are together the live-long day, and she seems to grow more noble, more lovely, more holy every hour. I have told you of her taste for music : she is anticipating great pleasure when Brother Camillo returns. Camillo, she says, sings a clear and beautiful tenor, and then we shall have many a pretty trio together. I am quite anxious to see my new brother.

They cling to him with such fondness that they are moved almost to tears whenever they are reminded of his absence, and that is hardly for a moment to be avoided, for there is everywhere some memento of him. They love dearly to talk of Camillo. He must be a noble fellow. I think of him always as a tall young man, full of spirit, decision and energy; strong in body and in soul; a youthful, proud athlete.

Besides her singing and playing, she sketches also beautifully. She loves most to draw historic scenes, and in the execution has attained an astonishing degree of perfection. She has just finished one representing Horatia at the moment when she discovers in her brother the conqueror and slayer of her lover. The expression of the maiden's face, in which one can read the strong struggle of conflicting emotions within, is most happy. To me the drawing was touching. The simple forms have made a deep impression on my mind. You ought to hear her talk about it, to see how feelingly she enters into the painfulness of Horatia's position. She does not blame the slayer of the lover, she blames the iron destiny; for the brother as Roman must conquer; and not Horatius but Rome thrust the sword into that loved bosom.

Magdalene is now drawing from memory a likeness of her brother for me. Her parents say it is excellent, so life-like does her memory call up his image; but I am not to see it until it is finished. Gustavus, what an endless chain of heaven-like joys and feasts of love shall my future be! How my gentle M. will adorn our beautiful circle! I shall live days I would not give for all the treasures of the world. Those are indeed happy feelings we experience when, safe from the storms of the sea, our ship in full sail enters the harbor; but it is with anticipations of highest earthly delight that we look out upon the rosy morning streaks of love. Gustavus, my day has dawned.

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*Villarosa, Aug. 4th.*

WHAT I have long feared has happened. I must part with her; I must leave my beautiful Magdalene. This morning I received orders to retire fifteen miles from Villarosa by day-break to-morrow. The enemy is probably advancing, and our general desires to receive him on the advantageous heights of C——. Alas! war, on which I once dwelt with such enthusiasm, has become wholly insupportable. The thought that I might lose Magdalene fairly makes my soul shudder, and dark forebodings haunt my dreams. If it were only to advance; but to retreat, to leave Villarosa and all that is dearest on earth in the power of the enemy, it almost makes me mad! I am not one of those iron spirits that can *bear* everything; *dare* everything I can indeed; but to attain my point through patient endurance, there I lack the power. How hated is every moment in which I cannot see Magdalene; in which I cannot press her to this throbbing heart! Ah! I am Waldemar no more! I cannot summon resolution for the parting; the proud consciousness of manly power bows before this agony of feeling.

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*Riccardino, Aug. 7th.*

GUSTAVUS, let me pass in silence the scene of our parting, Magdalene's tears, my anguish and her last kisses. I obeyed my orders, and



have now been three days in Riccardino. It is a great comfort to me that from one window of my new quarters I can see Villarosa, where my loved ones are. I am continually at that window looking out toward it, and the intense longing of my spirit seems as though it would burst this bosom! Everything around me is so tiresome and dull; even the tumults of war, for there is considerable confusion from the number of regiments stationed here, has no interest for me. I have now but one feeling; a burning, maddening longing, which almost rends this frail body! Magdalene! Magdalene! how unchanging is my love! I cannot live thus separate from thee!

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*Two hours later.*

GUSTAVUS, I am in a phrenzy of excitement! My dark forebodings are approaching their fulfilment. The general has ordered us out, and beat for volunteers to storm Villarosa. The enemy have taken possession of it, and seem determined to intrench themselves on the heights. That I should be the first to volunteer you can well understand. I shall rescue Magdalene from the enemy; what a heavenly thought! But that I shall cause death within those peaceful halls, shall help to disturb that beautiful home, to which she clings with such inmost love, can I do that! *dare* I do it! Oh! conflict of duties! But I must take the chances. The struggle will be sharp. The enemy cannot be exceedingly strong, yet my band is small. But there is need of alertness on every hand, for the enemy expect hourly large reinforcements. Shield me, God! Duty and love call me! With blood must I achieve my destiny!

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THUS far run Waldemar's letters. A few moments after he advanced with his brave guards on Villarosa. Already they neared the outposts of the enemy.

Waldemar had hoped to approach unnoticed by a path leading through the cypress-grove, the path he had so often threaded in happier hours, under the very walls of the Castle, but the enemy, to whom his attack had probably been betrayed, fell unexpectedly upon him. The conflict was fierce, and soon they were engaged hand to hand. Waldemar's guards, seeming to know they were contending for their leader's bride, pressed fearfully up against the foe. Maddest of all fought the French officer, a young man of noble figure and dauntless bravery. Waldemar met him several times in the fight, but they were as often separated by the changing tide of the battle. At length the French, unable to bear up against the furious charge of the Guards, threw themselves into the Castle. The young officer defended the entrance with the energy of despair. Waldemar threw himself upon him with all his force. He yielded, and the Guards poured after their victorious leader into the Villa. Waldemar followed his obstinate opponent from room to room, in each of which the contest was renewed, calling on him to surrender, but in vain; instead of answering, he only fought the madder. Both were already bleeding from many wounds, when suddenly it seemed to Waldemar as though he heard the sound

of Magdalene's voice. The thought nerved him with new energy, and he summoned all his remaining strength. His antagonist sank, pierced through the heart. At this moment Magdalene and her father burst into the room. 'Brother, unhappy brother!' broke from her lips, and she fell lifeless upon his body. Despair fell upon Waldemar. He stood thunder-struck, overwhelmed by the thought of a brother's murder. At length Magdalene revived. Her first glance fell on Waldemar, then on his bloody sword. She swooned again, and fell back upon the bleeding body of her brother. They bore her away, and her aged father, who had stood with his eye fixed in death-like gaze upon his son, followed in silence. Waldemar remained alone, with the reflection that he had destroyed the happiness of those he held most dear. Soon the Count returned. He had recovered his self-possession, and held out his hand to the murderer of his son. Waldemar was overcome; he sank at his feet, and moistened his hand with his tears; but the old man drew him to his heart, and both wept aloud in each others embrace. When the Count had sufficiently recovered himself, he narrated to Waldemar how his son Camillo, after he had been obliged to leave on account of the duel, had taken service in the French army, and a few days before had agreeably surprised them; how Magdalene had told her brother of her Waldemar, and how he rejoiced in the hope of knowing and loving the friend of his sister. Waldemar's frame shook with anguish at the recital. He raved as one mad, and the Count snatched the sword out of his hand to prevent him from taking his own life.

But now the anxiety depicted in every movement arrests their attention. Alas! Magdalene, whose tender frame could ill endure such a shock, was dying!

Waldemar became frantic with despair; he prayed the count to let him see Magdalene once more, and threw himself at his feet. Trembling with emotion, the stricken father turned away that he might not refuse the unfortunate man this last request. Magdalene, whose heart struggled painfully between affection and horror, could hardly be persuaded to see again the slayer of her brother; but her lovely spirit, so near its departure, overcame the reluctance, and undying love conquered. But here is a fragment of another letter from Waldemar:

'GUSTAVUS, I am ruined! I have murdered the peace of three angels! The stain of blood is on me, and despair throbs in my veins! Gustavus, curse me! Fearfully do visions of the past haunt me; they will drive me mad. I am crazy now!

'Once more have I seen her whose heaven of joy I have destroyed; once more she looked on me with all the tender expression of former love, and faintly whispered: 'Waldemar, I forgive you!' These words went like a dagger to my soul, and I sank down at her feet. With her last effort she tried to raise me—to draw me to her bosom; but her strength failed, and she sank dead into my arms!

'Gustavus, Gustavus, despair is hurrying me to her again; yes, I am hastening after her. She has forgiven me, the lovely, the sainted one, but I—I cannot forgive myself! I must offer up myself; only by blood—by my blood—can I wash the stain from my soul!

'Farewell! I dare not contend with my destiny. I have murdered my own peace. Farewell, thou true brotherly spirit!—God in mercy will let me die!'

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HIS last wish was granted him. That little skirmish was the prelude to a decisive battle, and the following day saw the two armies join in fearful conflict. Waldemar fought with desperation, rushed into the heart of the hostile army, and found what he sought—death! Pierced through with countless bayonets, he sank in the thickest of the fight, and the last word that breathed forth from his dying lips was 'Magdalene!' His companions in arms, who loved him with generous enthusiasm, sought him out after the battle, and with tears of manly sorrow laid him in the family vault at Villarosa, by the side of his much-loved Magdalene.

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## T H E C R E M A T I O N .

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BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

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To-NIGHT my eyes, tear-laden, have wandered sadly o'er  
The lines that told a passion, sleeping now to wake no more.

From each mute and voiceless syllable are dreary memories born,  
That with fingers dim and spectral point to days forever gone.

'Forever,' oh! 'Forever!' 't was the word you breathed to me  
When your girlish faith you plighted, with the stars alone to see.

False scroll and falser passion! how it haunts me lying there,  
Read into my deepest memory, treasured up to mock despair.

Tears of joy have fallen on it, and again and yet again  
Have my lips sought out the places where your fingers might have lain.

Foolish tears, ye were but squandered! idle was the clinging kiss!  
Of the love that blazed so brightly there is nothing left but this.

Ere this too be cold in ashes, let the voices of the past  
Speak once more unto thy spirit, speak for this time and the last.

We were young in life; no shadows fell upon our lightsome way;  
There was then no night of sorrow that would never break to day:

No passion heart inwoven, no memory so deep  
That the wave of Lethe only could lull it into sleep.

Then I lingered in the sunlight of thy deep and pleading eyes,  
Then I felt from out the fountains of my heart a love arise.

Not unloving was thy accent, not of anger was thy blush,  
When the words 'I love you!' came to break the twilight's holy hush.

But the lip on mine that quivered, and the crimson on thy brow,  
Seemed to say with chiding fondness: 'Canst thou doubt I love thee now?'

Doubt thee! — if from out the silence of the sky a voice had rung,  
Saying 'Doubt her!' all the closer to thy heart I would have clung.

Then the distant gleaming glory of the stars appeared to lie  
Reflected in the lustre of thy timid upturned eye.

Then I seemed to hear life's volume closed with soft and muffled sound,  
And a whisper, saying, 'Read no more; thou hast the secret found!'

But to-night the stars have lighted their mournful fires again,  
And to-night my heart is saying, 'Did she love thee even then?'

'Didst thou think, in that sweet moment when her kisses lightly fell,  
That to-night the only accent on thy lips would be 'Farewell!''

Yet it must be; through the midnight with a dreary, hopeless tone,  
The wind the word repeateth, and repeateth that alone.

I must sift thee from my spirit; I must sever thee from thought;  
In the net of my remembrance must thy image ne'er be caught.

There were hopes my heart had guarded; let them perish in their prime;  
Let no answer to their longing come from out the future time.

There were springs that blessed life's journey; let me never of them taste:  
There were green spots where we rested; let them be a barren waste.

It was summer when I met thee, and with hues as bright and gay  
As the summer's wooing blossoms, dawned love's twilight into day.

It was autumn when we parted, when the flowers no more were fair,  
When the maple tossed his bloody arms upon the frosty air.

So the autumn of the spirit came with sudden step on me,  
And, with hues at death the brightest, fell the leaves from passion's tree.

Wherefore do I speak of passion? here are words that seem to rise  
From its hottest blazing altar, from its purest sacrifice.

Did they spring from young Affection? did they Truth's impression wear?  
No! the Falsehood looked from out them with a leaden, mocking stare!

Brighter blaze, ye flames that flicker, fiercer yet, ye embers, glow,  
While amid your red embraces this faithless scroll I throw!

All is dark; amid the forest of the pines with sullen roar  
The midnight wind is saying, 'No more, oh! never more!'

*Hallowell, Maine.*

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## S P R O U T S .

Who ever heard the like of it?  
 It really is terrific!  
 I do n't believe Time ever brought  
 A season so prolific:  
 An odd mysterious influence seems  
 Pervading all the air,  
 For scarce a house in all the town  
 But lo! a baby there.

Our pleasant neighbor, Mrs. BODGE,  
 Now quite a faded matron,  
 Presented, only yesterday,  
 Her husband with a fat one:  
 Indeed, the doctor's wife herself  
 Is by the times infected,  
 And hope's fruition swells her breast  
 With gladness unexpected.

Now nurses have become so scarce  
 That fathers go distracted,  
 While robust doctors droop beneath  
 The labors thus exacted.  
 The caudle-cup upon the hearth  
 Becomes a sort of fixture,  
 And druggists' clerks are overwhelmed  
 With calls for soda-mixture.

From myriad little boys and girls,  
 On life's broad prairie landing,  
 I hear one universal wail  
 Their little lungs expanding;  
 I hear admiring maidens cry,  
 'How very like its mother!'  
 Though not a single one can I  
 Distinguish from another.

vain.

Ye printers, set your types at work;  
 Here is a premonition,  
 That fresh recruits for 'Mother Goose'  
 Demand a new edition:  
 And thou, O miracle of mind!  
 Whom parents toast in bumpers,  
 Creative genius! latest, best,  
 Bring on your baby-jumpers!

The fact that 'native' rule will last  
 Is now developed clearly;  
 So turn fresh furrows to the sun,  
 And fell great forests yearly;  
 Let farmers still expand their fields,  
 And ampler calls will meet 'em;  
 Potatoes always pay to raise  
 When there are mouths to eat 'em.

Then dig away, ye sons of toil !  
 Root out the last year's stubble ;  
 Plant, sow and reap, until the soil  
 Its greatest yield shall double ;  
 Here is a hungry army come  
 Your hoarded heaps to find,  
 And it will sweep them all, nor leave  
 A gleaner's share behind.

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# A R E V E L A T I O N .

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'HALLOO, my Fancie! whither would'st thou go?'

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It was my fortune, during the period of early manhood, to become acquainted with a lady of delightful conversational power, much energy and vivacity of mind, and great goodness of disposition : my senior by many years ; and who, with the tact that properly belongs to her bright sex, found diversion, and perhaps interest, in examining the impulses of a young unpractised existence of the other sex, where the heart still 'promised, what the fancy drew.'

Perhaps it may have been in reward of the docility and frankness with which I submitted to the analysis, and exposed unreservedly my hopes and fears of after-life to her judgment ; perhaps it may have been impulsively and without premeditation, that she raised the veil from off a picture of domestic life, (of which we had been conversing,) and gave me a lesson that I have never since forgot.

Young, ardent minds of either sex look forward in this country to that 'state of untried being,' called MARRIAGE, almost with the dreamy imaginings of fear and hope with which they regard an interchange of worlds. 'LOVE, says Madame de Stael, which is a mere episode in the life of man, forms the life of woman.' But this observation, applicable and just to our sex in Europe, is far less exact in America, where those of our youth, who deserve the name of American Youth, labour on from day to day, in hope, in industry, in ceaseless toil, in self-denial ; picturing to themselves, as the precious reward of a long course of purity and exertion, the perspective joy of sharing the fruits of this life of untiring labour with the one Being to whom they can ever say, 'In-treat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee ; for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God : where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried : the LORD do so to me, and more also, if aught but Death part thee and me.'

This is Love. This is Marriage. This is Love and Marriage in America. This is that state of unity of which the ALMIGHTY hath said, 'And they twain shall be ONE.' That spiritual union, of which the community is perfect ; in which thoughts that spring up, and have their root in the one soul, grow, and burgeon, and effloresce, throughout the

whole being of the other. Flowers of the one mutual existence; aspirations of the one perfect heart. Perfect, because of it's being 'one made of twain.' Like the binary Stars of upper Heaven. Like the indissoluble union of Light and Heat. Like Truth and Love direct from the bosom of God, intermarried with each other in the beam that gives us Life! Quiet thyself now, my Fancie, and tell us, in her own words, the story of the vivacious lady.

'I am born, as you know, of one of the old Huguenot families of South Carolina. I inherited hardly any thing that could be called fortune, and had still less pretension to that which is considered beauty. But my education had not been neglected, and I had been brought up with the utmost care by parents with whom I was long in constant intercourse, and who were distinguished by that 'grace beyond the reach of art,' that refinement of thought and manner, that I believe come into the world only with one small class of our species.

'With these slight advantages it was with great pleasure, not unmingled with surprize, that I found myself, on my first Visit to the North, addressed by one of the most agreeable young men that I had ever chanced to meet. Like myself, he was of good family and small fortune. He had been admitted to the bar, and was struggling to acquire that professional eminence which to my mind has ever been far above the distinction that is conferred by mere wealth. I entered into all his plans with a deep, full heart. I longed to struggle by his side; to animate him with my own fervour; to cheer him in his exertions; and, in the visions of the day, it was my delight to share in advance the promised fame of his future eloquence and rank. In short, I loved him; and we were married.

'The halcyon days of our early union passed like a dream of joy — as beautiful, as bright, and, I have sometimes thought, as fleeting! — for the transport with which he used to return homeward soon passed away. The animation with which he used to depict the cases at court and to recite the arguments of counsel on either side was no longer to be seen, or felt, or heard. He seemed no more to cherish the hope of success, but entered the house, careworn, oppressed, and fatigued; and I had ceased to welcome him at the door.

'Frequently I retired to my chamber, when he left me for the office, questioning myself to know by what fatal change I could have forfeited his love. 'Good God!' I said, 'have compassion upon me! It was all that I had of value, and it is taken from me! I gave myself utterly to him! I staked my all upon the hazard of this die. It is cast. I have lost, and am forever ruined! In what have I changed? He did not expect fortune with me! He knew that I had no beauty! He must have seen that the slight attraction I possessed was drawn from him, as planets borrow from their Sun. I am undone, undone forever! My husband! my husband's love is lost, lost to me!'

'The habit of brooding over such thoughts as these had, of course, its effect upon my health and spirits. I lost much of the freshness of youth, and all its buoyancy of manner. When my husband came home, he encountered my swoln eyes, and trembling lips, and misplaced colour, and without a word of explanation between us, we seemed tacitly

to have arrived at the fixed conclusion that we had been each mistaken in the other, and were altogether unfit for the relation in which we stood. A distance that seemed every day extending was interposed between us. We both suffered deeply, but grew too proud for any explanation or advance :

“HAD we never lov'd so kindly,  
Had we never lov'd so blindly,  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.”

‘At this juncture the seasons changed, and brought on to the North the usual concourse of Southern visitors. Among them was a dear friend of my lost mother. She visited me repeatedly, and gazed on me with her dark inquiring eyes. One morning, while we were examining the house together in which I lived, she was shewn to my chamber. She placed one chair opposite another, and desired me to sit down. She took both my hands in hers, and regarded me as if she would have exchanged eyes. The door was closed, and we sat together a moment in silence.

“Do you know, my child,” said she, in her calm still way, “that I strongly suspect you to be a mere simpleton ? You fancy that you have lost your husband’s love ; confess to me, is it not so ?”

‘I could only reply with my tears, which I felt to be coursing down my cheeks.

“I thought it was so. I knew it to be so. Yes ! it is the period for the first trial of married life where marriage is destined to be happiness. Look at these hands — which she held in hers — these beautiful hands ? — Mr. WATERS, in those days my hands were considered beautiful.’ — ‘Madam,’ I replied, ‘they are always regarded and cited as models for sculpture’ — ‘these hands, which are precisely those of your mother,’ she went on, ‘these hands are married to each other ; animated by one spirit, born to aid, and strengthen, and gratify each other ; individual existences, but only perfect when united : what could they do apart ? — how perfect in their sympathy for each other ! Think of all the offices that they perform together ! Are they not one in every action of life ! Do any words, or expressions of affection, or of passionate regard pass between the two ? and yet what would not the one do for the comfort and happiness of the other ?

“This is the state which you and your husband have attained. Delight in it. It is incomparably superior to the feverish existence by which it was preceded. Have this figure always in your thoughts. Meet him to-day when he returns home as the cheerful tranquil ever-ready *left-hand*, without which the *right* could little do, but which is far inferior to the right in strength and skill, and be assured that all his past love is trifling compared to the sensation which you now awaken in his heart.’

‘Upon this hint, I changed my course towards him. I have ever done so. I have exacted nothing, and have regained his heart, and have been truly happy ; and the day is never to be forgotten by me when I saw that my husband, in regarding me, gazed on me with a look of long-sustained delight as *the mother of his boy*.’

I have written out this essay with interest, for I know that it will be



read by her who is the vision of my heart ; whose happiness is more than most other things precious to me. And I would close it with the injunction and the words of the Persian poet, and say, henceforth ' Let the nightingale of Friendship kiss the rose of Conciliation.'

JOHN WATERS.

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S T A N Z A S .

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BY AN OLD AND ALWAYS WELCOME CONTRIBUTOR.

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I.

NOVEMBER was dying ; I went to the wood,  
But found no blossom to deck his bier :  
So, all that I offered him — all that I could,  
Was a laurel-wreath — and a tear.

II.

For every floweret of every hue,  
In field or forest, golden or red ;  
Star-like aster, and gentian blue,  
Like the season itself, was dead !

III.

How was it, my lady went after me,  
And gathered a garland so fresh and fair ?  
Why had I eyes, and could not see ?  
For I wandered every where.

IV.

Oh ! 't is no wonder — her foot on the hill,  
The touch of her robe, as she fluttered by,  
Seemed the coming of Spring to shrub and rill,  
And the violet opened its eye.

V.

Nor is it strange that inanimate things  
Should believe it was April that smiling came,  
And mistake her breath for the new-born Spring's,  
Since, myself, I have done the same.

VI.

For oft as I hear her step in the hall,  
Or her merry laugh in the morning air,  
Or see her leap over the mossy wall,  
And sweeten the wind with her hair :

VII.

Then, spite of the cold north-wind and snow,  
I count it no longer a winter's day,  
Though the faithless calendar call it so,  
In my heart I am sure it is May.

T. W. F.

## The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '08; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. II.

JANUARY 1, 1850.

No. 1.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

To every individooal reader of the 'FLAG-STAFF' we wish them all the compliments of the season. Eighteen-Fifty breaks the back of another centooory, and while we have hitherto been travelling on rising ground, recollect that we are now going down hill. Lock the wheels; do n't go too fast with your revolutions, or else you'll run off the bank. LEWIS FLIP stays where he is, but the Poop of Rome is going back to the Vacuum as soon as they can get the house whitewashed. He is only the Ninth Pious Poop they have had to Rome: appears to us a small number out of so many. We wish him a merry Christmas. The 'FLAG-STAFF' entertains not the least unfriendly feeling to PIOUS. He has got a good name, and we hope a good natur'.

Since our last happy new-year, General ZACHARY TAYLOR has been elected President of the Uniten'd Stets. He fought our battles, and we put him in. We have one fault to find with him and his cabbinn-net—that we have not yet received that inspektreship of ashes. It appears to us that it was a very small *modulum* for what we done for him, and we will not say that we will uphold the leading measures of his administration if it is to be withheld; we could not in justice do it. To him and all our fellow men we have the best feelinks. Oh, that they would show a little corresponding feeling for us! n̄ow, while it is to-day. All turkies, geas, chickens, sassages, souse, spare-ribs, chine, hed-cheas, and other things of that natur, will reach us at this orifice.

☞ 'Do your best, and then you will be prepared for the worst,' said that coruscation of genius, GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH. What truth and poetry combined is contained in that sentenshus sentens!

THE 'Chronicle' man is ashamed of his 'No Principal' theory. We suspek we have galled him pretty essentially on that p'int, causin' him to twist and squirm in a sundry variety of ways. He now announces that he will go for 'the principals of Number One, and *nothink* else;' the most barefaced confession of selfish conduct we pretty near ever seen. A man who goes for the principals of Number One and nothink else will do no good in this world, and is a disgrace to the press. He won't give a six-pence to a beggar; he won't give Mr. BILGROVE but four shillin's for killin' his hogs, when he demands seventy-five cents; he will feed himself up with ice-creams and every think nice, when he do n't care three shavings for what any one else has. In short, he is friendlier to himself than to any of his friends, and will think nothink of putting on a clean shirt on his own back on a holiday, while he will let a poor man wear s'iled linen. This will give the readers of the 'FLAG-STAFF' a little idea of the ignominious conduct of going for the principals of Number One and nothink else. Oh, fy! fy! brother Chronicle! How can you hang out your sign on the corner of the street and act so? He also accuses us of stealin' his spellin'; the most ridiculous ch̄arge which was ever thrust down the throat of the public with the ram-rod of folly. How could we steal his spellin'? It is the most poverty-stricken spellin' we pretty near ever seen. We can prove an *allybi* on that murder. We are sure there is n't a rag to pick on *that* bush. Oh, no; we would n't steal your spellin' any more'n we would your readin', and that is n't very extensive. He'll be accusin' us of stealin' his hand-writin' next, we should n't wonder; but he need n't alarm himself on that score; for we've bin told in confidence by one of his compositors who came

here to try and get a situation onto the 'FLAG-STAFF,' that his writin' was so bad that he had been worn down to nothink but skin and bone, and his head turned prematurely gray, a-tryin' to decipher it: which we knowed to be quite true; for we seen him often before he went to work on the 'Chronicle,' and a fatter man wasn't to be found in all the town.

Another thing: he has wrote some poetry in his last, which he calls by the name of 'Fytte.' We hope he won't 'give us 'Fyttes' agin. Judgin' from the meter, we should think it was convulsion-fits instead of a fit of inspiration. We do hope our feller-citizens will not let this man do the talking for Bunkum. He ain't qualified.



It affords us the most unfeigned disappointment and regret to inform our readers that our wife, Mrs. WAGSTAFF, has absconded. We have done every think to humor this woman for a great many years or more, and all of it of no use't. On Thursday last she seized her bonnet and new shawl, for which we only recently paid *ten dollars*, and said she was a-goin', and ran out frantik, we calling her back. Seeing she did not come, we ran after her, first down Elm-street, so into Main, then she steered for Terraxicum, (by which time a crowd got collected, we shouting at the top of our voice,) so on to WILLIAM'S and Bunkum-Square. Our warm friend Alderman BINKLEY here assisted us, (she being a cousin of his,) shouting out with stentorian lungs: 'O, Mrs. WAGSTAFF! Mrs. WAGSTAFF! Mrs. WAGSTAFF!' till, seeing that she turned a deaf ear, he sat down on the coal-box on the stoop of Mr. SMITH'S store, and wept like a child. Mr. BIGLEY was also very kind, and tried to head her off in Terraxicum-street. The last glimpse which we got of our wife's calico was a hundred yards from our own door. Let her abscond. We cannot help it. We will find bread for our twelve children if our advertising-list will do it. The 'FLAG-STAFF' will be continuous as usual.

We married Mrs. WAGSTAFF on a rainy Friday mornin' in 18 hundred and 18, and was soon unhappy. She would never let us be a night out of the house, nor let us enjoy the company of a friend. If we wanted to take a glass of wine with a friend, she sat opposite and looked daggers at us, so as our friend would n't come ag'in.

We expostulated with her. We remonstrated. We said: 'Don't do it!' We said: 'Madam, *there's* money for your shawls. Do n't be always a-makin' us go in the track; do n't always be a-usin' the *break* and puttin' the *switch* on!' A spell ago we even took her to the *theater*. We done every think for her. Now we mean to get a divorce.

N. B.—Subscriptions for the 'FLAG-STAFF' received at this office. No debts paid of her contracting.

As appropo of the above, we as journalists have also to record that Mr. JEROTHNAIL PODE has absconded; *but not with Mrs. Wagstaff!* A year ago an unfortunate speculation in shingles brought him to the verge of abequatulation. But *there* ain't where JEROTHNAIL missed it; we think it was in believing what ISAAC POND told him about patent suspenders. These articles altogether fell short of what was confidently expected of them. They did not hitch so high as to realize what was presumed they would, and the *steel spring* took up so much *ile* as to eat up all the profits, and not much of a meal at that. There's where the great error in calkelation lay; for though they would hoist a man off the ground like *hom*-power, yet when you came to put in the *ile* the account would n't come out square. How many very ingenious creaturs get run aground in this way! They can't seem to look up the street and round the corner at the same time. They make wheels to go by *wind*, but they stand stock still when you come to put them in *water*. You have got to look at *all parts* if you want to make any executive work go slick. Why did n't JEROTHNAIL think of the *ile*? We have always sot a good deal of store by him, both as a store-keeper and a man. Howsever, perhaps he *has n't* absconded. He *may* have gone to see his uncle ZERUBABEL, up at Jericho South, and be back on Monday morning. We await the *issco* in suspense. It's a strange world we live in!

We been tarred and feathered since our last, owing to some altercation with an individooal, (not McGOOSELEY.) Altogether it was an outrageous business, and will undergo a legal investigation. The feathers, which are of a good quality, and aperiently fresh picked from a geos, are for sale at this office.

We have had a most extrordinary season. Never before have we knowed the lips of December to kiss the cheek of a rose. As we saw these Boreas blasters, which are nothink more than a Zephyr grown old, smackin' away at the red, red, fragrant, full-blown cheeks of Miss DAMASK, we said to them, 'Kiss and take your *leaves*! We will record it in 'FLAG-STAFF'; upon honor we will!

We want to warn our friends from the ked'ntry to keep their eyes wide oping and their hands in their pockets when they go to 'York. It is one of the wickedest spots in the Uniten'd Stets. The followen suck-umstans occurred: A friend of ours, a constant subscriber of the 'FLAG-STAFF,' Mr. SOLOMON BAGSLEY, of Bunkum, was in the Fulton Market, selling cabbages and buying a piece of corn-beef. A quite a wo-begone individual comes up to him, and offers to sell him a big silver watch. Twenty dollars he asked, and he would by no means take that, but he was very distrust for pecunary means. 'Oh, no,' Mr. BAGSLEY said; 'he could not give it; he wanted the money, and he did n't want the watch.' 'Would he then come into the followin' arrangement: to let him have only five dollars, and take the watch? It war n't perobable he should call for it; ony it was an ole fammely time-piece, and to let him redeem it for ten dollars at some futur' time?' 'Oh! wal, why, yes! Mr. BAGSLEY did n't keer if he did do that.' 'You 'll find there's no mistake about its goin'!' says the watch-seller; 'I 'll set it a-goin' for you;' and with that he gi'n it a wrench or two, and commenced a-'rap-pin' it all round with bits o' newspaper. Mr. BAGSLEY gi'n him the money, and he left the field of action. A wunnerful chubby-cheek'd, red-face sort of a young butcher kept lookin' knowin' and grinnin', and last he hollered right out. Says he: 'Look a-here, my friend,' says he, 'look a-here: what 'll you bet you haven't got a *stun*?' This kind of nettled Mr. BAGSLEY, who takes the 'FLAG-STAFF' punctual, and he swore some, (he done wrong to swear,) and 'What do you mean?' says he. 'Why, you've a *stun*, friend, 'rapped up in them papers.' 'T ain't so,' says BAGSLEY, quite sharp. 'What 'll you bet it ain't, respected and dear Sir?' 'I 'll bet you five dollars!' says BAGSLEY, his spunk getting on top of his prudence, and keepin' it down. 'Done!' said the young man; 'plank the tin!' Our friend done so; he then commenced un-'rappin' it, and

took off the 'Courier and Enquirer' newspaper, then 'The Express,' then 'The Her'ld,' then 'Mornin' Star,' and lo and behold nothink but a small round cobblestone! We suppose there was a haw-haw unequal'd in the whole history of haw-haws. The very dead bulls' eyes seemed to stare right out of their sockets, and the cleavered beef to gape open wider. One ole fish-woman put her hands right onto her waist, sot down on her stool, and cried, she did. So the jolly young butcher put his five-dollar bill into his pocket, and Mr. BAGSLEY threw the *stun* away and walked off. But oh! when his *wife* found it out! Oh! oh!

THE SESSION OF CONGRESS has commenced, and we are now going to throw out some remarks for their good. We see they can't get no Speaker as yet. Bime-by, we're acered, there will be *too many* Speakers. That ain't all: *they 'll speak too much!* They usually spend the fust part of the session in ballotting, and the middle in doing nothing, and the latter eend, when the business ought to taper off gradual, and come to the sharp p'int of an accomplished good, which will puncturate into all time, they get the business all huddled up like a drove of sheep in a corner, and nothing to do but to scratch and hurry and sweep together the bills and papers, the most of which they chuck under the table. While the member from Bunkum is windicating himself against the aspersions of the member from Tinnecum, and like enough go right up and slap him in the face before the hull house, there our uncle JOHN R. BONE-MUSES claim for spoliations on his land and robbin' his cattel in the last war, written out in a clear hand, lies onto its back in a more eloquent silence than all their spoutings, by far. I have told my uncle JOHN for the last ten years that he 'll get nothin'; not one Sue Markee. Representatifs of the people, slappin' you onto the back, we say to you firmly, yet with apparent kindness, 'Alter your tictacs in this matter. You are now all assembled. Pick out your boardin'-housen, unpack your trunks, hire your washerwoman, get your desks arrange, smooth down the paper, do n't read newspapers or write letters, but mind your business, for which you get eight dollars by the *diem*; too much by half for any think you do and for the way you do it. We do n't want to hurry you too much. Bury your colleagues decently; they ain't any of 'em dead yet, but they

always do die. They come from fever distriks half sick with swamp air and election excitements, go right into eating custards and ice-creams they never been used to, and by the time they get ready a long speech and ammunition to ram down some where or other into the barrel of the time of the house, get knocked over with the bilious dysentary, take sick and died. We do n't want to speak lightly of this matter. It is a solemn and awful truth. Be respektful. Wear your crape. Praise them up in a tolerabul size speech if they deserve it, and if they do n't it ain't much matter. These things are a mere matter of course. They are your feller men, and as they cannot any more speak a good word for themselves, and nobody to think of 'em again except a widow cryin' her eyes out thousands of milds off in Texas or California, and we dono but what we may say, putty soon, in Canady or Kooby; and as it is the last time that many of them will be again thought of on airth, it is proper and charitable, and we dono but what it's *right*, to pile up the laudations to a pretty considerabul p'int of haighth. Well, after you have got your cheers and sot down, the fust thing is the *PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE*. We have great hopes of that dockymnt. For once't in the history of the ked'ntry we want that it should be *short*; and if it only comes any thing *like* up to those Palo Alty and Resacca de Palmy and Benny Visty despatches, it will be the best and at the same time the greatest paper that was ever spread before the session of Congress. The General showed his good sense in war.

If he only called for a *little* more grape on the white hoss, he is n't agoin' to deal in long *verbatim reports* in the *White House*. He never *was* wordy, but he *done* a good deal. And it was becuse he *said* so little and done so much that the sovring people heisted him right onto their backs, and with one chearge at the mouth of the bagnet pitched him right into the sitoocation where he is now. If he had-a only said a leetle more, you would n't-a found the General where he is. This is jist what we're comin' to. Follow the General. No talkin' in the ranks; we mean to say not among the *common men*. When the time comes, as General *TAYLOR's* men, they may put in their *vote*, and it will tell on the good of the ked'ntry. No difficul. The powder and shot, and wadding and flash of miscellaneous talk won't get the ked'ntry on one inch in advance without

the bullets of common sense. For *MEACV's* sake! do n't talk, Members of Congress; do n't talk if you have n't got anythink to say! And then do n't do it if you do n't know *how* to say it. Do n't spread a pound of butter over an inch of bread, and very likely the butter not good nother. Come to the p'int. All subjeks have got a p'int, which is the littlest thing on airth, except the soul of a mean man. *That's* a cur'osity that *BARNUM* might make his fortin out of, could he get it into his museum. He's done it already out of a little *body*; but could he only get a leetel, leetel bit of a *soul*, and put it into a bottle, he'd make more out of it than twenty Sweedish nightingales. We'd give *ONE DOLLAR* plank down to *see* it. We don't believe you *could* see it. Ain't it queer? We're gittin' off the p'int ourselves. To come back: Let your words then *slide* down the needle-like shaft to the *P'INTR*. Do n't make a pyramid of words with no p'int; where you can walk on the top of it, and nothing in it but gum and incendiary substances. A sensible man might take any of your long speeches, of three or four columns, and the fust thing he'd do would be to knock the *preface* right off. You do n't want no preface. The nose is the preface of the face. See how short it is! Ours is short enough; and the longest nose is short, compared with the whole body. Preface in books is exploded; it ought to be in speeches. The next thing would be to knock off that part where you go to explain your motives, to define your position. Your motives are taken for granted by the ked'ntry at large, and your position won't be any better by defining it. We'll bet a load of shingles that, by ordinary pressing, twenty of your *long* sentences could be got into one *short* one; and four columns, by judicious whittlin', bring it down to one. But the fact is, that you want to send home to your constituents a long printed speech, while the members are writin' letters, jist as if the valy of your speech depended on the length of it. The member from Bunkum, who is a man of more than ordinary elegance and edication, was fetched up to say things in a pithy way, will bear us out in this matter. He knows our sentiments very well on this p'int. We are willin' to bet a bunch of shavins, poor as we are, and in need of kindlins, that what he does say will be to the p'int, and so come home to the hearts and consciences of men, that they may have a realizin' sense of the subjek matter of debate. Oh! that our feller men *would*

take this matter to heart, and not imagine that the floor of Congress is a stump, with open space about them, where they may blow away like five hundred bellowses without fillin' up the *wackuum*, and that the time of the House is *eternity*, and big enough to put any think into!

### New Publications.

ISLE OF WIGHT QUARTERLY. SMITH AND SMITHSON: Bunkum. Republiation.

We are afraid that some of the quarterlies are getting rather seedy. They been conducted now in one strain for a good many years. It's high time some new featur was grafted into 'em. Society and manners, and feelings and ways of doing things are shifting the whole blessed time, just as the SUN keeps changing his position, making the lights and shades different all the time. Now the tree is fore-shortened, like a boy when he's a goin' to leap, and then again it's plastered way out on the ground a half a mild. One season makes apple-blossoms, and another as good Newtown pippins as you pretty near ever tasted. Well, when it's summer we put on nankeen; in winter woolen. When it's CHARLES THE FIRST's reign we wear loose waist-coats and ruffles, and small clothes and sword-canes, and drees like gentlemen; but when it's VICTORIA's and General ZACKARY TAYLOR's reign, we have other things to attend to, and don't drees like gentlemen. Hence we view that newspapers begin with a prospectus; and when they follow after it for about ten years, fixed and stationary, the whole substratum of approbation draws away from them, and leaves them as dead as herrings. Just so it is with what they call the legitimate dramy. They *will* write their interminable blank verse, to make the carakters *talk* instead of *act*; to make the plot a vehiele for the *talk*, instead of making the talk hurry on the plot. Hence the spectators, being out of all patience because the cakes are not hurried up, go and pay half a dollar for a *bona-fidy* lectur, when they could get just as good out of a book for nothing any day. Subscribers of the Flag-Staff, we are out of all patience!

'FROM THE PLAINS.'—JIM VAN BLAR-CUM has just come in from Jamaica Plains. Reports a hose and waggon stuck in the mud.

We been readin' Mr. DICKENSES' 'DOMBEY,' and we wish he could-a seen us in a little obscure corner in Ameriky, far from cities, way back in the ked'ntry, at two o'clock at night, settin' before a magnificent hickory-fire, by turns put in an eyester, (a superb eyester; none of your copperus English eyesters,) puttin' a little butter onto it, and a little red pepper, and eat it up, and then to DOMBEY; read a page all about SUSAN NIPPER, and then an eyester, and so on. Most novelists take a few robbers, a few gentlemen, a few romantic geirls, and mix 'em up; and when they write another novel they do the same. But DICKENS has dropped a line into the great vortex of human natur, and there's no end of the fish he brings up. Slappin' him onto the back, we say to him, 'You grow better instead of wus, which is *vice versa* to all writers of the day.' There is one figur in that book about a beautiful sceden, two affectionate creaturs, a mother and a little child, clasp in the embrace of death, and the cold-hearted pa lookin' on; and the memory of that sceden he compares to a pictur in a stream; there were these creaturs so lovingly clasped, while he, the cold-hearted, stood lookin' on from the bank above. We hain't the book by us at this moment, and are afeered we do injustis; but it *is* the most touching, superb figur that has ever been put down into a book.


### PLAINTS.

- |                   |   |                                    |
|-------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| FIRST<br>SERIES.  | { | I. Ought it to be done?            |
|                   |   | II. Ought it to be done now?       |
|                   |   | III. Ought I be the one to do it?  |
| SECOND<br>SERIES. | { | I. Ought it to be said?            |
|                   |   | II. Ought it to be said now?       |
|                   |   | III. Ought I be the one to say it? |

Would our friends put these few things in their pipe and smoke them?

Very respectfully,

ED. B. F. S. AND I. E.

 A LURGE sweet SQUASH have been sent to us, with the 'admiring good-wishes of a fervent friend;' and though we want such esculent vegetables for the use't of our family, we shall forbear to cook it, but hang it up into our orifice, to stimulate us to further literary efforts. Thanks! thanks!

## LIVELY LETTER

FROM MISS MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL.

It gives us extreme pleasure to record in the columns of the Flag-Staff this new proof from this ingenious and gifted young lady, who bids fair to take her highest rank among the authoresses of our land. We say to her, 'My dear, you are welcome to our columns. We will trot you out. Send us all your day dreams and embroidery.' We can assure our readers of a rich treat:

OH! MY DEAR MR. EDITOR!—We have been too excited. Our school has been thrown into a state of confusion, which can be better imagined than described. Think of all the ink-stands upset, all the copy-books torn into fragments, all the French exercises forgotten; while poor ELIZA JANE BEVAX has actually gone into hysterical fits. HENNERY CLAY—yes, HENNERY CLAY, the distinguished statesman, patriot of the Senate, visited our school to-day. Was n't it too much for us poor excitable creatures! We had expected the visit. Miss BILLINCOC had given strict orders to put the school in order. The north room was fitted up with all the delicate taste which you must give us girls credit for. Your correspondent's, your humble servant's, one Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL's needle-work consisting of a pet lamb and shepherd, in handsome frame, graced the further end. ELIZA JANE BEVAX, the fainting girl, (poor foolish thing, to faint just at that moment, which was the most interesting in her life;) JANE BEVAXES painting of 'Robbing a Bird's Nest,' in gilt frame, stood next; then a variety of things, orrerys, musical instruments, geranium and rose-bushes; while just over the door of entrance was an arch, entwined with flowers, written on it, in elegant gilt letters, 'WELCOME, HENNERY CLAY.' It was a thrilling, never-to-be-forgotten moment; Oh! it was indeed too much for nerves constituted like mine, when the great man entered, and looked smilingly around on us girls! He then complimented the school-room, in tones as musical as if they came out of a silver trumpet; but when he turned round, with his unwonted felicity, to our dear Miss BILLINCOC, and said, 'Madam, your establishment does you credit,' we burst like a flock of young lambs right over our rules and regulations. I assure you, my dear Flag-Staff, we could not help it. The strife was who should get the first kiss. Miss SNEAZY, of Shaunectown, has rather the longest limbs, but I rather think one MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL outstripped her on that occasion. My feelings entirely overcame me; I threw my arms around this Father of his Country's neck and kissed his lips; and Oh! never-to-be-forgotten moment, he smacked mine again!—and again!—and again! All the prettiest girls in the room went up and hugged him, and he seemed really to enjoy it very much, as what man, whose heart was not made of the nether mill stone would not? for Oh! there is in beauty a thrill which the lightning cannot equal and the electric fluid knows not! It fires the soul with frenzy, which the warrior in the battle, nerved by the sounds of trumps and martial music, and the dread instruments of war, can scarcely feel! Dear Miss BILLINCOC has had a violent sick headache, now that it is all over, but every one on the great occasion said she acted so well. Only one untimely occurrence marred the occasion: JANE REYNOLDS was up in her room on bread and water for drawing the DEVIL on her slate. REYNOLDS is a sad girl. She has indeed given our good Miss BILLINCOC a great

deal of trouble, she is such a witch. Sometimes she is almost too much for her, and then comes the bread and water system, with now and then a straight jacket and boxed ears, as Miss BILLINCOC is pretty severe when she's a mind to. The new dancing-master, M. COULON, is a funny little man, and sets all the girls a-laughing. We are to have an assembly next week. I send you the minutes of our 'ASSOCIATED RING DOVE SOCIETY,' with reference to the reception of HENNERY CLAY:

## MINUTES.

At a meeting of the ASSOCIATED RING DOVES, Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL was called to the Chair, and Miss ELIZA JANE BEVAX appointed Secretary. The Chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting. On motion it was

*Resolved*, That we honor the great Statesman as well for his devotion to the country as the sex; We mean HENNERY CLAY.

*Resolved*, That a committee of twelve be appointed on kisses; that no one shall bug him around the neck; and that the girls shall go up for the purpose of kissing in the order appointed by the Marshall, the same as when General ZACKARY TAYLOR visited the school.

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to wait on HENNERY CLAY, to request him to kiss the elder Miss BILLINCOC, lest she should feel hurt.

The meeting adjourned.

ELIZA JANE BEVAX, Secretary.

OH! the sufferin's of natur — of sufferin' human natur! There are aches in the stomach and pains in the head; gouts in the toe and the growin' in of the nail; tooth-ache and ear-ache; eruptions on the external surface; the hair falls off; the teeth come out; the face caves in; in fact, a sea of troubles, which it would take a ship a long time to sail through! But we have much to be thankful for, livin' when we do, when so much is actooally done for the reliefement of the specie. We have only to look at the new medicines invented day by day to be sure on that p'int. We particularly call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of 'CODDLE'S MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS,' which will be found in another column, and which bids fair to take a peculiarly high rank among medicated drugs. It is not costive, being only twenty-five cents a keg. There are many description of pills fighting with one another for the mastery, and had they legs to kick with, and fingers to scratch with, look out for blood on the pavement. But they consist of nothin' but a little pot-belly without a neck, head, arms or legs. To settle these great disputations, we therefore propose the followin' ingenus method: Take the opposing pill-boxes to the summit of a tolerabul size hill, gin the word, start even, unloose 'em, set the little fellers agoin, and whichever works fastest, and gets to the bottom fust, let them be the smartest

pills! Will our friends of the Graefenberg Company agree to this? But what shall we do with disputatious powders and rival blister-plasters? WE DONO!

### P o e t r y .

#### DANGERS OF A FRIDAY MORNING.

ONE JARL VOLINGSEN BARLIFF YONES,  
A seaman on the 'ISAAC JONES,'  
To Bremen bound with paving-stones,  
Refused to sail, and gave leg-ball,  
Upon a Friday morning.

VON BLUCK, the master of the brig,  
Sent out to take him in a gig;  
But in the long-boat, with the pig,  
He got away that very day,  
Which was on Friday morning.

VON SCREAMER, BANKS AND COMPANY,  
Resolved the trading world should see  
This notion was a wrong idee,  
That ships should wait with all their freight  
Upon a Friday morning.

They got a load of timber cut,  
And on the wharf they had it put,  
Of this same thing to make a butt,  
That without fail a ship might sail  
Upon a Friday morning.

The keel was laid, the mast was placed,  
The brig with figure-head was graced,  
And it was cut and carved with taste,  
And all was *done*, even as *begun*,  
Upon a Friday morning.

At last, to carry out the game,  
When she was christened with a name,  
'THE FRIDAY,' laughed the idea to shamo,  
That evil luck forever stuck  
To every Friday morning.

Now from the ways all painted bright,  
While crowds admired the gallant sight,  
And cheers expressed their loud delight,  
With all her crew she swiftly flew,  
Upon a Friday morning.

She sailed from port most pleasantly;  
The owners rubbed their hands with glee,  
And prophesied that she would be  
In Liverpool, to shame each fool,  
Upon a Friday morning.

Alas! she ne'er returned again!  
Nor tidings came, for it is plain  
She struck a rock upon the main;  
And this befel, the seamen tell,  
Upon a Friday morning.

Here was the error, we suspect,  
To find a cause for each effect,  
Or else the alliance to reject:  
So ships go down, (but why they do,  
We can't interrogate the crew.)  
Upon a Friday morning.



### Advertisements.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF CAPTAIN CODDLE'S MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS! SURE AND SARTIN REMEDY FOR THE BLIND PILES!

I.

FROM AN OLD LADY.

'ONLY to think of that dear old creatur standin' all day on the sea-shore without no hat, at his time of life, thinking what he could do for the good of his feller men! May a kind PROVIDENCE do more nor he can ask or think; cured me of my affection: before that, couldent go to the cellar-door, and a good appetite: now I thank you, little grand-child experience also much benefit; darter SALLY ANN say she has not been so well in a twelf month. Only to think poor old crittur wantin' to do somethin', and nothin' but appels to work onto; did all he could; invented his *Saas*, and dedicated it to the LORD: want to rob him of his property; spurious drugs aint worth a pennywuth; wain and worse than in wain; made a great many sick near Geneva college: poor old crittur got his reward. Pleas send me two bars, and Mr. WEATHERBY pay you: Give it a fair trial; tried every thing: JENK'S Delmonicon, HARVEY'S Crocorinthikon, APPLIGATE'S Bitters, JONES'S Terraxicum, PRIGRAVES' Pilula, Lavender Compound, Magnetic garters; had the *Turns* bad as ever; did n't do no good: My dear friend, the LORD reward you and make your *Saas* abundantly useful in its day and generashun, is the prayer of yours.

'Faithfully,  
'SARAH BANKS.'

'FOR CAPTEN CODDLE,  
'of the Medicated Apple-Saas.'

II.

HAD I KNOWN.

'MY DEAR SIR: Had I known of your remedy a six months sooner it might have cured up a great many biles. To sit down was impossible, and to come upon me in any other part, would have borne it like a Christian and a man. But Jos himself lost patience when they attacked him there. I done all I could. Your Apple-Saas seemed to reach down to the root of the disorder, by washing out the blood of its impurities, (and so to speak) soap-sudding it, wringin' it, and put-



ting it out to dry, onto a line. After eating nearly a barrel of your Sals, the billes began to manifestly decline, and seen their best days. They attended each others' funerals until they was all gone. After which, I did not think it advisable to continue the Sals, but should undoubtedly in case of their recurrence. I consider your discovery to be most simple and useful in its effects of the age, and can I be of any service to you, you are welcome to refer to my case for partiklers, which gratitude would seem to indicate.

'WASHINGTON POTTS,  
'corner of Elm-st., Bunkum.'

III.

OH! HOW FATTENING!

A HIGHLY respectable citizen in North Bergen writes us in the words following, to wit:

'Oh! how fattening your Sals is! It riz me completely onto my legs though prostrated by a long decline, which my friends confidently predicted would be the last. But the Lord ordered it otherwise, when by the merest accident, I met with your advertisement of the Sals. After three hogheads consumed, it began to work beneficially, walkin' up the liver from its long stato of torpor in which it had been dreaming, and not very pleasant dreams either. I am now a well man, eat my salt pork, and it sets well; drink my brandy and the stomak takes it kind. Should I ever be jeopardized again, rest assured, my Dear Sir, I shall never fail to apply for the never failing remedy, for your Sals, in the estimation of good judges, is beginning to take its stand in the highest rank of medicated drugs.'

JOHN FORSINE.

IV.

WHY DID YOU NOT?

'Why did you not inform me that Captain Coddle had contrived this thing? It was really cruel of you, when you know I have been a sufferer, and knew that the remedy touched my case. Had you done so, instead of being a little stimulated and strengthened around the girth, I might have been walking in the Northern Liberties, where I have my store. Tell the Captain he has gone and done a thing posterity may be grateful for, and *will* be grateful for, if posterity should be sick. We hope they won't be sick, but if they *should* be sick let them apply to Coddle, or should a *post mortem* be held by that time, to Coddle's heirs.'

V.

YES, MY DEAR!

A LADY has received the enclosed extract of a letter from her husband: 'Yes, my dear! I can't express my gratitude when I tell you those colic pains are all gone, obliterated, swept off I may say with a broom. I no longer double myself up like a bow knot, or like a fiddler keeping time. My love, I am delighted. Tell the Captain in all his voyages he never steered so smack into the haven of public good. Tell him to imagine his hand shook. I long to see you; I am doin' very well. I have sold fifty crab-apple trees in this place,' etc., etc.

We suppose that on a moderate calculation fifty recommends like the above might be easily scraped together. Look out for spurious imitations. Ask for 'Captain Coddle's Medicated Apple-Sals with his picture on it, a SARTIN REMEDY FOR THE BLIND ples, and ples that aint blind. CURES COSTIVENESS, GOOD FOR THE HEART-BURN, BENEFICIAL IN FITS, STRENGTHENS APPETITE, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, SETS THE LIVER AT WORK, ERADICATES TAPE-WORMS, SMOOTHES

DOWN PIMPLES, CURES RILES, DESTROYS RING-WORMS AND ALL OTHER CREATURES, NEVER PRODUCES STRANGULATION, ENRICHES THE MARROW, TESTIFIED TO BY CLERGYMEN, CHILDREN CRY FOR IT! o.Ly.Ly.

**COLORED ADVERTISEMENT.—PROFESSOR PLATO CISCO,** a colored pussion of respectability, inspector of walls and white-washing, respectably inform de public, his white fellow citizens and abolition Slety, will attend to orders in line of his profeshun wid carefulness and despatch. Professor Cisco being well acquainted with carpet-shaking tictacs, solicits a share of patronage. His son, JUPITER AMMON, will open eydars at a moment's warning, attend to parties, call de figures and play de violin.

N. B. JUPITER AMMON blacks as good a boot as any colored *gem's* man in Bunkum.

**FOR SALE** at this Office a few copies in pamphlet form, of Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL's composition on Platonic Love, which obtained the prize at Miss BILLINGCOO's Seminary for Young Ladies! also, in the same form, PECK's Great Essay on FRIENDSHIP, published in Flag-Staff. Orders solicited from the trade.

THE subscriber wishes a partner to go with him into the CEMETERY BUSINESS. This new and rising trade may be well worth the attention of any who has capital to invest. The population is getting so great that it becomes a matter of Christian duty to provide for their remains, lest they become a nuisance. The object of the subscriber is to lay out grounds, plant trees, put up receiving-tombs, and to do every thing to make death as desirable as possible, (at the same time to do a living trade) and to provide many of them when dead a better mausoleum than they had living. The attention of Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Daughters of Temperance, Independent Order of the Rechabites, Free Mason's Lodges, and society in general, is requested.

wh.Lnx!

J. SPATCH.

SMITH AND SMITHSON will publish tomorrow, the January number of the *Isle of Wight Quarterly Review*:

#### CONTENTS.—NO. CIII.

- ART. I. THE EVERLASTING CORN-LAWS WITH A DISQUISITION ON THE APPLICABILITY OF SAW-DUST FOR DOMESTIC USES. By J. W. BRANDED, F. R. S.
- II. THE EVERLASTING MALTHUS.
- III. 1. THE SALT-LICKS OF KENTUCKY, AND STATISTICS OF SALT SPRINGS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND AN EXPLORATION OF THE SOURCES OF THE SALT-RIVER, WITH AN ENQUIRY INTO ITS FABULOUS OR HEROIC HISTORY.
2. THE SALT-TRADE ON TURK'S ISLAND. A PAMPHLET. NAPSAC, NEW-PROVIDENCE.
3. ATTIC SALT: HOW ESTIMATED BY THE ANCIENTS: AN ESSAY.
- IV. MORAL STRUCTURES IN FRANCE, GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED PROVINCES, QUARTO WITH PLATES AND ILLUSTRATIONS By CHARLES FREDERICK ST. GEORGE GRIGHAM, A. M., OF BRASER NOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

2. THE RELATIVE ENDURANCE OF STONE-WALL AND CEDAR FENCE. AN ESSAY DELIVERED BEFORE THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NORTH PORTBROOK. By WM. COKESSY.
3. DIE STONINCHE FENCHE UND BRIEKSCHER WALLISCHE AUF DER UNITEDEN STATESEN, VON DOMINIE SCHOONEN-MOEKER. 8vo. WALLBORT. 1847.
4. MORTAR: AN ESSAY ON THE BEST KIND, WITH THE REPORT OF THE UNITED MASONS OF HANOVER.
- V. WOOL-GROWING AND WOOL-GROWERS, WITH AN ENQUIRY INTO THE FAILURE OF THE SPECULATION IN MERINO SHEEP.
- VI. MAKATAIMESHEKIAKIAK, OR BLACK-HAWK, AND SCENES IN THE WEST. A NATIONAL POEM IN SIX CANTOS. By ELBERT H. SMITH.
- VII. 1. SHIPPING STATISTICS OF BANGOR WITH THE PROGRESS OF THE TIMBER TRADE IN THE STATE OF MAINE, NORTH-AMERICA.  
2. CHIPS FROM THE WORK-SHOP. By A HARD WORKING-MAN.
- VIII. LATIN GRAMMARS AND EXERCISES PUBLISHED FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS, WITH A CANDID ENQUIRY OF THE QUESTION, WHETHER ANY ONE OF THEM IS A WHIT BETTER THAN ADAMS' LATIN GRAMMAR.

IF THE PERSON WHO TOOK MY UMBRELLA at Mrs. PONSORRY's party, he having failed to take my poetic hint, does not return it immediately, he will be exposed, as *he is known*.  
*Bunkum.* WILLIAM PILK.

THE TAKER OF MR. PILK'S 'UMBERELL' (*Umbrell! ha! ha!*) presents his compliments to Mr. PILK, and is not afraid of being 'exposed as he is known.' He is *not* known. It was taken in a crowd, put away immediately after the party, and has not been used since. Mr. PILK may therefore consider his assertion 'a lie nalled to the counter.' It is a pity that a man who can write such good verse as Mr. PILK should deal in untruths; but it is a consolation to the gentleman who took the 'umberell' (*ha! ha!*) and who was very much in need of it, (*ha! ha!*) that there are *liars* in the world as well as *thieves*! INCOG.

### Prospectus.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individuals. Our brother has also written to us in most flattering terms of our Journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, who is all smiles and dimples, is *ENGAGED*—not to be married, reader, though that *is* an event no doubt to take place—but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it occurs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There

will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head:

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF  
Is EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once a-week to Babylon, Pequoq, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, flippenny bits, and United'n States'n currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock gum, bacon and hams, ginseng-root, vinegar, punkins, ellacompaine, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, sapsago cheese, old junk, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

Those who don't want the last number of the FLAG-STAFF please return it to this office, post paid, as the demand for that number very great. A patent churn and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspection.

FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER; PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.

WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARMER Cow; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once a week.

### Contents of the Present Number.

- ART. I. SALUTATORY.
- II. SOLEMN TRUTH.
- III. THE 'CHRONICLE' MAN.
- IV. ABSCONDMENT OF OUR WIFE.
- V. JEROTHNAIL POSE, DITTO.
- VI. EDITOR TAR AN' FEATHERED.
- VII. EXTROERNERY SEASON.
- VIII. IMPOSITION ON SOLOMON BAGSLEY, ESQ., OF BUNKUM, IN FULTON MARKET.
- IX. ADVICE TO THE NEW CONGRESS: LONG SPEECHES.
- X. ISLE OF WIGHT QUARTERLY.
- XI. MR. DICKENS ENDORSED BY THE FLAG-STAFF.
- XII. MAXUMS: EDITORIAL PRESENT.
- XIII. LIVELY LETTER FROM MISS MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL: HEN-NERY CLAY.
- XIV. MINUTES OF THE MEETING OF SOCIETY OF ASSOCIATED RING-DOVES.
- XV. HORSE-RACE BETWEEN RIVAL FILLS.
- XVI. POTTERY: FRIDAY MORNING.
- XVII. THE CONFIDENCE MAN.
- XVIII. ADVERTISEMENTS.
- XIX. PROSPECTUS.
- XX. TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## BYRON'S FAREWELL.

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

SWEET MARY! I have looked again  
 Upon thy speaking face,  
 And only did the wreck remain  
 Of former bloom and grace;  
 A fearful blight was on the rose  
 That once thy beauty wore;  
 Pale token that within had froze  
 Joy's fount, to flow no more.

The babe that nestled in mine arms  
 And sported on my knee,  
 Inherited those matchless charms  
 Once prized so much in thee;  
 And boyhood, with the sunny tress,  
 That bounded through the door,  
 Woke a drear sense of loneliness,  
 A thought that all was o'er.

Why am I sad? The light is gone  
 That cheered my darkened way;  
 The star, when night was coming on,  
 That turned my gloom to day:  
 We parted, and no tear was shed,  
 For Love's wild dream was o'er;  
 I think of thee as of the dead;  
 Lost, lost for ever more!

My soul retains thine image yet,  
 Though bliss is in the grave;  
 As splendor falls, when the sun is set,  
 On purpling wood and wave;  
 For perished joy I will not weep,  
 Affection crushed deplore,  
 Though memory in mourning deep  
 Is clad for evermore.

Thine was a witchery of mien  
 That found its type in charms  
 By the painter drawn of Love's own queen  
 Springing from Ocean's arms;  
 And syren music, that ensnared  
 Frail barks, though far from shore,  
 Was *discord*, to the voice compared,  
 That I must hear no more.

A face of pensive sweetness long  
 Will haunt my troubled dreams,  
 When couched, in the mystic land of song,  
 On banks of golden streams:  
 I gazed on thee as Tasso gazed  
 On high-born LEONOR,  
 And like the bard, by passion crazed,  
 Must hope for peace no more.

My sail is flapping in the bay,  
 The breakers foam and roll,  
 And airy voices shout 'Away!  
 Away! poor troubled soul!  
 The wine-cup cannot waken mirth,  
 An Eden lost deplore;  
 Away, away! on English earth  
 Thy feet must tread no more!

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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SCENES IN THE OLD WORLD: OR SCENES AND CITIES IN FOREIGN LANDS. By WILLIAM FURNISS. Accompanied with a Map and Illustrations. In one volume. pp. 290. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A CORRESPONDENT, himself a fellow-traveller with the author over several of the countries described in the above-entitled volume, and well qualified to speak of the faithfulness, etc., of its descriptions, sends us the following running commentary upon the work :

'We thank our fellow-townsmen for giving us a pleasant and readable book. Truly, if any one should wish to essay the climax of the difficulties of author-skill, let him now undertake to please the general reader by another 'Book of Travels in Europe.' Every man travels with his own pack; that is to say, the change of clime will only furnish new and more extensive fields for the exercise of the educated power of each man's faculties. Some go to Europe for the mere object apparently of finding fault, and seeking occasions for ill-humor with every thing; some go for the steadfast pursuit of exalted studies in those spheres to which the rest of the world has no equal; some for mere material enjoyment; and some, like our author, with head and heart open and attentive to every impression of the good and the beautiful. He tells his story well; and the personal incidents thrown in make his reader to become unconsciously a fellow-wanderer at his side, going about strange countries, meeting with odd, outlandish people and scenes, laughing at their follies and their jokes, admiring every thing worthy, never ruffled, but keeping the even tenor of his happy enthusiasm of enjoyment through all nations and all lands. There are no prosy descriptions of the old lions, no dull journalizing details of particulars not worth the memory, no guide-book stuff of routes, inns, prices, etc., but combining the pleasant particulars of his remembrance, he gives us a life-like picture of every thing on his way. After a pleasant sojourn in 'Faderland,' our author goes over the Channel, and gives us a lively and truthful sketch of much that makes up Parisian happiness. We select at random from the book; and conscious that a vast proportion of the comfort of existence centres in a good dinner let us first walk with the author to PHILIPPE's, in the *Rue-Richelieu*; PHILIPPE, the *Monarque de la Cuisine* :

'Few who are given to sight-seeing fail to rest the day with a dinner; which leads one to speak of the restaurants. Epicures grieve for those days when princes drove to the '*Rocher des Cancales*.' PHILIPPE, in our experience, has supplied its fall, and equals the more noted and dearer of the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal. Beside, one does not wish to be bored by English, but seeks the resort of quiet, full-fed citizens, who have made the reputation of this voluptuous resort in the Rue Mont-Marte, near the passage Sadmon. We quote only the rich tastes of his '*Sole à la Normande*' and his '*Soupe à la Bisque*.' No restaurant life would suit that man who counts his mouthfuls as he eats, and sighs as if each forkful ripped up the lining of his pocket. We would recommend the 'Europe' to him; where he can get dog-steaks and horse-chops for twenty sous. A glorious appetite might ruin such a youth, and make his very stomach spendthrift.'

'And now let us stroll with him after dinner :

'He is cross-grained by instinct who cannot be pleased in his daily walks in Paris. Your sobriety must be checked here, rather than your vices, where, with a share of good-nature and humor about you, you fall into excellent keeping with those thousand *petits riens* and absurdities which hourly amuse you. Our daily habit was to hire a chair before the café of the Trois Frères, where we picked up many little fragments of joy, and used to laugh at the coquetry of the garden and at the roar of our waiter, whose '*bea*' for coffee made the reputation of that little glazed shop which protrudes into

the court before the fountain. The correct thing is to take your cigar at another café, or sip your mocha on the 'Italiennes,' while some one of your acquaintances is passing along, and you wonder 'who is that pretty woman on his arm?' — you may be sure she is only his *cousin*. Or for novelty you may stroll to the quarter of the Faubourg St. Martin, and watch the ouvriers with their *grisettes* tripping along so light, with their frilled caps fluttering in the wind. There are no *grisettes* at the court end, for they become converted into *lorettes* when they pass the chapel where they worship.

'Our author goes to see every thing else there is in the stranger's way, and tells a very pleasant story thereupon. Our limits must be economized for extracts from his book on other places. Switzerland is thoroughly ransacked by the wanderer; and among the out-of-the-way places there he climbs up from Lucerne's Lake of Beauty to that strange modern infatuation, the Roman Catholic's Mecca, Einsiedeln. The Rhine, its glories past and present, is well realized by the traveller; and hasting through Belgium, touching which he gives us some pleasant narratives, and immovably primitive Holland, whose prim antiquities of men and things, with its sober thrift and cleanliness, are certainly not all unknown or unappreciated, he finds himself, by a short step, for we pass quickly between kingdoms there, in the dominions of the 'buried majesty of Denmark.' We quote a few paragraphs of his visit to Copenhagen, the Capital of the King of the Northmen:

'The country through which the rail-road passes is very flat, the soil sandy, and admits of but little cultivation. After taking our berths on board the steamer for Copenhagen, we were struck with the similarity of their words of command with the English; for there was nothing spoken but 'back her' and 'stop her.' We had a fine run that night, and under the light of a full moon soon made our way through the Ost Sea. On the morrow we were agreeably surprised at meeting Mr. FLEMSTED, our chargé at this court, on board; so that our entrance to the harbor was enlivened by a pleasant chat over the beauties of the city, which lay so charmingly in prospect.

'Copenhagen is built on the islands of Seeland and Amack, which are united by two fine bridges. Besides the remarkably strong fortifications which defend its coast, and its charming and picturesque location, it has the peculiarity of having suffered more from war and conflagration than any other city in Europe.

'The day after my arrival I had the pleasure of meeting a class-mate, who had just come from the North Cape, after having completed a tour of two years in the north of Asia and Europe. One feels a sense of diminutiveness on seeing a man who had visited Siberia, and lived on fish-skin and whale oil for the last four months; for I must confess my pretensions to travel grew less, as I viewed with awe the huge beard of my old chum, who had ridden the great polar bear, and cast a squint over the crater of the Norwegian Mæslstrom. In my confusion I sought relief within the chaste proportions of the 'New Kirche,' the King's Chapel; and recovered proper balance of mind in the calm and quiet contemplation of what was truly great and beautiful in art, as brought out and created perfect under the inspiration of THORWALDSEN'S genius. There stand his CHRIST and the twelve Apostles, on each side of the nave and behind the altar. Before it is that beautiful baptismal font, a simple shell, held by a kneeling angel; and over the portal is the Sermon on the Mount, exquisitely touching, in marble bas-relief. The spirit of truth, love and devotion, breathes in those mute blocks; they animated his finer clay, who inhaled them at his birth.'

'Denmark is seldom visited by Americans; and hence his descriptions, which are minute, will be found interesting. Going thence to Berlin, he forgets not to pay his respects to our hospitable representatives at that court, Mr. DONALDSON and Mr. FAY, whose kind reception having been enjoyed by the writer of this notice, in common with many of our countrymen, he can fully endorse the sentiments of the author:

'That same evening I had the pleasure of meeting a number of my countrymen at the Embassy, where no American should fail to go, so long as our country is so ably represented by DONALDSON and FAY. I was never more amused than with our minister's descriptions of German character and manners, which were only equalled by his sovereign contempt for their language, or his resolute determination to follow in the footsteps of TALLEYRAND, and never to commit his diplomacy in any other tongue than the vernacular.

'Mr. DONALDSON has succeeded in gaining the admiration and esteem of the Court and of his fellow diplomatists, solely from the fact of his originality of thought and expression, and that wild and generous cordiality which brooks no ceremony, and puts all etiquette and mysticism at defiance. The great minds of Berlin admire and wonder at one who puzzles them by a system of metaphysics, even too abstruse for KANT.'

'Thence to Dresden and the Barbel and Munich, that German Athens, Bavaria, over to mediocrity, orient-looking, and oft-beleaguered Prague, and then a glorious ramble about Tyrol's mountains and valleys. We almost envy him the pleasure of visiting such a city there as Salzburg, of which we have a good description:

'In a charming position on the turbid Salz, which divides the city in two, and surrounded on three sides by mountains, lies the beautiful capital of Salzburg. The city proper is snugly lodged in a valley, between the Monksberg and the Capuchiner, from whose tops you have a glorious view of its surrounding beauties. That stern old castle in the upper town, perched on the very summit of an abrupt mountain, dominates the town and its extensive environs; and the views you have from the outer galleries of this irregular fortress are truly wonderful. That old castle in the middle ages, was the seat of a warrior Archbishop, who belonged, verily, to the Church militant, and kept his bands of armed retainers ever ready to wage war on infidels, or if necessary, to bring his rebellious

pariahoners to terms. That fine cathedral with its facing of marble, was built after the model of St. Peter's; and in the square before the Court-House, is one of those rare compositions in the shape of fountains, which would do honor to the best of Italy, so exquisite is its design. MOZART was born in this town, and his statue stands on a place called especially after his name; while not far off, in another street, is the mansion of the renowned naturalist PARACELSUS.

"One of the most agreeable excursions in the vicinity, is that to Berchtesgaden. Soon after leaving town, your road passes under the brow of the Unterburgs, which is famed for its statuary marble, and continues on the side of the river Arles to Berchtesgaden, the summer residence of the King of Bavaria, which is beautifully lodged at the foot of the snow-clad Watzmann.

"One can scarcely imagine a more charming succession of landscapes than those thus presented; so full of pictorial subjects, such outlines of noble mountains, so powerful to awake the most fervent and thrilling sensations of loveliness and beauty, and so happily terminated by the bold shore of the 'Koenig Sea,' the most beautiful point in all this rich and glowing scenery. Grand are its effects, as it is hemmed in by high towering cliffs, which brood over its surface, and give to its waves a tone of pleasing melancholy. Its waters are of the darkest green, and where the overhanging rocks overshadow its lake, their color is almost black. At times, the hills slope down covered with foliage of dark pines to its edge, and again at the sudden turns of the lake, bold perpendicular walls rise so abruptly from its level as to leave no margin, and you seem as if shut in at the bottom of a basaltic well. The royal hunting lodge lies at the base of the frowning Watzmann, and is resorted to for the chamois, and for its trout. Some of these fishes are so remarkable, that their portraits are taken and hung up in frames round the walls of this palace.

"Such are the natural beauties of this singular sea, and with such rich materials, it would require no strain of fancy to transform that blue-eyed girl who rows you over, into another 'Lady of the Lake,' or to frame a heroine out of the charming little 'KELLNERIN' who waits on you, on your return to the village inn."

"THENCE by various stages our author posted to Vienna, where the writer of this notice had the pleasure of first meeting him; where, in that spider-web sort of a city, with its green belt of glacia, and palatial suburbs, modern presumption or court flatterers profess to enshrine, in the paltry decrepitude of Austrian monarchy, a successor to the illimitable genius and vast power of the mediæval lord of Europe, CHARLEMAGNE. Could he now arise from his tomb of ages, and walk the earth like Denmark's royal ghost, he would laugh to scorn the paltry patch-work of despotic imbecility, which under high sounding titles demands the abject submission of the best and freest hearts of Europe. However, Vienna is a gay place; the German's Paradise; and we spent weeks together there in its delightful galleries, libraries, collections, and palaces, frequently seeing the magnificent pomp of that court, and mutually struck by the consummate political knavery visible even in the countenance of METTERNICH, and in all his acts; listened so often to STRAUSS, and watched the happy people swinging in the polka, rejoiced over its charming cuisine, and went away together from the 'Gulden Launce,' sure that we were better pleased with Vienna than with any other city of middle Europe. Our friend forgets his usual courtesy by not returning the real kindness that we received from our admirable representative there, Mr. STILES, a gentleman who deserves and has won golden opinions from all parties. And then we voyaged on the Mississippi of Europe, its mighty artery, the majestic Danube, all the way from Vienna, till by one of its twelve huge mouths we sailed out upon the Black Sea—the stormy Euxine. Here was an odder jumble than we had on board the steamer; and our author does full justice to the amours of the frolicsome Princess with the handsome Count, the free-making grisette, the bridal party, and every thing else of interest on board, while he gives us living descriptions of what we saw and enjoyed on shore. But we suffered some perils of the sea; for as BYRON says:

"THERE'S not a sea the traveller e'er pukes in,  
Throws up such ugly billows as the Euxine."

We tossed a day or two upon its stormy waves, when we came to the Simplegades, floating in the blue waters at the gate of that pathway of enchantment, the Bosphorus. The most exalted descriptions can never enable a reader fully to realize such beauty; but our author gives perhaps as good a description of the scene as can be conveyed by an unpractised pen:

"THE opening scene of the Bosphorus is grand. You enter these straits where the protruding shores of two opposite continents look down upon the dark and abrupt mass of the rocks 'Simplegades,' which hurl the rough and stormy waves of the Euxine into calm repose. That bold coast, bristling with Saracenic towers and mounted with heavy cannon, is soon succeeded by the overhanging heights of Belgrade, which are crowned by the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, and followed by gentler undulating hills, which enclose the dark waters of that channel within the charming bay of Buyukadere. Your sail from this point, and even for twenty miles, embraces a succession of charming landscapes and views of unrivalled beauty; and as you pass through the narrowing straits at the outlet of the bay, you glance back on the lofty summits of the Asiatic shore, and over the terraced slopes of those banks, glowing in all the richness of oriental foliage, and basking in all the fervor of bright sunshine and reflected sea.

"Wildly runs its current within the now approaching headlands of two opposite continents, as its waters chafe the base of the castle of Europe; while dark cypresses and umbrella pines mournfully look down over the ruins of this dismantled fortress, and across the stream rise the bolder outlines of Asia's stronghold, which guards the soft vales of the valley Goksd and those beautiful sweet waters of

the sunny South. You do not fail to observe the rich contrast of these woody heights, as they deck both margins with varied beauty. On one side thick masses of northern forest cluster around the villas which dot the hill-side, and hanging gardens fall from parapet and terrace, clothing these declivities in all varieties of shade and verdure. On the other shore the softer skies of the orient relieve luxuriant pastures of a lovelier green, and the gay foliage of tropical fruit and flower; while the air is redolent with sweet fragrance of jessamine and orange, wafted by Zephyr through groves of rhododendrons and acacias.

'There is a magical effect in the increasing and moving loveliness of these scenes, and the landscape warms with interest as you are borne onward in your approach to the city. All is now life and animation. Calques of every size, holding in their prow's bouquets of fresh flowers, propitiatory offerings to the waves, and brilliant with the gaudy colors of the richly-costumed passengers, move upon the surface of those waters; and long flocks of wild-fowl hurry by, skimming over the dancing billows, in perpetual motion, doomed, in the legends of the Turks, to hover, like evil spirits, without rest forever! The shores are now lined with the dwellings of Armenian and Turk, Frank and Jew, each distinguished by their peculiar colors of red, yellow and white; beyond are the palaces of the resident ministers and grandees; all following to flit up that harmonious whole which enchants the sight, until the ALADDIN-palace of the Sultan fronts upon the bay, whence you are allured by a succession of beautiful views to the very entrance of the Porte. Truly, there is no such approach to any other city in the world; such a mosaic of rich palaces and landscape, charming scenery and lovely skies! such a combination of effects, such rich contrasts and variety of moving pictures!

'This mingling of beauties, this extravagance in the lavished gifts of nature, forms but a part of the wonders of the land, and unites with the Bosphorus, its castles and towers, bays and inlets, hills and forests, villas and villages, sunny prospects and delightful vales, mosques and minarets, summer palaces and kiosks, fountains and baths, to frame in unison a whole which, with the suburbs and unvarious, coast scenery and seas, claims for Stamboul preëminently above all of earth's cities, its reputation and its name of the 'Sublime Porte.'

'Constantinople, which stands as it were a great forest of gardens, palaces, mosques, towers and minarets, sprang out of this beautiful sea, an ALADDIN creation, a realized enchantment, girdled on its lofty promontory by the beautiful crescent of the Golden Horn on the one side, the smooth Sea of Marmora on the other, and the Bosphorus in front, over whose circle of waters the gilded calques shoot innumerable, like fire-flies; that vast city, where dwell over a million of souls who call MOHAMMED the prophet of God; which has been the great gathering-place for all the nations of the East from the days of CONSTANTINE to its present monarch, ABDUL MESCHID; that great city, 'thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art the merchant of the people for many isles,' who can hope fully to give thy picture in words, or reproduce the impressions of those who have had the happiness of visiting thee? We spent weeks together there, endeavoring to obtain a full impression of its oriental splendor; we disregarded all the annoyances which the traveller every where meets with in those countries, and went about it and around it in all directions, and the eye never wearied with its transcendent beauty, and the mind could never fully embody and bring down to the decaying monuments around us that glorious panorama of historical associations which cluster there from the days of the lavish splendors of CONSTANTINE and the Roman Emperors till the slumbers of their Greek successors were roused by that general tocsin of Europe, the Crusades; and then its terrific sieges of ancient and mediæval time, unto the hour when OTHMAN spread forth the blood-red banner of the Prophet and claimed this queen of cities as the heritage of the Faithful.

'Our author gives us an interesting description of Constantinople, and of its beauty, as we beheld it, in perfectly halcyon weather. He has conveyed, in a brief compass, an admirable outline of almost every thing there. The writer left him at that city, and his book concludes its pleasant story by landing him in Alexandria.'

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THE POETICAL WRITINGS OF FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD. In one volume, illustrated. A. HART, Late 'CAREY AND HART,' Philadelphia.

If this superb volume were less beautiful than it is, and were its internal attractions less in keeping with its external, we should lament, even more than we now do, that it did not reach us in season for a more extended notice. But the book is *itself* its own praise, and does not need our poor encomiums. The numerous engravings on steel are of the first order, and the same may be affirmed of the paper, printing and binding. As for the poems themselves, we content ourselves with adopting the words of an esteemed contemporary: 'Mrs. Osgood is the most naturally and unconsciously graceful female poet this country has produced. She is the most fanciful of all our female poets, and her fancy, brilliant, gay and sportive as it is, finds its only home in the sweet affections and lovely charities of a heart full at once of innocence and truth. Her poems seem the mere breathing, the successive respirations, of her soul. No one can read them without deep and unmingled pleasure.' As a hot gift-book the volume will have few rivals in popular favor.'

POEMS AND PROSE-WRITINGS. BY RICHARD HENRY DANA. In two volumes. pp. 883. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THE American public will heartily thank the enterprising publishers of these attractive volumes for putting them forth at this time, for they were very generally demanded. The first of the present volumes includes all that was in the former edition of the author's poems and prose-writings, with the addition to the poems of a few short pieces, and *that* edition contained all that was in the small volume of poems published several years before. Both editions had been for some time out of print. In the first volume before us, therefore, we have that well-known wierd poem, 'The Buccaneers,' of which COLERIDGE's 'Antient Marinere' might have formed the type; a singularly wild, simply-created, yet powerful production; those admirable papers originally published under the title of 'The Idle Man,' containing 'TOM THORNTON,' 'EDWARD and MARY,' 'PAUL FELTON,' 'Domestic Life,' 'Musings,' etc., with many other pieces, which have become fixed favorites with the public. Mr. DANA's prose is the flowing of a pure, natural stream, and it makes green the meadows of the heart through which it winds its way. Much of the best of our author's writings will be found in the second volume, which embraces his essays upon 'Old Times,' 'The Past and the Present,' 'Law as Suited to Man,' which were originally published, the first in the 'North-American Review,' the second in the 'American Quarterly Observer,' and the last in the 'Biblical Repository.' The remainder of the volume is devoted to the following reviews, several of which have already come under separate notice in these pages: ALLSTON's 'Sylph of the Seasons,' EDGEWORTH's 'Readings on Poetry,' HAZLITT's 'Lectures on the English Poets,' 'The Sketch-Book,' RADCLIFFE's 'Gaston de Blondville,' 'The Novels of CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN,' POLLOCK's 'Course of Time,' 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' and 'Memoir of HENRY MARTYN.' Here is a rich field of criticism, and well is it occupied. The publishers of these volumes have performed their part to great acceptance, having taken care that good books should appear in a good and tasteful garb.

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ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART. Systematically arranged by E. HECK. New-York: RUDOLPH GARRIGUE, Astor-House, Barclay-street.

THIS invaluable work, when completed in twenty-five monthly 'Parts,' of which the third is now before us, will contain *five hundred steel engravings*, by the most distinguished artists of Germany, with two thousand quarto pages of text, translated and edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, A. M., M. D., Professor of Natural Sciences in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. We are in no degree surprised at the popularity which this great series is acquiring. As we have before remarked, in noticing the work, nothing of a kindred description that we have ever seen can compare with the variety, the exquisite beauty, and faithfulness of the engravings. Objects of ocean, air, and earth; of things above and beneath; of mountains that rise into the clouds, and of the formations at their deep bases below the thick rotundity of the sphere; of all animal and vegetable existences; of 'creeping things and fowls of the air;' of familiar and unfamiliar machines and inventions, there are accounts and illustrations in this most comprehensive and instructive of all encyclopædias. The monthly parts are sent in port-folios, by which means the plates and text are carefully preserved, and the whole kept free from soil and dust.



SAINT LEGER, OR THE THREADS OF LIFE. In one volume. pp. 384. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

THERE is no attentive reader of this Magazine who will not hear with pleasure the announcement of the publication of the above-named volume. Those who have followed in these pages the fortunes of SAINT LEGER, and of the good and evil spirits thrown in his way, and who exercised so marked, and in certain instances, so wonderful an influence over his destiny, will need no additional incentive to secure the perusal of the work before us. It is not requisite, nor would it be deemed other than a work of supererogation at our hands, to review in detail the incidents of the stirring narrative under notice. The machinations of that arch-fiend, VAUTREY; the mysterious character of the Wædallah of romantic Saint Kilda, and the grace and loveliness of his daughter; the almost Mephistophelian creation of WOLFGANG HEGEWISCH; the sweet, gentle, simple-hearted THERESA VON HOFRATH and her father; all these, with clear remembrances of admirable descriptions of scenery, varying, in the most artist-like manner with the distinctive features of time, country, and particular region of country; these will be so vividly present to the reader of this notice, that while he will himself hail the intellectual treat before him, of which he has had a foretaste, he will not be slow in inducing others to follow his example. SAINT LEGER himself has given a very striking, nay, a very touching picture, of the motives which animated him. One can scarce read it without entering into the very spirit of the author:

‘At the age of twenty-three years I find myself upon the threshold of two worlds. The PAST summons the thousand incidents which have operated to determine me as a responsible being, and presents them before me, with fearful vividness. The PRESENT seems like nothing beneath my feet. And the FUTURE, no longer a shadowy dream, throws open its endless vista, and whispers that I must soon enter upon all its untried, unknown realities. Here I am permitted to pause a moment, ere I commence upon that new existence which ends only with the INFINITE.

‘I have finished my life upon earth. The ties which connect me with the world have parted. I have to do now only with eternity. Yet something, which I may not resist, impels me to retrospection. I look back over my short pilgrimage, and feel a yearning which I cannot restrain, to put down a narrative of my brief existence, and to mark the several changes which have come over my spirit, in the hope that the young, with whom I chiefly sympathize, may profit by the recital.’

There is a moral, a moral fruitful of wise monitions, in a life full of events, and so solemnly regarded. To the records of that life we commend our readers; pausing in conclusion of this too brief notice merely to express our admiration of the neat and tasteful style in which the publisher has placed the volume before the public. It has already passed to a second edition.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO. By R. S. RIPLEY, Brevet-Major in the United States' Army, Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of Artillery, etc. In two volumes. pp. 1174. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE present work, although mainly prepared during a period of respite from ordinary professional duties, would seem amply to fulfil the intentions of its gallant author. It gives ‘a general and impartial account of those events which for a few past years have been of such absorbing interest, and which must necessarily be looked upon in future years as the most prominent of any which have occurred since the independence of the country.’ The author claims, and we have no doubt with justice, to be impartial, and to present the different occurrences in their true light, stripped of the show and ornament which have been hung upon them in the exultation of the moment. The author had many advantages in the collection of his matériel; important among which may be mentioned a personal observation of the country on both of the principal routes of operation, an intimate acquaintance with many American officers, and some intercourse with those of the Mexican army.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



As the official reporter of the SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY, we have the pleasure to lay before our readers an account of the Anniversary Festival of our Patron Saint, which was duly celebrated on Thursday the sixth of December, 1849. The Society met this year in an unusual *locale*. The venerable 'CITY HOTEL,' around which had hung so many pleasant reminiscences, and where JENNINGS and WILLARD had so long and so liberally ministered, with such satisfaction, had yielded to the influence of the times, and had given place to a row of tasteful and costly ware-houses. The stewards, driven from their old home, were obliged to seek quarters for the Society farther 'up town;' and about five o'clock the members accordingly began to assemble in the receiving-rooms of 'THE AMERICAN.' The Secretary read the proceedings of the special meeting of the Society, held on the twelfth of November, by which it appeared that the following gentlemen had been elected officers:

#### JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, PRESIDENT.

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
OGDEN HOFFMAN,	Second Vice-President.
JAMES H. KIR,	Third Vice-President.
SAMUEL G. RAYMOND,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
ALEXANDER I. COTHEAL,	Secretary.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Assistant Secretary.

#### MANAGERS.

SAMUEL JONES,	AARON B. HAYS,
JACOB ANTHONY,	FREDERIC DE PEYSTER,
WILLIAM I. VAN WAGENEN,	JOHN J. CISCO,
ABRAHAM FARDON, JR.	JOHN W. LIVINGSTON,
JAMES R. MANLEY, M. D.	JAMES I. ROOSEVELT,
PIERRE M. IRVING,	JAMES BREATHE.

REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D. D.,	{ CHAPLAINS.
REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D. D.,	
JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,	{ CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.
JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M. D.,	
WILLIAM H. HOBART, M. D.,	{ PHYSICIANS.
JOHN G. ADAMS, M. D.,	

#### STEWARDS.

NICHOLAS LOW,	JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,
RICHARD H. OGDEN,	JAMES WATSON WEBB,
HENRY A. HEISER,	JAMES WILLIAM BRECKMAN,
ELIAS G. DRAKE.	

These gentlemen were severally called forward, and duly installed in their respective offices, by President KING, of Columbia college; who discharged his functions with all that proverbial grace and expression for which he is so distinguished. The members of the Society, accompanied by their invited guests, among whom were the representatives of the several Societies in friendly alliance with Saint NICHOLAS, and Lieutenant-Colonel CRAIG of the army, then repaired to the dining-hall. On entering, DODWORTH's band struck up the inspiring notes of 'DER VOLKSLEID,' '*The People's Lay*,' the popular song of Holland. At the centre of the '*dais*,' or elevated cross-table, (behind which were arranged the serving men of the Society, arrayed in their ancient costumes, *tempore Stuyvesant*,) the President of the Society, Mr. DE PEYSTER OGDEN, took his seat, supported on the right and left by the chief officers of the various sister societies, and the other distinguished guests; while the three tables which occupied the centre of the hall were respectively presided over by Messrs. OGDEN HOFFMAN, JAMES H. KIP, and SAMUEL G. RAYMOND, Vice-Presidents, supported by the stewards. Grace was pronounced by the Reverend Dr. JOHNSON, one of the chaplains of the Society, and then the company sat down to the discussion of an ample store of 'good things;' among which, the choice relishes of the Fatherland, including 'rolletjes,' 'oley-koeks,' 'krullers,' and the never-forgotten 'schnaps and pipes,' figured conspicuously on the liberal bill of fare.

When the inner man had been sufficiently refreshed, the cloth was removed, and the ancient WEATHERCOCK of Saint NICHOLAS having been duly placed before him on the table, the President, Mr. DE PEYSTER OGDEN, assumed his venerable cocked hat, and after an acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon him, by the Society, in a few brief words of introduction, said:

'GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: While yet the Puritan Pilgrims, who afterward landed at Plymouth Rock, were sojourning among the Dutch, and when but a feeble colony on James River in Virginia was all the occupation that England could boast of in America, our Dutch ancestors established this colony, and laid out the site for New-Amsterdam; and it was when religious toleration, civil liberty, an enlightened spirit and enlarged views of commercial enterprise and commercial freedom flourished in Holland, that the great republic — great alike in arts and arms, the streams of whose commerce poured in from every quarter of the globe — sent out the pioneers, who, nurtured in the same freedom and imbued with the same spirit, laid the foundations broad and deep of this our goodly city. Our ancestors purchased the soil they occupied, and traded on friendly terms with the natives, and laid the foundation for an extensive and profitable commerce in furs; and as soon as the English colonists were fairly seated at Plymouth, the provincial authorities of New-Amsterdam, desirous of cultivating friendly relations and commercial correspondence, sent their secretary as the bearer of a congratulatory and courteous communication.

'For a long period our ancestors enjoyed peace and prosperity; but after a time this flourishing and happy condition, the fruit of their own exertions, attracted attention — possibly envy; at least it was found that neighboring encroachments were to be resisted and national rights defended; while, as civilization advanced, hostilities with the Indians were found to be unavoidable. But amid all their trials the Dutch colonists remained firm in the maintenance of their principles, and true to the name and fame of their Belgic sires; and for half a century the Dutch founders continued to enlarge their possessions, increase their number, and extend their commerce, protected by the laws, flourishing under the guardianship, profiting by the example, and inheriting the spirit of that republican Holland, who became in her day and generation the birth-place of civil liberty, the abode of religious toleration, the asylum of the oppressed, the seat of the arts, the mart of commerce, and the mistress of the seas. Sons of SAINT NICHOLAS! let us never forget that it was from such a republic our ancestors descended, and that we are their descendants! From our progenitors of the Anglo-Saxon line we have taken the common law and a common language — both valuable acquisitions; but they came like the acquirements of after life, which owe their chief value and efficacy to the impressions and feelings and principles that are infused and implanted in our earlier days; whereas our Dutch ancestors, under the teachings and example of a great republic, had established their principles long be-

fore, to serve as guides not only for them and us, but for all time; for it was theirs to sow the seeds which past ages have nourished and matured, and of which future generations may reap the blessings and the fruit.'

In support of these claims brief extracts from history were then given, in relation to the convention held in New-York in 1653, the constitution obtained by the inhabitants in 1682, and the execution of JACOB LEISLER, a Dutchman, in 1791, who fell a martyr to the cause of rational liberty :

'At the close of the seventeenth century, the historian says, the population of the province was still chiefly Dutch: 'The poor man here found a country where industry was highly valued, and where all freemen enjoyed equal rights. The inhabitants are blessed in their country, blessed in the fruit of their bodies and in the fruit of their grounds; blessed in their basket and their store; and although their low-roofed houses would seem to shut the doors to pride and luxury, yet were they ever wide open to let charity in and out, either to assist each other or to relieve the stranger.' It is true that the temples where our ancestors worshipped exist no longer; the low-roofed houses where they enjoyed domestic felicity, and dispensed a liberal hospitality, are tottering to their fall, and the memorials that marked the spot where their ashes repose are crumbling into dust; and we pause with regret as the last rays of the setting sun are seen lingering on the ruins of the past. But we know that other temples of worship will rise, where the same fire will burn on the altars and the same pure and tolerant faith animate and console its worshippers; and we trust that a spirit will arise from their ashes to animate and inspire their descendants, for ages to come, as they think on the rich inheritance they enjoy.'

The PRESIDENT then announced the regular toasts, in the following order :

I. SAINT NICHOLAS, OUR PATRON. The most genial Saint in the calendar. His stock of 'good things' is inexhaustible. MUSIC: '*Long Time Ago*.'

II. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. MUSIC: '*President's March*.'

III. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. MUSIC: '*Governor's March*.'

IV. OUR COUNTRY: One and indivisible. MUSIC: '*Hail Columbia*,' with '*Yankee Doodle*.'

V. THE ARMY AND NAVY: Generous rivals in daring valor and patriotic devotion. MUSIC: '*The Star-Spangled Banner*.'

VI. THE DUTCH FOUNDERS OF NEW AMSTERDAM; who, in 1626, with characteristic probity, honestly purchased our Island from the aboriginal Mannhattans. MUSIC: '*The Wilhelmus*,' the National air of Holland.

VII. OUR CITY: Puritans, Huguenots, Waldenses, in the day of persecution found refuge at Amsterdam: the City which Amsterdam merchants founded will always emulate their hospitality. MUSIC: '*Home, Sweet Home*.'

VIII. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: The Patron Saint of Manhattan welcomes at his board the representatives of those who have made his own city their home. MUSIC: '*We are a Band of Brothers*.'

IX. WEST POINT. The deeds of its sons justify their training. MUSIC: '*The Minstrel Boy to the War has gone*.'

X. DUTCH SCHOLARS, DUTCH PAINTERS, AND DUTCH SAILORS. MUSIC: '*Mynheer Van Dunk*.'

XI. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN: 'Angels ever bright and fair.' MUSIC: '*Here's a health to all Good Lasses*.'

The toast '*The Army and Navy*' was briefly acknowledged by Lieutenant-Colonel CRAIG of the army.

'Our Sister Societies' replied to Saint NICHOLAS's friendly salutation, through DR. BEALES, of the Saint GEORGE, MR. FESSENDEN, of the 'New-England,' MR. COLDEN of St. DAVID's, and MR. KUNHARDT of the German Society. These official gentlemen severally gave appropriate toasts, which we regret not to have been able to obtain. We remember, however, that Mr. COLDEN, President of Saint DAVID's, accompanied his sentiment with a beautiful allusion to the memory of two distinguished persons who had died during the course of the past year; one, the Hon. HARMANUS BLEECKER, of Albany, for a long time the respected President of the St. NICHOLAS Society of our sister city, and for many years our honored Representative at the Hague: 'There was a gentleman now present,' he said, '(Mr. BRODHEAD,) who he believed had been with his kinsman, Mr. BLEECKER, at the Hague, and who

could bear full testimony to the high standing that gentleman had always maintained in the Fatherland. The other distinguished person to whom he referred had often graced with his presence the anniversaries of our Society; but the seat of the whole-souled JAMES REYBURN, the late esteemed President of Saint PATRICK's, was empty:

'The church-yard showed an added stone,  
The social board a vacant chair.'

'*West Point*,' we remarked, was responded to in very appropriate and elegant terms by the gallant Major PHILIP KEARNY, who, while he could not call himself an *élève* of the institution, bore warm testimony to the good conduct of its sons in Mexico, whose deeds had well 'justified their training.'

The PRESIDENT here read several letters which had been received from distinguished invited guests, expressing the 'regrets' of the writers that they were unable to be present to do honor to our beloved patron-saint; and among them was one from our esteemed associate and VICE-PRESIDENT, GOV. HAMILTON FISH, pleading 'in bar' important 'gubernatorial duties,' which detained him at the capitol; and another from Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN, assigning, not executive yet still unavoidable demands upon his leisure, which deprived him of the pleasure he had anticipated in being present on the occasion.

'*The health of our Associate*, HAMILTON FISH,' being given, it was drank enthusiastically, with all the honors.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES KING, of Columbia College, being toasted, replied in a very appropriate speech, (of which we have been unable to obtain a proper report), concluding with a sentiment to the memory of a distinguished son of New-York, the late General STEPHEN W. KEARNY, of the United States' Army.

MR. OGDEN HOFFMAN, being loudly called upon, now rose, and addressed the company in an admirably humorous and characteristic speech, distinguished by the well-known graces of his silvery eloquence. He concluded his remarks, which were received with enthusiastic applause, by proposing:

THE STEWARDS OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY.

This toast called up Mr. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, on behalf of his fellow Stewards, who briefly acknowledged the compliment which had been paid to them.

The PRESIDENT having called upon the senior of the medical council for his annual report, Dr. FRANCIS arose, and remarked as follows:

'*Your High Mightiness*, President OGDEN of the Saint Nicholas Society:

'I UNITE, in common with the members at large of our Society, in the congratulations which have been offered you with so much sincerity on the occasion of your election as our PRESIDENT. There seems to me a peculiar propriety in the gratification which we feel in the choice now made of our official head. Your long and well-known acquaintance with our cosmopolitan city; your KNICKERBOCKER origin; your zeal in behalf of our great metropolis, already manifested by the acts of a life not of short duration; your wide relations and acquaintance with the interests we love to cherish; all these circumstances point you out as a most suitable individual to promote, by official authority, the benevolent and patriotic designs of the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS. For myself, Sir, in addition to these reasons, I have others which cause me to delight in your promotion. You, Sir, are a descendant of a medical gentleman whose renown is the common property of the medical profession. I allude to the late Dr. OGDEN, who some sixty years ago was eminently distinguished as an enlightened practitioner of the healing art, and by whose bold and original views we are largely indebted for the introduction of the mercurial practice in the treatment of the febrile diseases of the United States. He might almost be pronounced the PARACELSUS of our country, judged strictly by the earnestness and success with which he enforced the adoption of mercury as a remedial agent of saving efficacy; but here I believe the parallel would cease. That he is held in grateful consideration by the medical faculty for his intrepidity, originality, and benevolence, is a recorded truth; and some few of our older inhabitants, lately among us, have testified to me of his generous qualities. The descendant of such a progenitor is, I think, a fit representative of a benevolent society, founded on so large a basis as the KNICKERBOCKER society here assembled this evening: its designs, its entire scope of utility, must be well comprehended by an officer of such lineage and such training. I again congratulate you, Sir, and the Society, on your election.

'But what, Sir, am I to offer in the way of a *medical* report this evening? Delicacy requires that I should be silent, having already so often trespassed on the time of the association; indeed, I believe at almost every anniversary since its foundation. Thrice happy am I to declare, that our physical as well as moral condition has suffered no deterioration; and you know, Sir, how intimately the moral qualities of associations, as well as of individuals, depend upon the happy coöperation of a sound mind in a sound body. The direful pestilence which prevailed the past season for a period of nearly four months, has invaded our ranks with but a comparatively slight loss; and though it becomes our painful duty to record the calamity in our book of minutes, we have nevertheless the fullest reason to congratulate ourselves that we have been so leniently dealt with, in the midst of so dreadful a havoc, by the all-wise and benevolent GIVER of every good gift. We, as in duty bound, shall cherish the memory of our departed associates, and with grateful accents recognise the strength and the majesty of that POWER that 'doeth all things well.'

In remarking on the health of the Society for the past year, I might advert to the many sources of improvement in our city, in which our municipal fathers are engaged, the better to render New-York, in a sanitary point of view, as conspicuous as she has long been for her mercantile and commercial character. That this metropolis is daily advancing in all the measures best calculated to improve her moral and physical state, is obvious to all. The vast increase in the number of her schools for elementary education, and the higher branches of knowledge, demonstrates the first of these positions; her topographical modifications, her improvements in house-buildings, her juster appreciation of pure air, in the widening of streets, her avenues of approach, her distribution of the mighty Croton water, all show that her authorities are fully alive to the aids which arise from such sources to the comfort and health of her people. And had any doubts existed on the subject, the experience of the past summer must have extinguished every vestige of them, by the history and progress of the Asiatic Cholera as it prevailed in different localities, and afflicted with its extremest violence the abject and the debased, the poor, the needy, and the intemperate: yet though its sad issues were most witnessed among those whose condition in life was most pitiable, from bad habits, penury and pestilential locality, all versed in the history of diseases know full well that none are safe, however pure in person or exalted in rank, when endemial become epidemical disorders. The experience of the season just passed will teach our authorities to hasten the completion of their sanitary designs by removing as far as practicable the causes of pestilence, wherever found, and establishing a code of sanitary regulations worthy of the metropolis, and conformatory to the deductions of philosophical knowledge at the present day. Beside, it is not to be controverted that much of our suffering has arisen from sources purely adventitious and foreign to the natural condition of *our people*, and the original circumstances which marked our earlier settlers. The best writer, on the climate of New-York, as well as the earliest Governor, COLDEN, tells us of the excellence and purity of our situation: we find in our noble Son of SAINT NICHOLAS, WASHINGTON IRVING, nothing in all his writings that shows us that our first inhabitants lived in the latitude of pestilence; and our other antiquarian friend, Mr. BRODHEAD, also a son of SAINT NICHOLAS, finds, I believe, nothing among all his important Dutch records touching Nieuw-Nederland, to prove that we are doomed to epidemics from our locality. Thanks to the innate vigor of our Dutch constitution, the cholera was slight in its action upon the members of the brotherhood of SAINT NICHOLAS. In a mortality which I think we may set down as at least seven thousand by cholera and its cognate diseases, no eye-witness to the spread of the disorder, and the class of individuals who most suffered from it, need be told that it received new powers by concentrated filth and privation of proper aliment. Hence the destitute and the vitiated afforded its greatest pabulum; and if its origin be from abroad, as many wise in our profession affirm, it is surely an exotic, eminently calculated to flourish amidst a population so reckless of the great truths of Hygienic science, as large numbers of the inhabitants of this city have proved themselves to be. Never, during a life of many years devoted to medical practice in this my native city, have I beheld amidst all the epidemics which I have encountered, such affecting scenes of sickness and death, aggravated by want and consequent depravity of habits as I have during the calamitous cholera—now, thank heaven! happily over. Every one of you must remember the memorable declaration of our great New-York divine, the late eloquent and impressive Dr. JOHN M. MASON: 'To be the child of want, poor in this world, and damned in the next, is to be miserable indeed.' My calling does not require of me any expression of opinion on the latter part of this declaration; but of the first part of it, let Poverty with its associations, antecedent and consequent, grapple with a faithful attack of Asiatic cholera, and the beholder needs not a more impressive scene, to affect his feelings and absorb his memory. HOLBEIN has nothing like unto it.

'But I will trespass no longer upon your attention. I cannot but hope that my able colleagues in the medical department of this Society, will, if not on the present occasion, give you a more ample and satisfactory report on the physical condition of the SAINT NICHOLAS Society. My venerable friend, Dr. CHEESMAN will cut a figure for the purpose better than I can; my associate Dr. HOBART and Dr. ADAMS will blend in happier combination their remarks on the improved ethics of our social compact, and the enlarged philanthropy of the descendants of the KNICKERBOCKERS.'

Mr. OGDEN HOFFMAN here rose again. He referred to the presence of a gentleman who had twice before, in the course of the evening, been alluded to; once, as having recently returned from a most honorable diplomatic post abroad, and once again as one of the Stewards of this Society. But as that gentleman had modestly remained silent thus far, he must now, pursuant to parliamentary usage, call upon him by name; and he accordingly proposed:

'The health of JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.'

Mr. BRODHEAD, in acknowledging the compliment which his friend, Mr. HOFFMAN, had paid him, remarked:

'He had felt,' he said, 'a delicacy in responding to the toast on behalf of the Stewards, while there

were others of his colleagues of longer experience than he in that department of the Society's service. His friend, Senator BEEKMAN, had already very properly answered for his colleagues; and he would only add, that though the march of modern improvement, or modern change, had driven the Society from their ancient rendezvous in the 'CITY HOTEL,' the Stewards had endeavored to accommodate themselves as well as they could to their altered circumstances; and they trusted that though they had been obliged to find quarters for the Society somewhat further '*up town*' than the CITY HOTEL had formerly been considered, their hyperborean latitude would not be judged to have entirely frozen 'the genial current of their souls.' While up, Mr. BRODHEAD would take the opportunity of adding a remark, suggested by the speech of their guest, the respected Vice-President of the New-England Society, Mr. FESSENDEN. That gentleman had referred, in the remarks introducing his sentiment, to the recent large infusion of Eastern population and Eastern sentiment in this ancient city, and had expressed the hope that the sons of Manhattan would not allow any feelings of 'jealousy' to creep in, and warp good fellowship. The descendants of the first lords of this soil,' said Mr. BRODHEAD; 'the descendants,' in the language of one of the regular toasts of this evening, 'of the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam, who in 1626, with characteristic probity, honestly purchased our island from the aboriginal Manhattans,' would always imitate the hospitality of their ancestors. Those ancestors had cordially welcomed the ancestors of his friend of the New-England Society to a hospitable home in Holland, long before 'Plymouth Rock' had ever been heard or thought of; and so warmly did the 'Pilgrims' of that day appreciate the 'good and courteous entreaty' they had received in our Fatherland, that they caused application to be made to the government of Holland for permission for them to come and settle on the Hudson River, under the protection of the United Provinces. When the Dutch government, for reasons of public policy, were obliged to decline a compliance with that application, the Pilgrims sought and found a new home afar within Cape Cod, and planted on the bleak and barren shores of New-England the institutions which it had once been their purpose to cultivate, under the flag of our Fatherland, in the more genial regions of New-Netherland. But it was from no 'jealousy' of the Puritans that our ancestors in 1620 felt unwilling to comply with their request. It was only from fear of becoming embroiled with the friendly government of England, to which the Puritan Pilgrims then owed allegiance. And at this late day, the descendants of the men who had sheltered those Pilgrims in Holland could never feel 'jealousy' of their sons. We repelled and repudiated the thought. *Manhattan is eminently a cosmopolitan town.* We welcomed *all*, from the four quarters of the world; and certainly none are more welcome here than those whom the example of our own ancestors has always taught us to look upon with especial kindness and good will.

'Before sitting down, Mr. BRODHEAD begged leave to say a word more. His friend Mr. HOFFMAN, in the kindest manner, had referred to his long absence abroad, and his recent return from an honorable diplomatic post under the general government. On his recall from that post last summer it had been his lot to arrive off the coast of Long Island on a clear and beautiful morning. Far off to the south there loomed up a small cloud on the edge of the horizon, which, as the ship approached, by degrees assumed a more definite form; and finally stood out in bold relief against the deep blue sky beyond. It was the Highlands of the Navesink; the very land which HUDSON had so graphically and so truly described as '*a very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see.*' And as the vessel sailed onward, and a thousand masts covered the waters, and spread their whitening canvases to the breeze, he thought of the earlier days of that commercial metropolis to which he was now returning after so long an absence. He thought of the early followers of HUDSON; of the high-pooped ships of Amsterdam, and of the tri-color of the United Provinces which floated at their mast-heads. How the gaudy costumes of Europe had surprised the savages of the Hudson, clad in skins of wild beasts, and decorated with chaplets of feathers; how the first cannon boomed over the waters of New-Netherland, and the startled birds were aroused by the unusual echoes which rolled through the ancient forests; how the first Dutch trumpets blew the inspiring notes of the '*WILHELMUS*,' that celebrated national air which had been, in turn, a hymn of gratitude, a song of patriotism, and a slogan of party spirit, in the far-off Fatherland. He recalled to mind the early exploration of the neighborhood of Manhattan; and how ADRIEN BLOCK, having lost his ship, 'The Tiger,' by an accidental fire in 1614, with characteristic Dutch industry set to work at once and built a small vessel of sixteen tons, which he prophetically called the '*RESTLESS*,' as if in imagination he already saw the type of that busy population which was soon to cover Manhattan. In this vessel, BLOCK, the *first of Europeans*, sailed through Hell-Gate, and coasting along the shores of Connecticut, exploring that river above Hartford, and determining the insular character of Long-Island, he left his name upon one of the islands beyond Montauk, in perpetual remembrance of his enterprise. In view of this circumstance, and of the eminently commercial character of our city, Mr. BRODHEAD begged leave, in conclusion, to offer as a sentiment:

'THE MEMORY OF ADRIEN BLOCK, THE FIRST SHIP-BUILDER OF NEW-NETHERLAND; AND  
'THE RESTLESS,' THE FIRST VESSEL LAUNCHED BY EUROPEANS AT MANHATTAN.'

The Reverend Doctor SCHOÖNMAKER being next called up, as one of the chaplains of the Society, after a few brief but most felicitous remarks, gave the subjoined toast, in the sounding vernacular of the Fatherland :

'DE WELEERWAARDE HEER, DE HEER JOHANNES A. KING. De laetsche PRESIDENT van dees Geselschap. Schoon lichamelyk afwesig; doch tegenwoordigh in gemoet en goede wensch. Onder het instructie en goede voorbeeld van onse heilige Patroon sal hy weerdiglyck bevorderen het nutten voordeel der gene die hem gesonden hebben on haer terepresenteeren in de Vergaderinge der Vereenigde Staten.'

Which being interpreted, for the benefit of 'outside barbarians,' readeth in 'manner following,' to wit :

'THE HON. JOHN A. KING, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY: Though absent in body yet present in mind and good wishes: influenced by the instructions and correct example of our patron Saint, he will worthily represent his constituents in the Congress of the United States.'

Mr. JAMES H. KIP, the Third Vice President of the Society, after some complimentary and appropriate remarks, then gave as a toast :

'THE HON. JOHN A. KING: A gentleman whom, whether present or absent, the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS delight to honor.'

Many volunteer toasts were given, not a few of which were received with rapturous applause. Among them were the following :

'OUR NEIGHBORING CITY OF BROOKLYN: May the waters of Long-Island combine their choicest forces, invade her streets, and take permanent possession of her every home!'

His Excellency, the GOVERNOR OF CONEY-ISLAND, gave the following, 'to be drank standing:'

'THE MEMORY OF RULOFF VON STOLOCK: the first man that ever made Holland gin!'

Soon afterward the tables began to show signs of desertion; and the hazy atmosphere of the hall betokened that the Sons of Manhattan had done full justice to the long Gouda pipes, which form a part of the indispensable ceremonial of St. NICHOLAS, 'which comes but once a year.' A few choice spirits prolonged the festivities into the 'small hours;' and as we came away, we could not help remarking that a stronger sentiment of *Manhattanism* than usual had seemed to animate the company. The introduction of the national patriotic airs of Holland into the standing music of the evening was a decided hit of the Stewards, whose example in this respect we trust will be rigidly followed by their successors.

THE BLESSING OF LITTLE CHILDREN. — Somebody, and we wish we knew *who*, says very beautifully: 'As the small planets are nearest the sun, so are little children the nearest to God.' How universal is the aspiration of those who are passing down the steeper declivity of life, for a return once more to the spring-time of their existence, the season of innocence and joy! If they have wandered from the strait way, they are led to exclaim with the poet:

'RESTORE my youth to me! Oh God! restore  
My morn of life! Oh FATHER! be my guide,  
And let me, let me choose my path once more!'

Some thoughts arise upon this theme 'at this present,' which (*Deo volente!*) we will jot down for a subsequent number.



EXPERIENCES OF A WATER-CURE PATIENT.—If our readers do not laugh with us over the subjoined extract from a familiar letter of a water-cure patient to a friend in the metropolis, they are 'made of sterner stuff' than we take them to be. Our friend who once wrote us from Lebanon on the same theme, said that when he came down into the hall in the morning where the patients were promenading, he thought he was in a lunatic-asylum; but when he saw them at their 'lenten entertainment' in the long breakfasting-room, he could have sworn he was in the penitentiary! But to our present correspondent:

'LAST Friday I was first inducted into the wet sheet, or 'Pack,' as it is technically termed, and will give you an inkling of that *chef d'œuvre* of the water-cure. Having first provided two comforters, two blankets and two sheets, one cotton and one linen, you await the arrival of PETER to 'pack' you. At half-past three or four in the morning he enters your room, lamp in hand, with a hurried step, and with the look and manner of a familiar of the Inquisition. The bed-clothes being removed and the pillows properly arranged, a comforter is first spread out upon the mattress, then the two blankets, then the cotton sheet, wrung out of cold water. Upon this you stretch yourself out on your back, with your arms beside you and your head on the pillow. The wet sheet is first wrapped round you, then the blankets are well tucked in under your shoulders and all the way to your feet; the comforter is then fixed in the same way; the other comforter is then doubled and put over you, and tucked in so as to pin you down and effectually exclude the air. In this condition you lie from half an hour to an hour and a half, as may be necessary, until you get perfectly warm. Your sensations are various, but on the whole not unpleasant, and when you get in a glow, delightful. You generally fall into a doze, and have all manner of visions. But I will begin at the beginning, and take you through a 'pack' *seriatim*; showing you the different phases through which I passed on my first appearance as a 'packed patient' in a water-cure establishment.

'My first vision was a long while in one of the caves of Nova Zembla, which changed into a snow man, who gradually vanished, repeating as he melted:

"Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,  
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar  
The wolf's long howl from Onalaska's shore."

Having got somewhat over the chill, I arrived at what may be called the 'nervous phase.' 'Suppose,' thought I, 'that a fly should walk over my face, or explore my ear, or some blood-thirsty mosquito should attack me in this helpless state? or worse than either, if the house should take fire, and I all alone in 'masterly inactivity?' To this Reason replied: 'It is so early in the morning, that not a fly is stirring; it is much better to let a mosquito take his fill than to kill him before he is done; and if the house takes fire, there is water enough, in all conscience, to put out a dozen such houses as this?' To which Philosophy adds: "Do n't be frightened before you are hurt;" if the fire comes it will burn the fly and the mosquito also, which is some comfort.' So passes that phase.

'I now begin to look about me and examine my state, beginning to warm a little, and slightly to doze; but such a succession of visions and odd fancies and beautiful scenes, interspersed with songs, did the sight of myself bring upon me, that I hardly know where to begin. First, I was a barrel of 'Prime Beef, No. 1,' packed for the English market; 'Mess Pork' was out of the question, being contraband in a water-cure establishment. Next I was one of the 'Forty Thieves' in the oil-jar, and expected every moment some beautiful MORGIANA to give me a 'douche' of boiling oil; this vision was mingled with the caravan's march and 'MORGIANA, thou art my dearest!' Then I was a mummy, and wandered far away among the catacombs and into the days of PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS, interspersed with fine scraps from 'Moses in Egypt;' then an Indian papoose bound in bark, and I roved among the islands of the South Pacific, Typee and the Bay of Islands; FAT-AWAY sang to me, 'Come to the sunset tree,' and a tall New-Zealander threatened to devour me; but I knew he could never get at me through the blankets and comforters, and felt more afraid of a mosquito than of forty New-Zealanders. Lastly, I was the Culpit Fay, enclosed in a walnut-shell, and soared high over Tarrytown to Crow's Nest and the Beacon, looked down upon West Point, and warbled sweetly into J....'s ear:

"My heart's in the Highlands,  
Oh, gin I were there!"

'So ended this phase. The heat was now increasing, and I felt as if I were enveloped in a warm hasty-pudding, or rather like an apple inside of a dumpling, with this difference between myself and his most gracious majesty King GEORGE the Third, that I knew very well how I got in, but the puzzle

was how I should get out. The heat still increasing, I fancied myself for a moment *PLINY* the Elder in the crater of *Vesuvius*; but *Imagination*, taking the reins in its own hands, fairly ran riot. Give me a 'pack' for inspiration! *Opium* is a fool to it; gin-and-water isn't a circumstance; and clairvoyance may hang up its fiddle. I was now right under the line, (in this state you never get north of the equator,) amid the most luxuriant of tropical scenes; now descending the Amazon with *GONZALO PIZARRO*, and anon ascending the *Oronoco* with *HUMBOLDT*; then in India, entwined in the folds of a boa-constrictor, or an unfortunate *Rajah*, powerless in the embraces of British affection. Finally I expanded into a gaseous state, and leaving my wormy coating in the 'pack,' emerged like a butterfly from its chrysalis, and soared on wings of purple and gold into boundless space!

'These were all efforts of the imagination. You must not think, my dear J . . . , that any of these things did really take place. Oh, no! the only reality was *PETER*, who came in, and like twelve o'clock, reduced *CINDERELLA* to blankets and comforters again. Removing the outer shell of comforters, and setting my feet at liberty, he gallanted me, still swathed in blankets, to the bath, which had about a foot of water in it, of the temperature of seventy degrees. Lying down for a moment in this, you then sit up in the water, and rub and are rubbed briskly with the water for about two minutes; the water-pipe is then let loose upon you and dashed two or three times over your shoulders and back. *Imagination*, not yet fairly unhorsed, combining with the actual circumstances of the case, leads you to imagine yourself passing under the sheet at *Niagara*, or in the case of a delinquent husband put under the hydrant for beating his wife. The last idea, however, merely flashed through my mind, inasmuch as I had no wife to beat, and withal felt a glow of satisfaction come over me such as I imagine very rarely comes over the culprit under sentence for spouse-flagellation. This process over, I stepped out of the bath, and was immediately enveloped from head to foot in the dry linen sheet; a perfect fac-simile of a Bedouin Arab. So striking was the resemblance, that I should have serenaded *PETER* and invited him to 'Fly to the Desert' with me, were it not that I should as soon think of joking with *DANIEL WEBSTER*, or the great Centre of Gravity himself, as with the bath functionary of Mount Orange. After being thoroughly rubbed dry through the sheet until I felt like a beef-steak smothered in onions, I stepped out of it, and the whole illusion vanished:

"THE cocks have crowed, and the fays are gone;  
*PETER* has vamoosed, and 'the pack' is done!"

THE same day on which the foregoing was handed to us by an esteemed friend, the following lines reached us from another capital 'water-cure' correspondent, from whom it is always a pleasure to hear, and from whom our readers *have* heard, 'many a time and oft,' and never save 'to edification:'

WATER's a good thing—in its way;  
 Good in oceans, rivers and brooks,  
 Good for dust on a windy day,  
 And beautiful in the water-books;

But to wash in it,  
 Splash in it,  
 Swash in it,  
 Dash in it,

I humbly offer my poor excuse;  
 I never was partial to the blues!  
 And to drink it at morning, noon and night,  
 As some folks do, it would kill me quite:

I never drink it!

Coffee at breakfast, coffee at lunch,  
 Coffee at dinner, and tea at 'tea.'

And after, Glenlivet whiskey-punch:  
 These are the nectarous draughts for me!

I once had a friend, at least in name,  
 Or I *thought* him such, which is all the same;  
 He lost his health—a kind of dizziness,  
 Brought on—but that is none of your business:  
 His mother went out, (would I had locked her  
 Safe in the house, and lost the key!)

And brought him a Hydropathic doctor,  
 A Triton grand

That waddled on land

When he should have been fathoms in the sea.

He ordered a tub of water in,

(Do n't blush nor shout;

The women were out,)

And stripped him naked, bare to the skin,

And gave him a 'sitz'

That gave him fits,

('Sitz' for sitting, and 'bad' for bath;

I picked this up from a German lad,

Who told me, laughing in merry wrath,

'Mynheer, 'sitz bad'—sits devilish bad?')

And rolled him next from the head to feet,

Think of it once! in a dripping sheet;

And malgré my oaths and threat of canes—

Would I had caned him!—wrapt him round,

Round with a dozen counterpanes:

(What silly stuff!

Had n't he counter pains enough?)

And left him pinioned, fettered and bound,

Like the corse of a mummy drench'd and drown'd.

And there he lay for an hour or more,

Trembling, shivering, shaking sore,

Pallid and ghast,

And when he spoke

He uttered a joke

As good as the punishing punster's last:

'JACOB, I always chattered fast,

But I never chattered so fast before!'

When the time was up the doctor came,

And took him out, like a frozen flame;

(You know what it is, if marshes plague you,

And give you the horrid fever-and-ague!)

Brought him water and made him suck it,

He said it stung him like driving hail,

And wet his head, and made him duck it,

And filled a pail and bucket, slack!

And poured the water adown his back,

Till he, to come to the end of the tale,

Turned pale, poor fellow! and kicked the bucket.

## MORAL.

When sickness comes, which Heaven avert!  
 Whatever may be your 'ail' or 'hurt,'  
 Get well as fast as you can;  
 Boles and blister, pill and bleed,  
 Phytic, if you're a 'physic'-al man,  
 Or 'trust to nature,' if *that's* your plan;  
 Any thing but a hydropath!  
 (That is a hydra-path indeed!)  
 Even go with the 'desperate cases,'  
 And drink the water at watering-places;  
 But fly, if you love your soul, from Bath!

Now lest it should be inferred that the foregoing are very serious and matter-of-fact records, implying a lack of confidence in old PRIESNITZ his remedy, we 'beg to state,' for the encouragement of all 'water-cure' seekers, that the writers of both the prose and the verse are slowly but surely recovering from their separate maladies, under the 'benign influence' of water; water, 'the pure element, beloved of children, and of child-like, holy hermit.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have been reading to-night, in the columns of '*The Christian Inquirer*' weekly religious journal a very interesting letter from Palestine, describing a walk upon the Mount of Olives, and the feelings excited in the mind of the writer by the view of that sacred locality, and the hallowed scenes to be discerned from its summit. Every hill and valley around spoke to him of Jesus; the very ground he trode upon had been pressed by the meek REDEEMER's feet; around him spread the same natural scenery from which CHRIST drew his inimitable similes; he stood in the Garden of Gethsemane, where the 'Man of Sorrows,' in 'agony and bloody sweat,' poured forth bitterest tears; he saw 'where His hands and feet were pierced, where his heart-vein was stricken, and his side gored with the spear;' he sat down upon the roots of an aged olive-tree, 'over against the temple,' and read the account of His agony, and prayer, and betrayal; of His lament over Jerusalem, of his 'precious death and burial,' and his 'glorious resurrection and ascension;' while far off rose Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, pointing to the heaven which received HIM. This nearness of association with the scenes of the SAVIOUR's life was inexpressibly touching; as indeed is the contemplation of that life, however regarded, in the records which have come down to us. Reader, Christmas is at hand; even to-morrow it will be here: you will not think it amiss, therefore, if we read to you a few timely sentences from a little book which we sometimes peruse in bed, before going to rest for the night; namely, '*A Treatise of Learning to Live*,' by CHRISTOPHER SUTTON. It shows to his readers wherein, 'in this present evil world,' they should imitate their great EXEMPLAR; 'the most absolute pattern for imitation that ever walked among men.'

'CONSIDER how humbly He behaved himself in the world; how fellow-like with his apostles; how merciful He was to the poor and distressed, who seemed his special family: He despised none, although lepers; He flattered none, though never so glorious; He was free from the distracting cares of the world, whose care was His FATHER's will and man's good. How patient He was in bearing reproaches, how gentle in his answers; what pride is there that his humility doth not abase; what anger that his gentleness doth not lenify; what covetousness that his poverty doth not balm; what heart is there so benumbed that his love doth not inflame? How ready He is to embrace in the arms of his mercy, and cover under the shadow of his wings, all that cry and come unto him. Ah, leper! had'st thou come near any of the Pharisees, there was no other word to be looked for, but 'Away! begone, leper; thou mayest not approach toward the congregation; I will in no case touch thee.'

Lepor, thou art unclean? What doth CHRIST? He gently stretcheth out his hand, which was liberality against the covetous, which was humility against the proud, which was pity against the envious, and power against the incredulous, and the man was made whole. How unlike to the Son of God, are unmerciful men! . . . He is not a true christian who beareth not some resemblance of CHRIST, from whom he is called 'Christian.' When labors and troubles come; when by calamities we feel that we have offended; when we suffer hunger, we ought to think of CHRIST's fasting; when we are tempted, we ought to think of his leading into the wilderness to be tempted; when we suffer reproaches we ought to call to mind his suffering reproaches, and lift up our hearts to heaven, and our souls to Him who bare our infirmities. We ought to think of innocency suffering for sin, humility enduring torment for pride, righteousness for unrighteousness. . . . The skilful pilot, as he often casts his eyes unto the stars and planets above, so is his hand also busy at the helm beneath. The christian, between faith and good works, doth the like; by faith he looks up to CHRIST, by good works he practiseth the virtues of his humanity.'

We know not whether all of our readers have seen the description, said to have been addressed by LENTULLUS to the Senate of Rome, of the person of our SAVIOUR; nor have we any proof of its authenticity; but certain it is, that the features here depicted have been preserved by all artists, ancient and modern, in their representations of JESUS: 'He is a man goodly to behold, having a reverend countenance, his stature somewhat tall, his hair after the color of the ripe hazel-nut, from his ears somewhat crisped, parting itself in the midst of the head; and waving with the wind, after the manner of the Nazarites; his face without wrinkle, mixed with moderate red; his beard somewhat copious, tender, and divided at the chin; his eyes gray, various, and clear; he is in rebuking severe, in instructing amiable, and merry with gravity. He sometimes weeps, but has never been seen to laugh; in talk sober, and full of understanding. He is goodly to behold, above all the sons of men.' . . . '*The Seaside and Fireside*' is the designation of a collection of such of Professor LONGFELLOW's later poems as could appropriately be included under the pretty title he has chosen. Several of them have appeared in the magazines and journals of the day, but two or three of them we have not before encountered. They are all marked by the peculiar characteristics of the author's verse, purity, simplicity, and good taste. '*The Building of the Ship*' was probably suggested by SCHILLER's 'Founding of the Bell,' the detail in each being equally minute. We subjoin two or three striking passages:

'Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!

'Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!  
And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a nymph or goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daughter!  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright!

The sight of the masts takes the poet back to the 'deer-haunted forests of Maine,' where through the snow the 'panting steers' drew those lordly pines to the sea-board; then we have the launch, the marriage at the same time of the master's daughter, and the sailing of the fair ship; all very admirably described. The ship was called '*The Union*,' which suggests this closing apostrophe to our beloved country:

'Trou, too, sail on, O ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

There are some fine descriptive stanzas in the lines entitled '*The Light-House* :

— 'a dim gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.'

If any of our readers would feel the exact force and truth of this picture, they should go forth upon the sea off Sandy-Hook, on some deep dark night, toward which ever looks, from his lofty station over the light-house, that weather-stained Man in the Iron-Mask :

'And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

'The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

'They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

'Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light.'

This volume of Mr. LONGFELLOW is from the enterprising publishing-house of Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston, and is marked by the uniform neatness of their publications. . . . We have more than wonted pleasure in calling the especial attention of our physically 'complaining' readers to the incidental remarks in relation to *Physical Training*, which are contained in certain of the closing pages of a correspondent who has the deserved honor of opening the year 1850 with our readers. Read the eighth and ninth pages of the leading paper in the present number, all ye nerveless 'complainants,' and lay to heart the lessons which they inculcate. Professor LAMBERT, in his late excellent work on '*Anatomy and Physiology*,' has also that to say in relation to the same subject, the importance of which, to unexercising students, can hardly be over-estimated. He shows clearly, that a proper circulation of good blood through the brain is necessary for the accomplishment of its duties in producing muscular action: 'How admirable,' he remarks, 'that increased muscular action increases the rapidity with which the blood flows to the brain at the very time required; showing plainly that rubbing the body, and general exercise of the system, must be highly favorable to the brain.' With this proper cultivation of the body, cultivation of the mind increases the circulation of blood in the brain, and of course its efficacy in fulfilling its duties, in connection with intellectual labor. 'Nor less important,' adds Professor LAMBERT, 'will be a cheerful disposition, for a merry heart sends the blood coursing briskly through every organ.' 'Spoken like a philosopher,' Professor! CHARLES LAMB, in one of his playful letters to his friend, the

late BERNARD BARTON, recently published in England, gives some advice which will suit the physical 'complainants' of this meridian. Among other amusing and yet most valuable advice, he tells the 'ailing' Quaker poet: 'You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before GALEN—of the entire inner constructions of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabout the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of HARVEY's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, *once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humors.* Those medical gentry choose each his favorite part, one takes the lungs, another the liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss.' He goes on to counsel his friend '*above all, to use exercise;*' keep a good conscience; avoid tamperings with hard terms of art, 'viscosity,' 'scirrhusity,' and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. *It is the mind, and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting.* Think of the patience of tailors; think how long the LORD CHANCELLOR sits; think of the brooding hen.' We can bear abundant testimony to the value of exercise. During the sixteen years of our editorship hereof, we have seldom walked, 'rain or shine,' less than six miles a day, and more frequently seven; and perhaps our readers will have seen that the amount of *matériel*, such as it has been, which we have furnished to these pages, must have kept us a good portion of the time in the posture of 'the brooding hen.' Yet we have to bless HEAVEN for the 'strength of our youth, and the marrow of fatness in our bones.' Our advice, therefore, to all un-exercising persons engaged in sedentary pursuits, may be compressed into a single word, which we borrow from our contemporary, the editor of the 'B. F. S. and I. E.': '*Cirkelate! cirkelate!*' We preach what we practise, and to some effect, too; for here comes bolting into the sanctum a little 'dark-eyed one,' to show us her new gymnasium-dress, warm and free, with its broad belt and Turkish terminations. 'Cirkelate! cirkelate!' . . . From TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston, we have two handsomely-executed volumes of '*Poems by Robert Browning*,' many of which had been out of print, and the rest withdrawn from circulation, when the present edition was prepared and carefully corrected and revised by the author. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR fronts the title-page with a complimentary sonnet, in which he says:

'BROWNING! since CHAUCER was alive and hale,  
No man hath walkt along our roads with step  
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse.'

This, if deserved, is high praise; 'and what avails it,' as the Arabs have it, 'if a man commendeth you for that which you possess not?' . . . MR. JOHN R. BARTLETT, an accomplished bibliophile, scholar, and antiquarian, read recently before the 'New-York Historical Society' an admirable paper upon the social character and familiar gossip of the late lamented ALBERT GALLATIN, with whom he was for many years upon terms of an enviable familiar intimacy. It was replete with entertaining narrative and pleasant anecdote. One of these latter was a forcible illustration of a trait in General WASHINGTON's character, namely, that 'he was slow in forming his opinion, and never decided until he knew he was right.' In the instance given, however, GALLATIN, the young surveyor, was right *also*, and *sooner* right than the GENERAL.

WOUTER VAN TWILLER was a slow thinker; and there is reason to fear that, with so great an exemplar of deliberation as WASHINGTON, many VAN TWILLERS of our day, in very simple matters, may hesitate longer in coming to a decision than may be either necessary or advisable. . . . Just been reading, and with no small interest, '*An Historical Discourse*,' by Rev. ADDISON K. STRONG, giving the history of the Congregational Church in the little town of our nativity, the place where 'Aunt Lucy's twins' were baptized. The names and histories of all the pastors, from the earliest settlement of the place to the present period, are given; and as we read them, how many pictures from the 'dark backward and abysm of time' arose to view! Parson W——, for example, how well we remember him! 'A man severe he was, and stern to view,' but a good man at heart, no doubt. We recollect him so far back as the time when our childish fancy was, that when he got up to speak, he 'took his text' out of a small box under the pulpit-cushion; we forget now what we then thought the '*Text*' was; but we once saw something like what we remembered for a dim moment to have *thought* it, in a toy-store on Christmas-eve, some years ago! We were always afraid of Parson W——, 'we boys;' and many and many a time have we gone and hid when he approached the house. Religion was a 'dreadful thing' in those days. Cheerfulness was tabooed; and a solemn visage and a cold demeanor were the outward and visible signs of having 'obtained a *hope*.' A common 'professor' was not to be encountered without emotion, but 'the minister,' all in black, was a terrible bug-bear! We used to regard him, as 'an officer of the divine law,' in much the same light in which police-officers are viewed by the suspicious delinquent. But Parson W—— is gone; and we cannot but felicitate ourselves, for one, that we 'did what was right' in our attendance upon his ministrations. How many hundreds of times, wrapped up in sweet-scented hay, in the bottom of a sleigh, did we ride through the howling winter storm, to sit in that old church, with nothing but the maternal foot-stove and the prevalent 'fire of devotion' to keep us from perishing; yea, even to the division 'sixteenthly,' and the 'improving' 'Hence we learn, in view of our subject, in the next and *last* place,' etc. In summer there was a pail of water with a tin-porringer by the door, so that we could quench any thirst that might arise 'from the heat of the weather or the drought of the discourse;' but winter-service, and rehearsals in that comprehensive body of divinity, the 'Westminster Shorter Catechism, ('*Shorter* catechism,' and 'nothin' shorter!') these were *too* much! There was relief only in eating our Sunday 'turn-overs' and nut-cakes-and-cheese at the neighbors' at noon-times, with faces glowing before the high-piled wood-fires. Also it was extremely pleasant to go home with the prettiest girls from the evening conference-meetings held at the school-house. Ah, well-a-day! we see in the notes to this discourse the names given, and the triumphant deaths recorded, of those who were once near and dear to us; and chief among them, that near relative, whose silver hair and mild benevolent blue eyes are before us as of yore. He it was who was wont to go around his pleasant orchards, full of all manner of fruits, and select the choicest varieties for the little boys, never so happy himself as when engaged in making others so. His last end was peace. A little while before his death, he called his son to his bedside, to write down his last request. 'Bring your table close to the bed,' said he; 'I want to see you write.' This was done: 'Now father,' said his son, 'what shall I write?' 'Write,' said he, 'this my last will and testament: I will myself and my dear children, and my grandchildren and their posterity, to God the FATHER, SON and HOLY SPIRIT, through time, praying that the

blessing of God may rest upon them. Now lift me up, and let me sign that.' He was raised, and his hand trembling with age was guided as he wrote for the last time his own name. As he lay down, he said, 'My work is now done, and I am ready to go home. My way is clear. I *know* where I am going.' A little while after this, as the sun was going down, at his request he was raised up in bed: 'All seems natural out there,' said he, looking out upon his beautiful acres; 'just as it used to look. It is very pleasant; but I care nothing for it now; I am going,' said he, pointing toward heaven, 'I am going up there—I am going home!' And a little while after, the good man fell asleep in JESUS. . . . PURCHASE and read at once, if you have not already done so, the beautiful volume of '*Poems by John G. Saxe*,' just issued from the press of Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston. Beside those poems which have made the author famous, (many of which have been transplanted into almost every journal on this continent,) it contains a new poetical Essay on '*The Times*,' delivered recently with great applause before the Boston 'Mercantile Library Association,' which is itself worth the small price demanded for the volume it graces. A single extract is all that we are enabled to present 'at this present,' but even that will whet the reader's curiosity to obtain the entire performance:

'WHAT hinders then, when every youth may  
As Fancy bids, a musket or a muse, [choose,  
And throw his lead among his fellow-men,  
From the dark muzzle of a gun or pen;  
When blooming school-girls, who absurdly think  
That nought but drapery can be spoiled with ink,  
Fly ceaseless quills that, true to early use,  
Keep the old habit of the pristine goose,  
While each, a special SARNO in her teens,  
Shines forth a goddess in the magazines;  
When wailing spinsters, happy to rehearse  
Their maiden griefs in doubly grievous verse,  
Write doleful ditties or distressful strains,  
To wicked rivals, or unfaithful swains,  
Or serenade, at night's bewitching noon,  
The mythic man whose home is in the moon;

When pattern wives no thrifty arts possess,  
Save that of weaving—fustian for the press;  
Write Lyrics, heedless of their scorching burns,  
Dress up their Sonnets, but neglect their sons,  
Make dainty dough-nuts from Parmesan wheat,  
And fancy-stockings for poetic feet;  
While husbands, those who love their coffee hot,  
And like no 'fire' that does n't boil the pot,  
Wish old APOLO, just to plague his life,  
Had, for his own, a literary wife!  
What hinders then that I, a sober elf,  
Who, like the others, keep a Muse myself,  
Should venture here, as kind occasion lends  
A fitting time to please these urgent friends,  
To waive at once my modest Muse's doubt,  
And, jockey-like, to trot the lady out?

THE rage for pictures, fostered by our rival art-unions, and the increasing number and character of our public exhibitions, 'goes far ahead of any thing before witnessed,' as the country papers say of every new thunder-storm or wonderful potato. The drawing and distribution of the American Art-Union have added still more to the excitement, and the 'International,' whose books close on the eighth instant, is receiving immense accessions to its lists. Among the pictures to be distributed by this institution for this year are ARY SCHAFER's 'Dead CHRIST;' WALDMULLER's 'Children Leaving School;' the 'Belle of Newport,' the 'Belle of the Belles,' the 'Seraglio Window,' by COURT; 'Joy' and 'Sorrow,' by LAUDELLE; several of those exquisite colored crayons, by BROCHART; the three large pictures from the Gallery of the Tuilleries, presented by the French Government, and some one hundred and seventy works of lesser value. This is pretty well for the first year of a new institution. . . . OUR friends STANFORD AND SWORDS have published, in a handsome volume, '*Essays upon Authors and Books*,' by Mr. W. A. JONES. We admit the correctness of several of Mr. JONES's criticisms, while we could dispute, 'until our eye-lids could no longer wag,' upon the incorrectness, to use the mildest term, of others. We cannot conscientiously assign to Mr. JONES a very high position as a critic; and as to his style, it seems to us to lack both condensation and force. We 'may be mistaken, but that is our opinion.' We confess, however, that we are not partial to books of criticism from merely ordinary minds; and could well find it in



our heart to ask, with the editor of a metropolitan religious journal: 'Really, what are we coming to? Is all writing to be converted into one wide, weltering sea of criticism? Are we to have only an ounce of bread to a barrel of sack? Are we to eat, drink and sleep on reviews, and reviews of reviews? Shall the fable of the Kilkenny cats be illustrated in our literature; and all authors, having turned critics, proceed to devour each other, leaving nothing but the *tales*? Cannot we have some productive and creative authors, writers who will go out as the bee goes to gather honey from the garden of nature, and not sit at home writing books *about* books, essays *about* essayists, thoughts on *thinkers*? It is reported that Fichte commenced one of his lectures thus: 'Gentlemen, think the wall.' Whereupon all the scholars tried hard to think the wall. 'Now, gentlemen,' continued he, 'think the man who thought the wall.' We are all of us thinking the man who thought the wall; except a few, who are thinking the man, who thought the man, who thought the wall!' . . . As we don't know one card from another, and never indulged in a game of chance of any sort in the world, save the 'bass-ball,' 'one' and 'two-hole-cat,' and 'barn-ball' of our boyhood, matching 'dominoes,' and for needful and effective exercise, an occasional 'taste' of bowling at ten-pins, in this period of our early manhood, we are not quite certain that the accompanying extract of a letter from a correspondent recently returned to 'the States' from San Francisco, may be of interest; but we shall 'venture it,' for the benefit of those who are 'not so green' as we are, who are better 'men of the world,' and who know far better *'what's what,'* as somewhat generally practised in these 'Unite'd Stets;' yea, unto the uttermost bounds thereof, even to where 'deep calleth unto deep'—the Pacific to the Atlantic sea:

'Come, take my arm and stroll with me for an hour or two over the town. How shall I manage? It is just eight o'clock in the evening, and the fun is about to commence. Do you hear those strains? There's music, and from as good a band as Downworth's. Let us go nearer. Although I do not play the 'Caliph' often, I will for 'this night only.' Here we are. This entire building, of two stories, as you observe, and as large as the dining-room of 'The Astor,' is *par excellence* the 'Crockerds' of San Francisco. Look about you. On this floor are four tables, and that elegantly-fitted bar in the centre, garnished and set forth in a style equal to the most showy in 'the States.' There is the 'Roulette,' the 'Monte,' the 'Faro,' and here the 'Rouge et Noir' tables.' Look at the piles of doubletons, eagles, etc. Do n't stop—indeed you *can't*, without getting hemmed in by the crowd that surrounds each table—but observe the *supporters* of these establishments. Do you recognise no familiar faces? Yonder is a friend of —'s; a man at whose table he has often sat; whose name is associated with — but no matter; strange things happen when one is away from home. Up-stairs is but a duplicate of this; and although the band that brings 'Sweet Home' to your *heart* is there, we can hear it where we are. It is superbly fitted up, is it not? It *ought* to be: the rent is seventy-eight thousand dollars' per annum 'in advance!' This establishment is called 'The Exchange.' Now we will step into 'The Parker-House,' next door. We have n't time to give more than a casual glance at the many apartments appropriated to gaming in this establishment. The first room on your right as you enter rents for thirty thousand dollars; the one just behind the bar-room for about twelve thousand dollars! Now follow me up-stairs. Here's something that will remind you yet more strongly of home. Is n't this a billiard-room, spacious and gorgeous? Why, it far surpasses anything at home. One of the tables was made at the Sandwich Islands, and a gorgeous piece of work it is. Look at that marble top on the bar-counter. Where in New-York can you find such an array of richly-cut glass? Observe that magnificent clock; those articles of Chinese 'vertu;' pass through this door, a *real* Turkey carpet under your feet. This is a quiet but gentlemanly 'hell'—only two tables. I have myself seen twenty thousand dollars lost and won in an hour on that 'Faro' table. But come, we have n't seen half yet. Elbow your way through the billiard-room, and do n't stop to speak to those whom you know; 'their name is legion.' Here, you see, are two more yet smaller apartments; and beyond these rooms—one moment; just look at that rose-wood furniture; that elegant full-length glass; those couches; this room is expressly appropriated to 'conversazione.' Here you may play a game of chess,

look over the last 'Tribune' or 'Herald,' or listen to some grand real-estate scheme; some new city, perhaps, to be built up, or the like. Now if you have looked your fill, we will pass out in the public square, and —

'But hold on to your hat! — it blows a hurricane. Stand a moment where we are. Yonder, where you see that 'flaring lantern,' à la Broadway oyster-saloons, is 'The St. Charles.' There are any number of tables, but not patronized, as I have been informed, by the 'high ton.' Next it is 'The New-Orleans Lunch,' represented as being of about the same stamp. Walk to the corner. Ah! there is another, next 'The Exchange,' 'The Hole in the Wall,' this opposite us is 'The Verandah,' crowded, you see; behind you 'The El Dorado,' there 'The Sociedad,' and next to it 'The Aguila de Oro,' which being freely rendered, means 'Temple of Fortune,' again, on the other side, is 'Our House,' and just around the corner, in the heart of the business region, the Pearl-street of San Francisco, is 'The Star.'

'But we must 'give o'er.' There are many more, of lesser magnitude, scattered about the town. Those that we have seen are the 'big fish,' however; and as you perceive, by the throngs that are passing in and out, they must 'drive a thriving trade.' All have music of some sort: its influence, I suppose, diverts and distracts. It is estimated that from four to five hundred thousand dollars, at the very lowest, is paid for rent by these gaming establishments. Californians are brought up with a pack of cards, as children of 'the States' are raised with 'lollipops.' It is second-nature with them; and I am persuaded that they, with the vast numbers of South-Americans, contribute more to the support of these 'hells' than our own countrymen. Yet it is a sad reflection that the evil has become so deep-rooted here, that there is little likelihood of its being put down. I should not omit to say, in justice to the better class of the community here, that a man who frequents these places is 'marked,' and can no more attain a position in the mercantile circles here than he could at home. It has been argued by many that we have no sources of amusement, no rational recreation, in the absence — I could almost say entire absence — of female society. Men therefore resort to these places to 'kill time.' There is much force in this; yet I attribute this general spirit of gaming to the natural impulses that seem to become the nature of almost every young man who arrives from the States. Without control; under no restraint; with a certainty before him that when his 'pile' is exhausted he can 'recuperate' at the mines; he rushes into 'the sport' like the native horses of the country, spurning the bridle and the spur. I always held gambling in detestation, and my repugnance to it was by no means lessened by what I saw in California.

We shall be well-pleased to hear from 'ALPHA' again. His promised brief '*Sketches of California Life, or Two Months in San Francisco*,' can hardly fail to prove acceptable to our readers. He wields a graphic pen. . . . This is the season for *home-books*, and certain of our publishers are liberally aiding to supply the demand. Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY are in the field with an excellent assortment, some of them charmingly illustrated. 'Fireside Fairies, or Christmas at Aunt ELsie's,' by our old and esteemed correspondent, SUSAN PINDAR, is a capital little book, full of variety, spirit, and good inculcations. Of the 'Fireside Stories' by Mrs. ELLIS, author of 'The Women of England,' the same praise is predicable. The 'American Historical Tales for Youth' is a volume which should, and we doubt not will, command a wide sale. We have in this first of the series biographies of HENDRICK HUDSON, DANIEL BOONE, and — JOHN SMITH! A very pretty little volume, with sixteen colored engravings, is 'The Child's Present, a new Story-Book to please the Fancy and improve the Hearts of Children,' edited by Grandfather MERRYMAN. It is a good little book. . . . 'PAUL MARTINDALE,' from whom our readers have before heard, and from whom they will hear again, writes us:

'It is proper that I advise you here that our poor friend LARRA is dead; dead at last, I can scarcely say of a broken-heart, for men die not thus; he died rather of a *lunger of the soul*. God called him, and he laid down the tabernacle of flesh to enter His service as impatiently as one might cast off a work-day suit to don the holiday garments of a prince; albeit he entered his new service with a difference from those who serve earth's lords. 'The arches of the gates of princes' palaces,' says quaint old JOHN WEBSTER, 'are higher than those of heaven; for while one may go into those proudly, he who would enter these must needs go upon his knees.' 'I have,' writes my old friend, in one of his latest letters, 'loved ones! Does it seem strange to you, confirmed bachelor that you are? I tell you

of it frankly, because you know me well, and you know that with me it could be no fleeting affair, begotten of the day and to be forgotten in an hour, and because I knew you would sympathise in its unfortunate termination. In early years, while my mother, now in heaven, was yet living, I was taught to know that the love which a manly heart bears to woman is not that fleeting passion which, like the mountain torrent, rushes wildly and impetuously in the spring season of its course, and is parched and dried up by the heats of the midsummer of life; but a pure, holy and abiding *presence*, which will not away nor be got rid of, and which, like a broad and deep river in the soul, flows on and on, calmly and silently, but with a mighty current, until at the last it be gathered in that great ocean of Love that surrounds the throne of God. But she is gone! Oh, DEATH! thy sting is indeed sharp to us below! — Grave, thy victory is indeed certain! There are those who can regard with indifference the memory of hopes thus blasted. The remembrance of a mother's love knocks but faintly at *their* hearts; from *his* it was never absent. That a hearty devotion accompanied his subdued passion, the following, which I find among his papers, will show:

TO LEILA.

'When in the shadowy evening hour,  
With spirits blest,  
Humbly knocking at the portal,  
Thou seekest converse with the Power  
Immortal,  
And lowly bending at the blessed cross,  
Thou prayest  
That, freed from every earthly dross,  
From vexed passions which the spirit tows,  
From Envy's poison, and from Friendship's loss,  
Thy soul may rest,  
Wilt thou not then upon thy bended knee  
Send *one* petition up to Heaven for me?

'When upward in the summer morn  
Thy glad voice springeth,  
Like the lark's, as from the waving corn  
Her tuneful orison  
She singeth,  
And thy full heart in grateful praise  
To Him is given,  
For fields, for flowers, for music's lays,  
For 'plenteous mercies,' and 'His glorious ways,'  
That friends beloved are blessed with length of days  
And hope for Heaven,  
Oh, make thou then one prayer to Him above,  
To cast o'er me the sunshine of His love!

RARE little 'plants' for the immortal gardens and groves of the 'better land' are children! How continually we 'oldsters' go back to our earliest days! Take up, over your morning meal, a daily journal, and running your eye, faint-readingly, along what may interest you pleasantly, perhaps exultantly, you casually glance (in passing most likely to some other department of the paper which has also an especial charm for you) at the deaths. *There* is recorded the demise of a metropolitan merchant. You knew him, when a boy, in the country; you knew him also, when, rising by regular steps, from a toiling clerk to an eminent master of scores of such as he himself had been, he walked a monarch in the mart of trade, and his voice was potent among 'multitudes of men commercing.' You read, that on such a day, amidst the crowded thoroughfares of the town in which he had lived so long, he died. Perhaps you had not even missed him from the crowded streets; yet he died; and you remark, in the notice of his funeral, that 'his remains are to be taken, by the evening boat, or cars, to — for interment.' Ah! yes; — is a small hamlet; far removed from the restless din, the ceaseless turmoil, of the great city, where your friend's gainful and active life has been passed; but there, there at the old homestead, lies in 'cold obstruction' an aged and honored father; there rests the 'mother who looked

on his childhood, who smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness ;' a sister, tenderly beloved, sleeps there ; a fair flower, nipped too early by the untimely frosts of death ; there too is buried a brother, whose place was never, never supplied ; and there would he rest ; there, while the slow-counted hours of illness were notching the progress of his earthly decline, he turned ever his thoughts of final repose. He knew he was soon going to renew the childhood of his soul in the undiscovered country ; and he would rise, at the last great day, to the consciousness of a new existence, on the very spot where God first 'breathed into his earthly body the breath of life, and he became a living soul.' — We began this, to introduce an amusing anecdote of a child ; but we could n't do it. It shall be done, though, some time, if life and health are spared. . . . Dickens's '*David Copperfield*' increases in interest as it advances. The characters are admirably depicted and most artistically discriminated. What can be better, for example, than the sad picture drawn of poor AGNES's father gradually giving way to the demon of Inebriation ; or the sketch of 'Mrs. DARTLE,' with a 'new feature' in her face ; a scar on her upper-lip, the shape of which it has altered, and in which the emotion of foiled curiosity or of anger comes and goes, in a sort of purple light, 'like a mark in invisible ink brought to the fire, or the old writing on the wall.' Observe, too, the faithful touches which give you 'all the mother' in 'Mrs. STEERFORTH's thoughts and acts regarding her son — of whom 'more hereafter,' evidently : 'She seemed to be able to speak or think about nothing else. She showed me his picture as an infant, in a locket, with some of his baby-hair in it ; she showed me his picture as he had been when I first knew him ; and she wore at her breast his picture as he was now. All the letters he had ever written to her, she kept in a cabinet near her own chair by the fire.' . . . From the great prairie, that, 'like the round ocean girdled with the sky,' spreads in one direction from the goodly and flourishing city of Chicago, there are before us at this moment a generous Christmas supply of the delicious grouse peculiar to that region, fresh as if just laid 'prone upon the plain' from the shot of the sportsman ; and a noble wild-geese, (six feet from tip to tip of his beautiful pinions,) from the same 'free and independent' locality. To-night the 'little people' in the sanctum, each with a characteristic expression of individual delight, have many a time and oft buried their faces in the luxurious soft plumage which has so often flashed in the sunshine or breasted the storm on that unshorn field, boundless and beautiful, 'for which,' as BRYANT says, 'the speech of England hath no name.' Thanks to the spirit which dictated, and the remembrance which insured, the forwarding of so acceptable and timely a present ! 'More anon.' . . . We have before us, from the press of Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, the work upon '*Cosmography*,' prepared by our lamented friend, the late FRANCIS FAUVEL GOURAUD, author of the system of '*Mnemotechny*,' or Artificial Memory. It would require much more space than we can now devote to the volume to set forth at large its peculiar principles and developments. Suffice it for the present to say, that it contains the exposition of a system of writing and printing all the principal languages, with their exact pronunciation, by means of an original *Universal Phonetic Alphabet*, based upon philological principles, and representing analogically all the component elements of the human voice, as they occur in different tongues and dialects, and applicable to daily use in all the branches of business and learning. It is illustrated by numerous plates, explanatory of the calligraphic, steno-phonographic, and typo-phonographic adaptations of the system ; and it is confidently predicted by the editor, that the sequel of the work will demonstrate, that 'there is no human tongue, ancient or modern, that cannot be

written, upon the plan here developed, with mathematical accuracy in all its peculiar sounds and articulations.' A work of such a character as this will not be long in finding its way to the American public. . . . THERE was a good deal of satire in a reply we lately heard given to a question asked by a friend sitting at the dinner-table of a steam-boat, of the second class: 'What have you told the waiter to bring you?' 'I told him to bring me some 'hash' and afterward some 'bread-pudding.' I always ask for hash and bread-pudding on board a boat like this, because then I know *exactly what I get!*' Not unlike the retired London dairyman, who remarked confidentially to a friend that it was 'not chalk that they put in the milk.' He said it was 'something else.' . . . '*Greenwood Leaves*' is the pretty title of a collection of graceful and gossiping letters and sketches furnished at different intervals to various periodicals by Miss SARA J. CLARKE, under the pleasant *nom de plume* of 'GRACE GREENWOOD.' To an evident heartfelt love of nature this agreeable writer adds a keen 'sense of the beautiful in the soul of humanity,' and a pure affection for the domestic virtues evolved *at home*. Her book, to adopt a slight catachresis, will be taken cordially by the hand, and welcomed at once into the snuggest room in the house, without taking off its gloves! . . . L——'s '*Reminiscence of Boyhood*' was a positive treat. Well do we remember the '*Execution of the Ground-Mice*,' as performed by 'OLLAPOD' and the writer hereof, when we were 'wee things.' The prisoners were caught in the act of theft, under a 'shock' of cut-corn, after an ineffectual attempt at escape, and were confined in a square stone prison, 'dugged i' the earth' of the meadow. We slept but little the first night of their confinement; we thought of them during the night-watches, and talked of them, as Giant DESPAIR talked with his wife of CHRISTIAN and HORZFUL, shut up in Doubting-Castle. In the morning we visited the prison betimes, and fed the 'plaintiffs' and 'examinationed' them as well as DOGBERRY himself could do. We continued to visit them for several days afterward; and their bearing evincing no penitence, they were condemned to be hung, and a day was appointed for their execution. We had seen a model of a gallows on the cover of the '*STORY OF AMBROSE GWINETT*,' and 'OLLAPOD' constructed a very secure 'institution' of that kind; and when the fatal morning arrived, with all due privacy the culprits were brought forth, the thread of death which was to clip the thread of their lives being round their necks. They were addressed in moving terms by OLLAPOD, and assured that all hope of reprieve was ridiculous; it could not be thought of by 'the authorities' for a moment. 'They must prepare to mount the scaffold!' They walked, 'supported' partly by the 'rope' around their necks, with firm hind-legs, up the ladder, and the 'fatal cord' was adjusted to the 'tranz-verze' beam. It was a moment to be remembered. At a signal given by the jotter-down hereof, the trap-door fell, and they were launched into — liberty! For the thread broke, and the 'wretched culprits' were soon safe in the long grass of the meadow. It was a narrow escape for 'em! . . . MESSRS. EDWARD DUNIGAN AND BROTHER, an unassuming but correctly-judging and enterprising publishing house, at Number 151 Fulton-street, have sent us, together with three or four excellent issues of their '*Popular Library of Instruction and Amusement*,' replete with admirable moral stories for children and youth, a little volume, beautifully illustrated with thirty-two engravings from original designs by CHAPMAN, entitled '*The Crocus, a Fresh Flower for the Holidays*,' edited by SARAH JOSEPHA HALE. It is pronounced by our little people, who by much handling have reduced it to an 'old book' already, to be 'one of the most charming story-books of all the year.' . . . 'I HAVE,' writes a correspondent, 'a pretty, bright

little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named ROSA. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, who finally wound up by saying: 'ROSA, I don't love you.' 'Ah, but you 've got to love me,' said the child. 'Why so?' asked her tormentor. 'Why,' said ROSA, 'the Bible says you must 'love them that *hate* you, and I am sure I hate you!' Was that bad, 'for a child?'

'THANKS for the sympathies that ye have shown!  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches us, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.'

EVERY one, sitting silent in his own apartment, and looking thoughtfully into his grate, will apply these lines to his own individual case. So do we. We look to see what 's o'clock. Who was that most kind, *unknown* friend, who has enabled us, for nearly five years, to consult a beautiful golden 'horologe' for that purpose? Does he know — let him know it now — that *never* has that beautiful present been consulted, without a mental blessing upon the noble spirit which dictated the doing of that kindness 'by stealth' which, performed openly, the doer would 'blush to find was fame.' B — too, and D —, and E —, and P —, and R —, and S —, and good 'BELLACOSCA,' whom so oft we remember, (may his shadow never be less!) and Y —, *how* can we pause for a moment, and look around us, without being filled with grateful emotions? FRIENDS! it is Christmas-eve; and let us say to you, in the simple but fervent words that from a little crib in an adjoining apartment have just died upon as sweet and innocent lips as ever gave utterance to human aspiration, 'God bless you! — God bless you! Pleasant dreams! — pleasant dreams!' . . . '*Sacred Scenes and Characters*' is the title of a handsome volume from the press of Messrs. BAKER AND SCRIBNER, printed in the best manner, upon large, open types, and written by J. T. HEADLEY, the popular author of '*Sacred Mountains*,' a somewhat similar volume widely circulated last year. It is illustrated by a dozen fine engravings, from designs by DARLEY, and the text itself is composed of a series of wood-pictures, in painting which the author has come justly to be regarded as preëminent among all our modern native writers. . . . 'HAVE you,' said an 'inquiring-mind'ed and slightly worldly gentleman recently, to an 'evangelical bookseller' in Broadway, 'have you '*Christ's Sermon on the Mount*?' CHRIST'S Sermon on the Mount!' exclaimed the bookseller, with not a little surprise. 'Yes,' said the other; 'it was mentioned yesterday in a very charming discourse at our church as an admirable thing; but perhaps it is n't *out* yet!' The anxious inquirer was not corrected, but was permitted to go his way — 'for he had great possessions.' . . . OUR friends Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston, have issued a very handsome new and revised edition of '*The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague*.' It were as superfluous to praise BRYANT, or HALLECK, as to eulogise SPRAGUE. He is one among the most natural, truthful and fervent of our American poets. His writings are *good*, they *do* good, 'and that continually.' . . . 'MR. J. G. BUCKLEY,' travelling lecturer, is a great and eke a modest man. He pledges himself, for thirty dollars, to prove, among other things, that 'spirit is material; that mind is a substance; that God did n't and could n't create all things out of nothing; that electricity is an atmospheric emanation from God, and the substance out of which HE made all things, and the means by which HE governs the universe!' MR. BUCKLEY also lectures upon the 'cultivation of memory and matrimony,' 'intemperance and tight-lacing;' and likewise upon tobacco, tea, coffee, meat, spices, and for aught we

know to the contrary, putty also. He is 'an immense man, Sir—equal to MOORE'S Melodies!' . . . '*Motherless Mary*,' by Miss GEORGINA M. SYKES, will reach every mother's heart. It refers to the death of an infant daughter of WILLIAM B. BRISTOL, Esq., of New-Haven, (Conn.,) that survived its mother but a few months :

SHE could not know no mother's breast  
Might pillow her young head.  
That on her brow, with mingled tears,  
Baptismal dews were shed :

And yet the baby seldom smiled,  
Or glowed with infant glee,  
As conscious that each fond caress  
Was given mournfully.

But when, one autumn day, I brought  
The wild-flowers I had found,  
Aster and golden-rod, that grew  
Beside a burial mound :

She could not know from whence they came,  
And yet a spring she gave,  
To grasp within her tiny hand  
Those flowerets of the grave :

And *smiled*, as if she there had won  
Her rightful joy at last ;  
As if her soul from shadows dim  
To sudden sun-shine passed.

Scarce were those wild-flowers faded, ere  
The babe had won its rest ;  
*Beneath that mound, its fair young head  
Had found its mother's breast.*

WE would call especial attention to BRADY'S '*Gallery of Illustrious Americans*,' advertised on the third page of the cover of the present number. It will prove to be one of the most superb works of the kind ever issued from the American press. The advertisement renders farther reference to the proposed enterprise unnecessary. . . . WE have but just returned from bearing the pall of an early and esteemed friend. The coffin was borne through rain and sleet, and the last remains of the loved one were laid in the cold ground with many tears. Ah, departed J. T. S. ! no warmer or more generous heart now beats than that which lies so calm and still in St. THOMAS'S church-yard ! Rest in peace, friend of our youth, as of our earliest manhood !—and may HE who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' comfort and protect the bereaved mother and child whom he has left behind, inconsolably to mourn his irreparable loss ! The night is dark and dreary ; the rain patters upon the windows ; the wind, in long-drawn 'soughs,' wails without ; and Memory is busy amid the friends and scenes of the past. 'We are all bound for eternity, and we sail in this mortal life with contrary winds ; sometimes there is a tempest, and anon cometh a calm ; but we are speeding on our voyage !' It is good sometimes to 'think on these things.' . . . A FRIEND and correspondent, from whom our readers may expect to hear frequently, and always 'to edification,' writes us, among other matters, as follows, from '*Leon de Nicaragua*,' under date of the twelfth of October 'last past : ' This is really a most magnificent and interesting country ; abounding in all the beauties of the tropics, and yet so moderated in climate by a variety of causes as to be really delightful. I concur fully with an old vagabond priest named GAGE, who wrote about it a couple of hundred years ago. He called it '*MAHOMET'S paradise*.' The houries, however, are a shade or two too dark for my taste. I intend to send you a description of my trip up the San Juan and through Lake Nicaragua ; we were eight days at it, in a burgo, with twelve stark-naked oarsmen ! I understand now fully what is meant by 'God's image carved in ebony !' Then the quaint old cities of Grenada and Leon, where the reprobate old pirates used to come to fill up their purses ; the massive castles on the lake and river ; verily I say unto you there is no lack of material to write about. Imagine twelve tall volcanoes in sight at one time ! Imagine blue lakes, set in a forest that looks as if it might be carved in emerald ; imagine all that is grand and beautiful in nature, and you have a picture of Nicaragua.' . . . READER, when you see, while writing, as we did just now, a little insect, so small that 'naught could live 'twixt that and *nothing*,' running across the great Zahara desert of a small sheet of note-paper, think of these lines by

ELLIOTT, not the great American portrait-painter, but his namesake, the English 'Corn Law Rhymist':

'O God of marvels! who can tell  
What myriad living things  
On these gray stones unseen may dwell —  
What nations, with their kings?  
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,  
While fate perchance o'erwhelms  
Empires on this subverted stone,  
A hundred ruined realms!

Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,  
Impelled by woe or whim,  
May crawl some atom-cliff to see,  
A tiny world to him.  
Lo! while he pauses and admires  
The works of Nature's might,  
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,  
And all to him is night!

Never kill a *harmless* insect; 'give him a chance;' but don't mind being 'death on 'akeeters.' . . . SOME months ago, how many it is scarcely necessary to state, two Presbyterian doctors of divinity, one an 'Old School' man, the other 'New,' were seen trudging arm in arm down Broadway. The afternoon being a very rainy one, and the gentlemen having but one umbrella, this 'goodly fellowship' was one of moral necessity, if not of theological affinity. The pedestrian divines had reached Fourth-street, when Dr. C — exclaimed, with that enthusiastic animation for which he is notorious: 'Here comes Rev. Mr. H —! That's the author of *'Napoleon and his Marshals.'* Do you know him?' 'I never saw him before,' rejoined the 'Old-School' man. An introduction ensued, and after a brief colloquy between Dr. C — and the distinguished author, the worthy pair resumed their downward course, while Mr. H — proceeded to enter the region of the 'silk-stock gentry.' 'Well,' inquired the Doctor eagerly, 'what do you think of him?' 'To tell the truth,' answered the other, 'I did not think much about him, my attention having been engaged by something which interested me far more than even *NAPOLÉON and his Marshals.'* 'Indeed! and what might that be?' 'Do you see that venerable mother?' rejoined Dr. B —, pointing to an animal of the 'porcine genus,' who, surrounded by her bristly progeny, was reposing on the shilling-side of the great thoroughfare. 'While you were conversing so earnestly with Mr. H —, an omnibus ran over one of the poor little creatures, and injured it so that it could not walk. The mother, perceiving that her offspring was in imminent danger in the middle of the street, went to work and rolled it with her snout toward the side-walk. But she had not made much progress, when a young baker came along, and seeing what had happened, stopped his cart, got out, took up the pig, and carrying it to the curb-stone, laid it down very carefully, the parent meanwhile following with the rest of her little folks, and testifying her gratitude by an abundance of gruntings, of a peculiarly tender tone.' 'Wonderful! wonderful!' exclaimed Dr. C —, who forthwith commenced, as he proceeded down Broadway, to descant, in his own admirable way, on the *eropyn*, or maternal affection, as evinced in the case before him; while the Old-School man philosophized no less gravely on the humanity of the young baker, whom he would fain have recommended as a worthy candidate for the '*priz montyon.*' . . . WE have no great partiality for books on medicine, but on turning over the pages of '*The Graefenberg Manual of Health,*' we were struck with the large amount of sound practical information which it contains. It is a 'progressive' production, and is 'down' upon the abuse of lancet and leeches. A correspondent alludes to the work on the twenty-fifth page of the present number. . . . THE singular mistake mentioned in our last as having been made by an ignorant minister, touching the purpose of those who cast their garments and branches of palm in the way of our SAVIOUR, when he rode into Jerusalem 'on a colt, the foal of an ass,' has brought to mind a circumstance which occurred at Panama last spring, and which was witnessed by a friend who was there, and who



sent us an account of it at the time. On a certain day, at a church a short distance outside the walls of the city, the Catholics placed a figure of our SAVIOUR, richly clad in crimson velvet and gold, upon an ass, elaborately bedizened with ornaments and trappings, and preceded by priests and children, fantastically costumed. They advanced to the gates of the city, which of course, to preserve the 'keeping' of the scene, were closed. After a short parley, and certain ceremonies, the portals were thrown open, and 'JESUS entered Jerusalem,' followed by an immense concourse. He visited the various churches, collected alms, and finally departed. The 'show' was rather tedious, and greatly excited the contempt and ire of a wild Kentuckian, who gave free vent to his 'sentiments' on the occasion. A Catholic, who was also watching the procession and the ceremonies, undertook to explain what it was of which they were typical; that it was to represent the triumphal entrance of JESUS into Jerusalem, etc. 'Stranger, you can't come *that* rig onto *me*; you can't make me b'lieve that our SAVIOUR ever rode into Jerusalem on sich a half-grown jack-ass!' An appeal however to one of his own countrymen, who stood by, compelled him, though reluctantly, to relinquish *that* ground; but he continued: 'Well, he *mought* 'a done it; it's a good while ago, though, and a great ways off; but I'll tell you what, stranger, you can't make a free American citizen believe that he ever rode into Jerusalem on a jack-ass, *dressed up as Richard the Third, any how!*' This seemed to be a poser, and the 'argument' was suspended. . . . MESSRS. HEWET, TILLOTSON AND COMPANY, at Number 59 Beckman-street, are publishing, in the most superb manner, a fac-simile copy of the *Abbottsford Edition of the Waverley Novels*. All the original illustrations, faithfully copied, are given entire, and on tinted back-grounds, while the paper and printing are of the very best description; and yet the work is afforded at a dollar a volume! We predict an immense sale for this edition. . . . OUR old friend ANDREW STEVENS, of the well-known firm of BURR AND STEVENS, looks out, from the pleasant windows of his establishment, on the south side of the New-York Hospital park, Broadway, upon the first green of spring and the last fading green of latest autumn; a beautiful and easily-accessible *locale*; and if any of our town readers desire to purchase rare jewelry, diamonds, or precious stones, or to have these set, or re-set, in tasteful and fashionable forms, *this* is the place for 'that same.' We 'speak the things which we do *know*.' . . . We have always been under the impression that the very essence of inebriety was contained in these lines of BURNS:

'It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
A-blinkin' i' the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But by my soul, she'll wait a wee!

'Who first shall rise to gang awa',  
A fause and coward loon is he,  
Who first beside his chair shall fa',  
He shall be king among us three,' etc.

But a friend has sent us a letter which he received recently from a roystering blade then 'in town,' dated '*One o'clock by the stars*,' which out-BURNS BURNS; it absolutely reels and staggers. Here is a single passage: 'To-night, as usual when I'm seventy-five cents in the dollar gone, the moon and stars are 'bound to shine,' and to have me gazing at 'em for a time and a half a time. I seem then always to recognise that 'oldest inhabitant' up there. When my stock of sobriety is not quite so low in the quotations, and classes at about half a goneeness, the study, phiz-ically, of the features in the moon is certain to arrest my homeward steps. I'm aware of the immense

perspective, but yet how distinctive that forehead, those brows, that nose, and partick-partick'larly, that great mouth! DIAN forbid his opening it! 'T would take a half a million of such fellows as QUINTIUS CURTIUS, who holed himself in Rome one day, to stop it. As for the stars, I tried to count 'em, but one of us would n't stand still, and they were too far off for me to recognise their features; but after steady gazing, lamp-post in hand, I could see the difference in their expressions. There were lots of merry ones, with a jovial twinkling look, as if they were ready for a frolic, or a wink at VENUS, when she 'd come round. Then there was a camp-meeting of sober, quiet, re-proving-eyed fellows; but that dog-star! what a con-con-founded *sirius* look he has! Slightly maudlin, it strikes us, and yet not without a certain degree of humor, which it is difficult to avoid smiling at. . . . THE following passage from BULWER embodies, to our conception, a very striking and admirable simile: 'As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity, yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for although the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet she, with an unfavorable loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave; even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same power and brightens over the whole expanse of being, although to our limited perceptions it seems only to rest on those billows from which the rays are reflected back upon our sight.' . . . MESSRS. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY, Boston, are publishing in numbers, play by play, a superb edition of SHAKESPEARE'S dramatic writings. The types are large and clear, the paper excellent, and the illustrations superb. It will be the cheapest and best edition of SHAKESPEARE ever issued in America. . . . 'Not a word about these fish,' said a friend of ours, in the trouting season, to a companion who had been as luckless as himself in a day's sport of 'that kind.' You see, he had *bought* the string from a lad who knew *how* to 'wile the silver prey' and therefore had had what is called 'good luck.' 'Did you catch all these?' asked the landlord, on the return of the anglers at night-fall, examining the string. 'Of course I did,' replied our friend; 'how else should I have them?' 'Oh, ay,' said the landlord; but addressing our 'friend's friend,' he added: 'Did he catch 'em, though?' 'All that I know about it is,' replied the other, with great solemnity, 'that when he got 'em he told me, 'If you hear any questions asked, *not a word about these fish!*' That's all I know about it!' A doubt was at once raised, which it was quite impossible subsequently to remove. . . . We are glad to hear that Mr. WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK, of whose rare poetical gifts we have already made mention, and exhibited examples, in these pages, contemplates the speedy publication of a volume of poems. We bespeak for the book, in advance, the liberal favor of the public. Mr. MULCHINOCK is a poet of true feeling and of fine imagination; he is young, with a wife and children dependent upon his exertions for support; and he is, moreover, an exile to this land of the free from his own unhappy Erin. Yet he bides his time, and is 'hopeful amidst his sadness.' 'Though the world,' he says in one of his recent poems:

'Though the world has might to sever  
Many a closely-woven tie,  
That some hearts love fondly ever,  
A believer, I

'Dreaming still, and still believing  
That mankind will yet decry,

God himself console the grieving,  
And raise up the lowly, high:

Of this faith, so grand and holy,  
Let the atheist doubt and lie,  
In a spirit meek and lowly,  
A believer, I'

We shall present, in our next number, an original and striking poem from the pen of Mr. MULCHINOCK, which reached us at too late an hour to be availed of for the pre-

sent issue. . . . Among the pictures drawn at the late Art-Union distribution were four small but very beautiful landscapes by Mr. H. J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-painter. There may now be seen at his rooms, Number 79, White-street, near Broadway, two of the most charming pictures we have ever seen from his pencil; views of Seaton-Castle and of Seaton-Chapel, both situated amidst the finest scenery in Scotland. The tone and handling of these pictures is truly masterly. Our respected contemporary of the '*National Intelligencer*' may congratulate himself upon the possession of a faithful and very beautiful picture of the 'halls of his fathers.' We regard Mr. BRENT as among the very first of our artists in landscape. . . . We think there is 'mischief' in the '*Sketch of a Modern Fashionable Party*.' We agree with the writer however in many of his positions. The 'meanness of mere display' is well hit off. 'Bad wine out of golden goblets' is not an uncommon occurrence with these people. 'M. P.' should sit down, some pleasant day, with the 'Laird o' Wallabout;' sensible, witty, but slightly satirical W——n; acute, quick-reasoning, and appreciative B——s; humane, dignified, and close-judging T——e; jovial and inimitable B——h, and cool, yet warm-hearted and genial H——r; 'M. P.' should 'sit at meat' with *these*, to appreciate a most vivid contrast with his sketch. . . . We have seen nothing to equal in beauty or convenience the smaller prayer-books issued by Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS. They open, and remain open, so easily, are distinguished by such excellent printing and paper, and are bound in such tasteful style, that they may almost be regarded as a luxury. The same publishers have issued, in 'gay attire,' a very large assortment of attractive and good works for children and youth. . . . THERE is a puritanical device on foot to *abolish Santa-Claus!* 'ABOLISH SANTA-CLAUS!' This single exclamation, from the great mouth of the juvenile PUBLIC, will put an end to *that* plot. 'ABOLISH SANTA-CLAUS!!' Pass the slogan! . . . ONE of the most attractive 'lounges' for an hour, in New-York, is the magnificent establishment of WILLIAMS AND STEVENS, near Leonard-street, in Broadway. It is literally *crowded* with rare varieties of paintings, prints, and other works of art. . . . THE very day on which we received 'W.'s fervent inquiry for, and warm eulogium upon, 'JOHN WATERS,' came, in his matchless chirography, the admirable paper from his facile pen to be found in preceding pages. . . . NUMEROUS articles from welcome new and favorite old contributors will be more particularly referred to in our next. . . . WELL, how do you like us in our new dress? We make no promises for the future, for you have known the EDITOR hereof during nearly sixteen years' constant acquaintance, and will require none at his hands. That he will *do his best*, with the abundant matériel which he has in store, will be taken for granted; and so, long-time readers, without farther remark, '*A Happy New Year*' to you all! . . . BRINGING out a late and early number in almost immediate juxtaposition, we have found ourselves unable to notice adequately, or even at all, several new volumes, 'booklets,' addresses, periodicals, etc., which had been sent us for review. Among these are the following, concerning which, 'more anon': 'LAMBERT's Popular Anatomy and Physiology,' profusely illustrated; 'Poems of ALICE and PHOEBE CAREY,' Mrs. WILLARD on the Circulation of the Blood; 'The Little Savage,' by Captain MARRYAT; 'Flemish Tales,' by Miss LYNCH; 'The King of the Hurons,' by the author of the 'The Last of the KNICKERBOCKERS;' WOOD's *Sketches of South America, Polynesia, etc.*; 'HEADLEY's Miscellanies;' 'The Parterre,' a pretty volume of verse by a modest young writer, Mr. D. W. BELISLE, from whom our readers have sometimes heard; volume first of GOLDSMITH's *Miscellaneous Works*, CLEVELAND's 'Greenwood Directory,' etc., etc. . . . 'ENOUGH said.'

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## HOW TO PROSPER: OR THE FATAL MISTAKE.

BY A. B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

OF the few overgrown fortunes that have been made in our country, the greater number seem to have fallen into the possession of naturalized citizens rather than natives, notwithstanding the superior shrewdness with which our self-complacency is prone to endue Yankee intellect. Of our naturalized citizens, the French, with GIRARD as the exemplar, seem to have accumulated the largest fortunes; and the Germans, with ASTOR in the foreground, seem to stand next in the grade of wealth-accumulators, although possibly they may contend for precedence over the former class; while the Scotch, with ROBERT LENOX at their head, or DUNCAN of Providence, or GREIG of Canandaigua, may be unwilling to concede a preëminence to either of the others.

Among the successful Germans, in a moderate way, one some years ago resided in Baltimore, who, from the humble employment of a blacksmith, had arrived at the possession of a pretty large estate. How his name was pronounced and spelled in German is uncertain; but it had become Anglicised into the word 'Heapupit.' He was an old man at the period of our last war with Great Britain, but still occupied in commerce, which occasioned frequent visits by him to New-York, where his present historian became accidentally acquainted with him, at a private boarding-house. As his humble origin was known to the boarders, they took an interest in the conversation of the old man, although his language and manners retained many traces of his early rough employments, but modified by a quickness of perception and shrewdness of remark, which are apt to appear in self-made men. He perceived that his conversation was listened to attentively, and he seemed gratified with the homage thus given spontaneously to his sagacity; and he often remarked to young men, that the great point for a man to discover was what he is fit for; when this is learned, the pro-

gress of a man toward wealth becomes sure, although it may be slow. He was fond of adding, in illustration, that he had lost much time fruitlessly as a blacksmith, before he discovered that he was not fit for that business, but *was* for mercantile pursuits.

He began merchandising and matrimony together, and to economise time and money turned a necessary preliminary journey to Philadelphia into a wedding tour. The facilities for travel were not good in those days, and as he wished to enjoy the journey with his bride, he hired a one-horse chaise, in which he and his wife left Baltimore on the morning of the wedding. The day was as bright as the occasion, and the bride had tasked all her pecuniary resources not to discredit by her dress the elevated position of a merchant's lady, into which she was emerging from a condition as humble as her husband's. She gloried in the possession of a pea-green silk pelisse, with a silk hat to match; and her appearance, when thus arrayed, and sitting in the chaise, fully justified her judgment in their procurement.

The happy husband was perhaps as proud as his wife, but his pride rejected externals and rejoiced in a purse which, though not very large, yet contained what with prudence would supply the expenses of the journey and obtain the few special articles of merchandise whose procurement constituted the great object of the expedition. But every thing in nature seems to conspire against pride. They had not travelled many hours in their open vehicle over an intensely dusty road, before the husband saw with alarm that the dust was making fearful havoc with the fine habiliments of his bride, and especially with her hat. She had, unconscious of the mischief, applied repeatedly her moist hands (the temperature was July) to adjust the hat, as the current of air or jolting of the chaise disturbed its proper position, and every touch had combined with the dust in leaving the marks of her pretty fingers distinctly and indelibly imprinted on the silk. Nor was that the whole mischief: the dust had insinuated itself into all the seams and crevices of the hat and ribbons, and aided by a soft moisture exuded from parts beneath, the whole superstructure was so pitilessly ruined, that when they arrived at Havre-de-Grace, where the night was to be passed, and where some cousins of the bride resided, a new hat became indispensable. The fortune of the wife had been expended on the bridal-dress, so the new hat had to be procured with the money of the husband, causing an inroad that he had not anticipated; but his gallantry conquered his avarice, and he determined that the joys of the honeymoon should not be frustrated by the accident. His resolution was happily seconded by finding at the only milliner's shop in the little village a beautiful white hat, just suited for a bride, and which indeed had been made for one; but the accommodating milliner could make another in sufficient season, and would even allow a trifle for the spoiled green; hence, by the expenditure of some nine dollars the breach of costume was repaired, and the bridal twain were again happy, and departed hopefully in the morning with an immunity against dust, for its wings had been dampened during the night, and its flying effectually prevented, by a copious rain.

Bright again was the sun and gay the leave-taking at Havre-de-Grace;

but the party had no sooner proceeded onward sufficiently far to be beyond the reach of shelter, when the treacherous clouds began to rally their scattered fragments and to open their renewed batteries on the wayfarers beneath; and in spite of a leather top to the chaise and a leather apron, the rain, confederating with a breeze that seemed to arise for the occasion, drenched both bride and bridegroom. In vain were handkerchiefs spread to shield the new hat; they only broke down its artificial flowers, which, like dying dolphins, emitted various hues, till the original whiteness of the hat was almost undiscoverable, and its paper crown and sides slouched over the wearer's head and face in shapeless ruin. The result was too distressing for the fortitude of the bride, and yielding to the last resort of female sufferance, she wept profusely and bitterly.

The poor groom loved his money, and had none to lose, nor had he been before aware of the expense and mischances of matrimony; but his wife must have a hat, and he accordingly satisfied his chagrin by a heavy malediction against hats that were fit for neither rain nor sunshine, and by vowing that he would himself select the next hat at the first proper opportunity. This was not long in occurring. They reached Philadelphia in the evening, without farther misadventure, and as they passed a milliner's shop, on the way to their intended tavern, where they desired to make a fair appearance, they stopped, and he selected a Leghorn which gave sufficient indications of durability, without being devoid of taste or fashion. The superiority of his judgment in this selection, over the frail purchases of his wife, was so gratifying to his vanity, that with a very mitigated reluctance he handed to the seller a twenty-dollar bank-bill, receiving in return the new hat and a ten-dollar note.

Thus re-furbished, and with a rather craving appetite, they arrived at their destined hotel, where, after a warm and bountiful meal, they concluded to stroll through some of the neighboring streets during the unoccupied time that remained of the evening. They passed several shops which both Heapupit and his wife looked at with particular interest; he with a reference to the shop which he was to open at Baltimore, she with an eye to the many pretty things that were displayed at the windows. She at length saw some gloves, and remembered that hers were utterly ruined; she had also money enough remaining of her own to purchase a pair, but she had left it at the tavern. With this intimation he offered to be her banker till their return to the inn, and they entered the shop and bought the gloves, paying therefor out of the ten-dollar bill which had been received at the purchase of the bonnet. The shopman looked at the bill, and then at the queer customers, and called another young man, who also looked. After the two had consulted together a moment, one of them put on his hat and walked out of the shop, while the other came back and said he had sent out to get change. The messenger soon returned, but brought another person with him, who proved to be a police-officer; and then Heapupit was informed that the bill was a counterfeit, and that he must be taken to the mayor's office to account for the manner in which he

came by the bill, and to ascertain if he had more of them in his possession.

This sad climax to the adventure of the bonnets was a good joke to Heapupit in all after times, when in the known possession of wealth, and the self-complacency of vanquished early difficulties, he could repeat it after dinner; as was usually his wont, whenever a good occasion occurred, and he wanted to amuse his guests or friends; but it was a sad difficulty at the time, and from which he extricated himself only by going with his accusers to the milliner's, and fortunately obtaining her admission that the note was an old counterfeit which she had inadvertently, in the twilight, passed to the gentleman.

After the war nothing farther was heard of Heapupit at the old boarding-house, and his shrewdness and his story were almost forgotten by all who had been its inmates, and the survivors of whom had themselves become old; when accidentally one of them, in passing lately a few days at Baltimore, ascertained that he had been a long time dead, and that he had left his property to a large family of children, of whom two only were sons. When he found that his end was approaching, he sent for these sons, and as a last act of paternal solicitude, told them that his estate was to be divided equally among his children and grand-children, according to the provisions of a will that would be found among his papers; and although, owing to the great number of his descendants, the share of each would amount to only a sufficiency for an eligible commencement of business, yet they severally could not fail from erecting thereon a large fortune, if they would carefully conduct their business on the principle of a precept which he duly, for their edification, repeated, with all the cunning emphasis that his waning strength would permit. The precept thus solemnly heralded at the hour of death was sufficiently characteristic of the old man's early associations and continued illiteracy. It was nothing but the homely, vulgar distich:

'TICKLE me BILLY, do, do, do;  
You tickle me, and I'll tickle you.'

He declared that its operation was founded in human nature, and therefore infallible, when the precept was prudently obeyed. He cautioned his sons against the vulgar error of striving to prosper by practices that are inconsistent with the prosperity of the persons with whom we deal. The true golden rule is, 'You tickle me, and I'll tickle you.' The man who acted thus would obtain wealth if he perseveringly directed his efforts to that object; or public honors, if he directed his efforts to that object. The maxim was the key by which could be unlocked all the avenues to prosperity.

The old man spoke to his sons in German, for that was the language in which his thoughts continued to flow more fluently than in English. The young men had heard the lesson very many times before, but as this was to be the last infliction, they listened to it as though they heard it for the first time, and were astonished with its sagacity and freshness. Thus comforted in his tenderest vanity, the old gentleman lay a short time silent and was dead.

The literary education of the sons had been sadly neglected, not from

any censurable indifference to the subject in the father, but from his want of knowledge. They had been taught to read a little, which accomplishments, with some skill in the elementary rules of arithmetic, he deemed, by a contrast with his own deficiencies, great attainments. The sons were consequently not qualified for any higher employments than the mercantile traffic which had been followed by the father, and into which they had become partially initiated. They possessed however dissimilar intentions, for while Frederick, the elder, determined to continue the old commercial business of his father, and in the old shop, the other, Peter, intended to see something of the world before he established himself finally in any place and in any given occupation. He felt also a strong desire to see Germany, the native country of his forefathers, where many of his paternal relations were still supposed to exist; and as they were known to be poor, Peter's vanity may possibly have desired to glorify itself a little by astonishing them with the splendor of the American branch. His share of the paternal spoils was a tenth of the whole, and when reduced into money, amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which, after a decent period of mourning, and with a view of killing two birds with one stone, he converted into cotton for the French market, and took passage with it in a ship for Havre; sorrowfully remarking to some of the cautious old friends of his father, who disliked these evidences of a roaming disposition, that grief was impairing his health, and that a change of scenery was absolutely necessary for his spirits. To remain in the old shop he knew would kill him, and he wondered how his brother could endure it; though Fred. always possessed strong nerves, and could bear any thing.

The ship in which Peter embarked experienced a succession of the most favorable winds, but was unfortunately stranded on a fatal sand-bar, almost in sight of its destined port, and after all thoughts of danger had been dismissed from the minds of the passengers. They were all saved except two who were washed overboard and drowned; and most of the cargo was eventually saved and taken on shore by lighters, but it was badly damaged by the salt water. This was a contingency against which Peter had not guarded by any insurance, for where he ventured his life he thought he might venture his property. His loss was large, and he felt it severely; but at the commencement of life pecuniary losses are much mitigated by an exuberance of undefined hopes. He could not, however, help occasionally reflecting, that as yet the maxim of his father had been impracticable. Nobody had tickled him, though he felt keenly disposed to tickle in return, according to the injunction of the adage; that is, no person had conferred on him any benefit, which was the tickling that the adage meant, as he supposed, when interpreted literally. On the contrary, when the ship stranded, instead of being tickled, every man on board regarded himself alone, or seemed to vie with each other in throwing into the sea Peter's cotton, that the ship might be floated; and when his damaged cotton was in a position to be sold, every purchaser exaggerated its defects, and sought to obtain it ruinously low. His experience thus far was therefore any thing but propitious to his hopes; while the steadily occurring diminution of his patrimony irritated all the latent avarice which his father's precepts



had constantly fostered in him, and made him specially anxious that the tickling process should be commenced speedily.

As soon as he realized from the wreck of his venture all that could be obtained, he hastened to Paris, in the expectation that a change of scene would produce a favorable change in the operation of his maxim ; but at Paris his funds diminished even faster than at Havre, for he could not resist participating expensively in the various novelties of that city of curiosities, in occasionally uniting in its more personal dissipations, and in becoming a victim to the swarms of sharpers, foreign and native, that make Paris their head-quarters, and every stranger their special object of attack. Still he could have borne equably these manifold depredations on his fortune, if he could have seen amid them a commencement of the process of becoming rich by a reciprocation of benefits ; and for such a commencement his urgency increased in a direct proportion to the decrease of his resources. Like the ancient spinster immortalized by Russel, and the burden of whose inquiries was, 'Why do not the men propose, mamma?' so he could have sung as feelingly, 'Why do not the men tickle, papa?' His soul and all that was within him, yearned to exchange his silver franc pieces for golden Napoleons, but nobody would commence the traffic ; and instead thereof every body that he gamed with seemed intent on fleecing him ; shop-keepers, servants and restaurateurs imposed on him to the extent of their several opportunities ; while the mass of the population, who could in no way use him to their advantage, spattered him with their equipages, or passed him with disregard. Once indeed he began to believe that the tickling process was about to be commenced in the person of a very agreeable young man, whom he met at a table d'hôte ; and who, seeing that Peter was a stranger, courted his society assiduously. Peter was determined that he would interpose no obstacle to this auspicious indication, and he repaid the young man's politeness by copious draughts of wine. The two became shortly inseparable companions, but as the new friend introduced him to pretty expensive practices, the tickling with which Peter requited his friend cost much more than the friend's original tickle deserved ; and Peter's remaining funds were soon so far exhausted, that unless he proceeded forthwith toward Germany his chance of ever reaching it would be frustrated. He accordingly lost no further time, and as he had no ceremonious congees to make, he paid his bills, and stepping into a diligence, was soon on his route toward Vienna, the residence of his kinsmen.

The journey was long, and cost him much more than he had anticipated, and before he arrived at its termination he would gladly have retraced his steps homeward, but he feared his remaining money would not supply the means ; and when he finally reached Vienna, he was almost penniless. He lamented that he had ever left Baltimore, or that he had not returned thither before all his property had become dissipated ; although he felt at his misadventures a degree of shame that might have restrained him from returning in his present condition had the ability been presented to him. He was fortunate in discovering his relations more readily than he could well have expected, but they were all situated in the lowest walks of life ; and although he was him-

self reduced to an equality with them in poverty, he almost repented, when too late, that he had acknowledged his consanguinity to so discreditable a kindred. From his external appearance, which greatly overrated his true condition, and from rumors that had reached them of the affluence of his father, they received him with diffidence and awe, and with every demonstration of grovelling affection; but when, from indications that could not be long mistaken, they eventually found that he had as little to bestow on them as they had to bestow on him, they remitted their respect, while they increased in good-will and cordiality. Feeling no longer any reason to believe that their poor provisions would be despised, they shared freely what they had with the necessitous wanderer, and made him as comfortable as their poverty would permit.

While Peter was thus in the home of his ancestors, realizing the early condition of his progenitors, his brother Frederick in Baltimore was endeavoring to establish himself gradually and slowly in the mercantile business, to which he had been trained from early life. He, like his brother, was looking hopefully to the precept which had been enjoined on them by their father, and he commenced the practice of it by hiring a good pew in the German Lutheran Church, and in sending to the minister a large ham and turkey as a Christmas present. When the good dominie was thus tickled, he thought Frederick a very amiable young man, who merited the good offices of all right-minded people, and he failed not to speak thus of him to members of the church, who in turn applauded him to others, and his shop soon became the mart for the whole congregation, from a principle of *esprit du corps*, that often actuates small communities. Frederick lost no time also in identifying himself with the German Benevolent Society, and at their annual festivals talking feelingly and copiously of the *Fader-Land*, not forgetting the more substantial requirement of a liberal annual contribution to the society's funds. The members and officers of the society being thus tickled in a spot that is apt to be sensitive, failed not to tickle back again through the medium of his merchandise and credit. But he unexpectedly received another benefit. The president of the society, an honest German, of considerable wealth, which he had acquired by patient industry, and in despite of the want of all literature, was so pleased with the patriotism of Frederick, that he courted his acquaintance, and Frederick ultimately became his son-in-law by a marriage with the old gentleman's eldest daughter, to the no small increase of the young man's consideration in Baltimore and prospective wealth. Nor did Frederick fail to patronize all the city newspapers, by liberally advertising in their columns; and as no class of men understand better the process of 'you tickle me, and I'll tickle you,' than newspaper editors, they took every opportunity to allude to him in their respective papers as their public-spirited townsman, Frederick Heapupit, Esq., whose mercantile enterprise and integrity were an honor to the city.

In due progression he emerged from the chrysalis condition of a retailer to the splendors of a full-blown jobber, and no man was ever more friendly than he to the country dealers who resorted to Baltimore for their supplies of merchandise. If the dealers were young and gay

he attended them to the theatre ; and if they were old, he invited them to a seat in his pew. He seemed to feel toward all his country dealers the intuitive love which a cat feels toward catmint, and they could do no less in return for so much kindness than to give him their custom, and recommend him to their neighbors.

As he continued to be economical in his expenses and prudent in his credits, and omitted no opportunity of tickling persons who could tickle back again advantageously, he gradually but steadily increased in property. His family grew also with his other possessions, and he came to be surrounded with numerous children, while he, in the perpetual engrossment of business, lost all record of the flight of time, and seemed unconscious that he was no longer so young as formerly. But although he could thus lose sight of Time, Time took care not to lose sight of him, but stealthily kept tally of the fleeting years by whitening his hair, imprinting wrinkles at the outer corners of his eyes, and increasing his rotundity, until he was to every eye but his own a portly old gentleman. His father-in-law had been dead some years, and he was one of the executors of the deceased's will, and a legatee of no inconsiderable portion of the estate.

In this halcyon period of his existence, when he was well satisfied with himself, and by consequence well satisfied with the world, and all that therein is, he began to think of his brother, of whom he had not heard since they separated. He knew that the ship had been stranded in which Peter sailed, and that some of the passengers were drowned, and he always supposed his brother was one of the lost. By a coincidence which is far from uncommon, while he was thus musing on his brother, a letter from him was brought to the store, announcing that he had been long at Vienna, in the most deplorable destitution, and craving assistance to enable him to return to Baltimore. This was a case in which if Frederick tickled ever so much he could expect no lucrative return ; still avarice had not rendered him wholly callous to the ties of consanguinity, and he forthwith answered the appeal of his brother by sending him a bill of exchange, with the proceeds of which, if managed prudently, he could come home.

The meeting of the brothers, which in due time occurred, afforded a surprise to both, so far as their personal appearance was concerned. They had separated as young men, and they met as old men. Still they soon recognised each other's early lineaments, and amused themselves with the rehearsal of early incidents. But what most astonished Peter was the wealth of Frederick ; and what most astonished Frederick was the poverty of Peter, especially as both professed to have been governed in their conduct by the great maxim of their father. On an explanation, however, the mystery became solved. Poor Peter had committed a fatal mistake. He had never tickled any persons, but had waited to have them tickle first ; while Frederick had practised on the plan of tickling in advance, and especially those who could tickle back again with many per cent. of advantage. The opposite results of the two modes were well exemplified in the different destiny of the brothers ; and in view of this difference, which communicated an entirely new

idea to Peter, he insisted that the maxim was wrongly worded, and that instead of reading :

‘Tickle me, BILLY; do, do, do!’

the maxim ought to read :

‘I TICKLE you, BILLY; see, see, see!  
I’ll tickle you, and you tickle me!’

In his donation to his unfortunate brother, Frederick intended to be disinterested, but he derived therefrom an intellectual pleasure which was more than an equivalent for the pecuniary expenditure. And now that he had obtained a taste of the pleasures that result from benevolence, a desire therefor grew in him fast, and he gradually extended gratuities to numerous objects where no pecuniary return seemed possible; but very unexpectedly to him he found that many of these cases would either collaterally or directly result in larger pecuniary returns than his most selfish ticklings. This was strikingly exemplified in the assistance which he occasionally made to his brother, who, enfeebled by dissipation and disappointed early hopes, had brought home a constitution as much impoverished as his purse. Frederick had long supported him comfortably, when on the formation of a new settlement, made in the vicinity of Baltimore by the Canton Company, the counsel of the company discovered that a piece of land, which was essential to the project, was owned (unknown to everybody) by the heirs of old Heapupit, and it accordingly had to be purchased, and it brought a large sum of money. Peter’s share was more than sufficient to repay all advances which Frederick had made for him, and to leave an ample sufficiency for his own support. But as usual, when blessings come late they are not long enjoyed, and Peter, after a very brief realization of his new prosperity, was afflicted with apoplexy and died, but not before he had bequeathed his property to Frederick, who alone of all the family had substantially sympathized with his necessities.

Finally Frederick found himself possessed of a much larger estate than had ever been owned by his father. He had long been respected as a prosperous man, with large wealth but with sordid views. He now began to gradually acquire additional respect, by reason of the active benevolence that his later actions developed, and by several disinterested benefits he conferred on his city. He eventually retired from commercial business, resigning the establishment to his sons, and employed a still vigorous old age in the various cares that attended the due investment of his property, and in embracing every opportunity to make himself useful. He aided all worthy public enterprises, contributed to all useful charities, assisted all meritorious individuals who resorted to him for counsel or pecuniary aid, and to his last moment (which occurred only a year ago) he insisted that the maxim of his father was a true guide to prosperity; but that whoever would attain the full benefit its practice can insure, must perform the tickling from no mercenary or selfish motive, but simply from a principle of duty toward God and of good will toward all mankind. He was a good deal vain-glorious of his discovery, which he thought entirely new; and he was almost sorry when, after repeating it one day, with his usual self-

complacency, he was told that it was as old as the Bible, being plainly included in the promise, that 'he that watereth shall be watered,' and 'the liberal soul shall be made fat.'

### *An Excellente Balade*

OF

Y<sup>e</sup> MANNE WHO COULD NOT WRITE VERSSE.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

FYTTT THE FIRST.

Ye Barde calleth for  
porter and his easy  
chair, and maketh a  
vow thereupon.

Ho! tiger! a pair of carpet shoes,  
With a quart of brown stout porter;  
I wish to see if the coy, coy muse  
Be willing that I should court her:  
I want to know, to its flood-tide mark  
If my young blood still is flowing,  
I want to see that the hope's not dark  
That erst set my heart a-glowing.

Then wheel to its berth my easy-chair,  
That my limbs may rest supinely,  
Where the breath of the free and vernal air  
May pass o'er my cheeks divinely.  
'Tis well; and if that my verse should prove  
That FANCY diadems to know me,  
When the critics cannot admire or love,  
'I'll be a dem'd body,' blow me!  
When the critics cannot admire or love,  
'I'll be a moist body,' blow me!

FYTTT THE SECOND.

Ye Barde looketh  
for the Nine, and find-  
eth portier no Castaly.

WELL, now that I am in my chair of ease,  
I feel but an absence mental,  
And wound my pen with many a squeeze  
Of my incisors dental:  
Although 'my eye in a frenzy fine  
From earth to heaven is rolling,'  
I cannot indite a single line  
That a hawker would think of trolling.

My cheek is red with the blush of shame,  
And my mind 's confused — damnation!  
I cannot 'give one nothing a name,'  
Or a 'local habitation':  
Ideas strange through my brain, too, rove  
And in perspective show me  
The critic's lash, not the critic's love;  
So I'll be a body, blow me!  
Show the critic's lash, not the critic's love;  
So I'll be a body, blow me!

## FYTTE THE THIRD.

Ye Bards sneereth  
at 'lay nuns,' yclept  
old maids, and leav-  
eth a legacy.

AND now that the anxious wish to die  
Rules me with force potential,  
While I've courage to wish the world good-by,  
Courage, the grand essential;  
I'll sharpen at once my razor-blade  
For a purpose suicidal,  
And I'll speed to death as an aged maid  
Would speed away to her bridal.

When I 'shuffle off this mortal coil'  
You'll think, my friend, with no dry eye,  
When the worm makes of the clay his spoil,  
That my soul's home is not sky-high.  
Yes, yes! from life I will fleetly move,  
Lest dark fate on worse ills throw me;  
So leaving critics my heart's best love,  
I'll now be a body, blow me!  
Yes, leaving them all my heart's best love,  
'I'll be a moist body,' blow me!

## LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BAXST.

## REMARKS ON MONROVIA.

THE information I have obtained, and my own observations, have induced me to give some thought to two or three points in the present condition of the Republic of Liberia, and the probable results flowing from the existing state of things, and the principles and conduct of the people. I trust that their insertion will not be unacceptable to my readers.

There are two important interests in Liberia, I will not say necessarily or naturally antagonistic, but at least, as it would appear, not equally fostered and attended to. I allude to commerce and agriculture. At Monrovia the former is the leading interest, and the principal and most influential citizens are more or less prosperous traders. Some dozen or more small trading-vessels are employed in the coasting business, say about a hundred and fifty tons; and it is asserted that on an average about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars would cover the entire commercial transactions of the whole settlement of Liberia. And yet, although it would seem this branch of industry is so much fostered, I am told that the business done at this place previous to the establishment of the colony exceeded any thing known here since; for it was once a flourishing trading station, where an active and steady intercourse with the natives was carried on, the latter exchanging camwood, palm-oil, ivory, etc., for the usual articles of European manufacture fashionable in this quarter of the globe. If this be the fact, the

falling off in trade may be accounted for in some degree by the jealousy and ill-will of the Bushmen and people of the interior, who, knowing that the colored race from the New World have declared it one among their chief objects of settlement to contribute toward the suppression of the slave traffic, so lucrative to the natives, and to make for themselves a permanent residence in their new homes, from time to time have met the new-comers unavailing in battle, and even now are shy and suspicious, for the most part, in their intercourse with them.

As to the agricultural interests, if I might judge from information which I have reason to receive as correct, it would seem that the produce of the farms is not sufficient to supply the wants of the community. Rice, the chief article of domestic growth, is not produced in quantity enough to supply the current demand; the coffee, not over five or six hundred pounds per annum, is used almost exclusively for exportation, and is held at such a price, in addition to its scarcity, that it is decidedly cheaper to import the article; and of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, cassada, etc., enough may be raised for domestic consumption, but even of these the emigrant cannot boast, I believe, an abundance or superfluity. It is true that the colonization societies and the authorities in Liberia encourage the newly-arrived settlers to choose their locations in the interior, and to turn their means and labor to the cultivation of the soil; but of these emigrants those who have money and intelligence, seeing that the most thriving of the old residents are those who are engaged in trade or mechanical employments, often prefer to remain in town, to take a lot in exchange for a piece of land in the country, and turn their capital and attention toward a kind of business which offers greater inducements in a pecuniary point of view, and moreover exempts them from physical toil and exposure to the elements. Again, it being a leading trait in the negro character to be gregarious, and, therefore, unwilling as they are to live isolated and in remote and scattered settlements, nothing but a compulsory process, such as I am told exists at Cape Palmas, will direct the current of emigration into the interior and to the agricultural districts. We know that the free people of color in the United States almost universally collect in towns and cities, and that on our Southern plantations the slaves live in small but compact communities, and work in company; so that when the emigrants arrive to settle in their new homes, accustomed as they have been to these gregarious habits, it is not at all surprising if they are loth to pass by a place where they can enjoy society and the conveniences of a civilized settlement, and devote themselves to toil and labor in a thinly-peopled country, where their previous tastes, habits and inclinations cannot be gratified. To obviate therefore this inconvenience, and to distribute the population in due proportions over the territory intended for cultivation and settlement, the government should insist that the new-comers shall take and cultivate the tracts assigned them; for if the right of selection and choice be indiscriminately allowed them, the large majority will be unwilling to do such violence to their natures, and the community will be overrun with merchants, doctors, parsons, lawyers, etc.; occupations that require less bodily exertion and fatigue, and which may seem to aspirants

stepping-stones and recommendations to the honors and profits of the republic. By a strict and impartial application of this policy the proportion between consumers and producers will be preserved, and a just and salutary balance of power and interests attained and established.

Hence, if I am rightly informed of the fact just stated, the settlers who devote themselves to agricultural pursuits are not generally possessed of the intelligence or pecuniary resources necessary for a successful cultivation of the soil, and consequently must content themselves, for some time at least, with merely producing enough to supply their own immediate and most urgent wants. It is but right, however, to give them time and a fair chance to prove themselves other than mere consumers of the little they manage to produce. Very probably, when the channels of trade shall have been appropriated and exhausted by the few who have got the start, and are in quiet possession of the harvest, the farming and planting interests may be guided into the way of progress and popularity, and in due course of time, and by dint of perseverance, supplies produced, steady, abundant, and good enough to warrant exportation and secure a profitable market. But when we know that few or no horses or cattle are indigenous to the neighborhood, there being but one or two of the former in Monrovia, and those poor and languishing, and the latter brought from the interior by the natives, we are forced to confess an apprehension that unless a way and the means be found and applied of stocking the country with both, the agriculture of the colony must either be at a stand-still or take the backward track. Beside, there are no wind or water-mills in the settlement, it being found cheaper, it is said, to employ hand-labor, the natives working for very low wages, and glad to get occupation on any conditions. So that, while manual labor is so easily procured and so economical, it is not to be supposed that the Liberians will employ mechanical or artificial aid, or go to work themselves; and therefore will their progress and success in these respects be slight or next to nothing.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and in their case will it hold good, that the absence of stimulant and pressure, the more available, less costly, and easier method of calling native labor into requisition, will either preclude or keep back the introduction, or at least improvements and general use, of those artificial aids and ameliorations to which industry, the arts, agriculture and mechanics owe their existence and prosperity in other civilized nations. It is but natural, and what might be expected, that persons recently emerged from bondage, having, for the most part, past half of the usual length of man's existence in a state of dependence and subjection, which precluded the exercise of the faculties of prudence and forethought, should find their new position one of trial and difficulty. So that if when thrown upon their own resources, and destined to 'make their bread by the sweat of their brows,' it is not at all surprising that many of them should be 'found wanting,' and devoid of that energy, self-reliance and intelligence so necessary to progress and success. Whether new wants, the necessity of exertion, and the prospect of securing for themselves and their descendants the rewards



of industry and independence, will stimulate them to activity and perseverance, a longer time than the twenty-seven years of the existence of the colony is needed. Therefore we should not be too impatient, but hope for the best, while preparing our minds for a more distant and less flattering result than enthusiastic friends may anticipate and desire.

To afford well-founded promises and hopes of future progress and usefulness, the rulers of the new republic should, in my opinion, so shape their measures and apply their means and resources as to elicit from the cultivation of the soil sufficient, at least, to nourish and support the people, without depending, as is now the case, for flour, coffee, bacon, etc., upon foreign countries. The soil, climate, cheapness of labor, and number of agriculturists, warrant the belief that this independence of foreign supplies can be effected in a reasonable time, and by reasonable exertion. And in thus fostering the farming interests, and encouraging and providing for domestic manufactures, as far as circumstances will permit, the commercial and trading branches need not be neglected or overlooked. Of course much of the public favor and attention is and will be given to these important branches of national wealth and power; but in doing this, care must be taken so to balance the exports and imports as not to allow foreign traders to drain the community of money, and to keep them dependent upon their supplies for support. By consuming less of the luxuries of other countries, and depending more upon rice, corn-meal, cassada, sweet potatoes, and the other numerous artificial and natural productions of the soil, which are generally delightful and healthy food; by introducing horses and mules for agricultural and other purposes, which by proper food and care might be kept alive and thriving; by turning their serious and persevering attention to the raising and improvement of sheep, swine, cattle, and other live stock; and still farther, by adopting and carrying into execution some efficient plan for establishing and improving their internal communications and means of transportation by land and water, these people may ultimately succeed in securing for themselves and their children that blessing of real independence which, so long as they do not produce sufficient for their own consumption, and must therefore rely upon others to furnish to them, they can neither anticipate nor deserve.

The political existence which they have just begun, and the new duties, wants, responsibilities and interests which must grow out of so interesting a movement, will require all the attention, skill and devotion of those in whom the Republic of Liberia confides for weal or woe. For one, I trust they will not be found wanting, and that the highest wishes and hopes of their best friends may be fully realized.

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A N T I - S A B B A T H .

SHARPD men, in sooth, these new reformers are!  
 Each week-day is a Sabbath, they declare:  
 A christian theory! the unchristian fact is,  
 Each Sabbath is a week-day in their practice!

## THE WOOD-DUCK.

Now stealing through its thickets deep.  
In which the wood-duck hides,  
Now picturing in its basin sleep,  
Its green pool-hollowed sides:

STASST.

FAR from Ocean, ever flocking  
His broad shelly beach with foam,  
Near untroubled inland waters  
Finds the shy wood-duck a home.

Over seas with gull and petrel  
Should he strive the storm to dare,  
Roaring surf and bursting billow  
Landward would the wanderer scare.

Where the forest veils in shadow  
Marshy beds of creeping streams,  
Or on lilled pools the sunlight  
Falls with interrupted beams:

Through tall flag, and reeds that tremble  
In his wake, the creature swims,  
Or above the sluggish current  
Sits on overhanging limbs.

Strolling by the grassy margin,  
Oft have I the wood-duck seen,  
Colors playing on its plumage  
Of the richest gold and green:

And my gun into the hollow  
Of my arm have thrown, and stood  
Gazing on the lovely vision  
Under cover of the wood.

Bronze and violet reflections  
Flashed above its tameless eye,  
And the crown it wore was royal,  
Of the deepest Tyrian dye.

When the timid bird espying,  
With her nimble brood, I think  
Of old tribes that sought yon river,  
From its sparkling wave to drink.

Voices of the past are waking  
Echoes in the solemn grove,  
And again their cabins cluster  
On the banks of pond and cove:

For the wood-duck furnished feathers  
When a forest king was crowned,  
And another race were rulers  
Of the pleasant scene around.

From his crest and glittering pinions,  
 For the maid of dove-like glance,  
 Furnished plumes that, mid her tresses,  
 Fluttered in the festal dance :

And a gorgeous skin, with cunning  
 From the head and neck was peeled,  
 That adorned the pipe of council,  
 And its cany stem concealed.

In the hollow trunks of ruin  
 Builds the summer duck a nest,  
 Though a favorite of Nature,  
 In her brightest colors dressed :

And not strange to me it seemeth  
 That a bird so richly clad,  
 Should delight in breeding-places  
 That awake reflection sad :

For a lasting law the sunshine  
 Unto darkness hath allied,  
 And Decay is ever claiming  
 Beauty as his chosen bride.

W. H. C. HOOPER.

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#### N E W E N G L A N D . \*

THE remarks we propose to offer in this paper will have reference chiefly to the characteristics of the descendants of the Pilgrims, and their action on social life.

That unconquerable zeal and enthusiasm which entered so largely into the character of the first settlers, and which animated their longings for civil and religious freedom, prepared the foundation on which has arisen that marvellous creation, the New England of to-day.

Although begun in weakness, it was raised in power, and its superstructure, which Time is continually enlarging and perfecting, has now attained to the simplicity of strength ; and so long as its great central column of Truth and Justice shall remain erect, no human power is likely to undermine or overthrow it.

The historic annals of the christian world may be sought in vain for a richer chapter of events, for a series of higher or more devoted daring, for results more ennobling, or of means more wisely exerted, for a high and noble purpose. Encompassed with difficulties as imminent as crusader ever met, the first settlers were compelled to *think*. To live and not die, was a great motive. Thought and action were thus early married, and the union has become closer by age. Continuous labor did effect for the physical, what an unfaltering trust in a good Provi-

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\* A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF DUXBURY, (Mass.) with Genealogical Registers. By JUSTIN WINNIE. BOSTON: CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

DENCE did for the spiritual ; and at that momentous period they buckled on the industrial armor, which to-day is as bright as ever.

They avowed principles which they defended with an unwavering faith, and to avenge what they deemed the insults of monarchical power and intolerance, they sought this remote and forbidding wilderness, confronting unimagined dangers, and submitting with comparative serenity to the martyr's death, that they might construct, in their own way, a tabernacle for their harassed consciences. Difficulties only nerved their arm, and with the sword of the spirit they turned away the edge of the tomahawk and scalping-knife ; and while their bosoms were heaving with the freshness and fulness of the Church's life, it was not long before their adventurous footsteps resounded throughout the mother-land, and were ' answered with a deep God-speed to the giants gone on pilgrimage.'

If we would compare the aspect of that region which was their cradle with that which is now the home of their descendants, the contrast would astonish as much as that of tropical and polar vegetation.

Wander where we may in the melodious summer months, and the rapturous delight that steals over the senses prodigally attests a power, which, by interrogating aright the God of Nature and Duty, has moulded into forms the most engaging, and to uses the most beneficent, what was once unseemly, unfruitful and sad.

As one cycle of time has succeeded another, the inheritors of the Puritan blood have filled them with action and identified them with progress. That which the discontents of the old world are now hazarding their lives to secure is in the possession of every New Englander ; viz., substantial existence ; and toward which the eye of hope is turned from many a suffering, desponding realm.

In taking even a cursory view of New England society, we naturally recur to modes of thought, motive and action, by which all communities are more or less distinguished. We think it will be admitted that the requirements of the age have been more eminently met here than in any other portion of the republic ; for every year almost, for the last half century, has constituted an era in advancement ; and we apprehend that on no spot of earth of similar extent can be found so much of *available humanity*, or in other words, *capital* applicable in the widest sense to whatever tends to the embellishment of personal existence or the increase and maintenance of public virtue and credit.

One of the most striking features of this people is the well-being and well-doing that prevail every where, and which is the legitimate offspring of character. Private character is the commanding, controlling power, in all communities, for by the ordination of nature man must chiefly act in it. It is the secondary atmosphere of earth, and according to its purity, so is the public health weak or strong. Religious austerity, untiring energy and unquenchable enthusiasm, were the elements in which the Puritan fathers lived and died, and never was an inheritance transmitted so charged with life. It is exceedingly doubtful whether under any other auspices a community could have been so formed at all.

The engrafting of more liberal views on the old stock has produced

happy results without doubt ; but go where you may, mingle with one religious sect or all, interrogate the professional man, consult the merchant, question the artisan, and you cannot fail to remark veins of thought, modes of expression, personal traits, rigidity of feature, evidences strong as Holy Writ that the ancestors of this people were rocked in the ' May-Flower.'

Enter their domiciles, and we shall find them nurseries, not only of children but of men and women, where the work of life is unceasingly prosecuted without distinction of age, and each inmate endeavoring to be faithful to a motto, which seems to be inscribed on every rafter of the dwelling : ' Candidates for improvement.'

They have little regard for mere form, nor much for outward seeming, but a strong invincible faith in the necessity of complying with requisitions that promise for the future an accession of comfort and well being over the past.

Resemblances in modes of living are discernible among the opulent every where, but the good sense that recoils from an ostentatious display of wealth is quite apparent here ; they have a care for minute arrangements and comforts, but little for mere ornament ; if a taste for decoration is indulged, it usually results in appropriating something from the studios of Power, Greenough or Crawford, thereby ingeniously expressing the twin motive-power of mind and means.

The paternal character is here peculiarly marked. Children do not seem to be reared for the mere embellishment of home ; to be the recipients of parental flattery and indulgence ; to loll upon sofas and ottomans, with the last novel in their hands, and imbibing their seductive philosophy. No ; they are trained to severer occupations ; the great truth that they are to take care of themselves distils upon them from the roof-tree as regularly and silently as the dew upon the grass, and there is no escaping its influence. It nerves the arm and prepares the heart for battling successfully with the conflicting elements of life ; and when Old Age places his leaden hand upon them, they can point to, and talk of, the ships they have built, the voyages they have prosecuted, the acres they have reclaimed and enriched, and the manly inheritors that will soon succeed to names untainted and possessions unembarrassed.

The influence of woman is here marked with the distinctness of a sun-beam. Almost every house contains that most respectable character and overseer, the maiden lady, *and* old maid — sometimes two or three. More faultless, exacting specimens of humanity the world does not furnish. They are emphatically the 'cordon sanitaire' of every town and village ; the supervisory care and attention exercised by them, can only be measured by the length of the day, month and year ; and if by any chance they should suddenly disappear, anarchy and confusion might descend on the homestead the next day. Their oneness of life makes them less indulgent to the failings of others, and nurses a boldness of thought and action somewhat allied to dictatorship.

No house will capitulate where one of these astute personages keeps sentry, neither will they be much frequented by fashionable bores, who drop in, in some places, about dinner-time. They are the veritable interpreters of the old motto, '*cui bono*,' and will defend it to the very

death ; in fact they are so provokingly thoughtful and just, watchful and true, that it is impossible to do (with them or) without them. When one of their fraternity happens to adopt the hymenial rail-way, so dangerous in their eyes, then there is a formidable bristling of feminine equipment, and the belligerent aspect they assume is truly imposing. One might fancy that a dozen 'Boadiceas' were preparing for the field to recover the lost one !

Those attractive charms that pervade more or less the New-England town and village have been created and are still preserved by a high standard of morals and a judicious industry. The climate, though perhaps not unfavorable to longevity, is proverbially denounced as unfriendly to personal enjoyment or high health ; those delicious elements that mix with and characterize the climate of some portions of the republic, inviting an unhealthy repose and producing lassitude both of body and mind, do not prevail here ; if they did, we should probably see less muscle and less virtue, more temptations and less power of resistance. There is great potency in a long winter. It is essentially a conservator of morals, a strengthener of man's hand and heart ; and when we consider its friendly influence in promoting thought and reflection, and its bearing on provident arrangements for the future, its importance can hardly be over-estimated. The seasons, by a happy adjustment, seem to admit of no idle holidays, and custom has seasoned the people to a round of occupations from which they are not inclined to escape, and would feel very awkward if they should.

What is termed in some of the States 'elegant leisure,' finds no home here ; it is not yet acclimated. He who should attempt what nobody understands, or at present desires to attempt, would soon become disgusted with his *oneship*. The people are not joyous ; they have not time, neither is the word in their catechism. Even the spirit of mirth has a measured existence, whether challenged by the comic or tragic muse. Wherever there may have been an audience convened, the stranger who should witness its dispersion would conclude that some great solemnity had just terminated. They are eminently sensitive to duty, invariably manifesting a nice sense of its importance and meaning, and not likely to turn, torture or twist it into any thing that it is not ; amusements, small-talk, and even courtesies, give way to its imperial sway, and as there is always more to do than can conveniently be done, they are continually on the spring to meet and answer the actual or fancied demands of duty.

Politics, which craze half the inhabitants of the neighboring States, is not a standard but incidental topic ; they hate war and love peace, and one of their chief desires is to be let alone, to work out their own salvation, firmly persuaded that they possess the necessary means.

If they falter or fall down, it is only to rise again like the fabled 'Anteus' to fresh struggles and new triumphs. The application of all that they know to whatever they attempt is constantly producing important results, and from these results they take fresh courage, stimulating them to higher effort, and pausing only when the end is accomplished. There are innumerable objects to call forth and animate human energy, but to embrace the worthiest and best is the part of wisdom ; and we ap-

prehend that if an inventory of her deeds, revolutionary, forensic, literary, commercial and manufacturing, could be presented to those who like her least, it would not lessen their admiration of the energy and forecast which has developed her resources, and the robust virtue that has watched over and perpetuated them; nor can it be denied that in almost every element entering into the formation of our laws or national character, her aiding and forming hand has been signally conspicuous.

Look at the massive structures of granite that impart to her capital such an air of solidity; her lines of rail-road pointing in every direction over marsh, meadow, dell and mountain; survey her wharves, warehouses and ships; inspect her churches and charitable institutions; visit her public schools, quench your thirst at the Cochituate fountain, and then pronounce on her head and heart.

If a long voyage is to be prosecuted from a neighboring city, her merchants are very likely to be consulted as oracles for a plan or probable result; if the statistics of any industrial or liberal pursuit are wanted, she is sure to be interrogated, and not in vain; if the constitution is attacked, she furnishes the ablest defender; if a scientific institution is to be dedicated a thousand miles off, some one of her accomplished sons is most likely invited to give emphasis to the occasion; if legal doubts arise, requiring solution, she points to a pile of judicial text-books, the product of her own talent or industry; if an orator is required at a day's notice, hundreds can appear, like so many minute men, fully equipped, and disgracing neither themselves nor the occasion; as if an article is wanted, illustrative of any contested point in history or literature or an essay to embellish the pages of a review, pens fly to paper with the fleetness of arrows, piercing the subject through and through, making luminous what was dark and demonstrating what was obscure: if a new comet is to be discovered, her island neighbors are invited to the track, and are sure to get hold of the tail first; and perhaps it is not too much to assert that almost all great enterprises, originate where they may, drag slowly along unless New England puts her big shoulder to the wheel. There are but few instances in this community where wealth has mastered its possessors: it is generally made subservient to the expansion of high and useful principles, essentially contributing to that aspect which she now presents of a positive commanding power.

The crowning cause of all this is the intimate connexion that exists between intelligence and labor; and no one who has passed much time among them, or who is acquainted with their history, can fail to recognise this alliance, more potent by far than any which kings, backed by a Metternich or Nesselrode, ever projected.

It is a very easy thing to censure and find fault, and we can imagine that casual observers, as well as the polished and charitable investigator, may, with just severity, remark on certain manners, customs, etc., that conflict with standards elsewhere existing, but it only proves that the New Englanders are swayed by an inheritance unlike any other that modern times has transmitted, and from which they can only be alienated by the changes of time.

A visitor, especially from the Southern States, would remark that

the asperities mingle too largely with the amenities of life ; that suavity of manner was neglected for the cultivation of mind ; and that personal intercourse was more deficient in grace than strength ; that, to a greater extent than is generally agreeable, he is compelled to be his own servant, the employed and employer equally understanding the meaning of that most deceptive New England word, 'help,' and the former never transcending what the dictionary affirms it to be !

The amount of *help* in most families is usually disproportioned to their actual wants, and consequently for nine months of the year the available members are tasked to their utmost in fulfilling the calls of duty. By this economical process, which is in general operation, the aggregate saving is immense ; and this is quite independent of that great moral influence which her industrial training exerts on the most remote communities where more or less of her children have established a residence and home. We are inclined to believe that the annual saving resulting from the New England habit of dispensing with 'help,' which would not be deemed superfluous elsewhere in the States, defrays the educational expenses of one child in almost every family.

In winter, when there is little labor required, 'our man' goes to school for three months, and does the '*chores*' for his board and lodging ; and unless some great emergency occurs, the family would as soon commit a larceny as to interrupt his communion with the school-master ; sooner starve themselves than stint *his* intellect. So nicely do they calculate, that hardly any combination of circumstances can block up the wheels of progress. We might say much in commendation of the admirable educational system in operation here. So long as it is enforced, so long we apprehend will their public and social character be identified with good sense, good morals, and a positive regard for whatever tends to the advancement of our species. Children of the present generation not only look through microscopes but telescopes ; an exercise which sometimes serves only to enlarge their *visionary* pride. It is shrewdly suspected, that if the means of learning were less copiously strewed in their path, they would tread down less, and pick up more of it. A superabundance of help often retards, if it does not defeat, the most beneficent projects. A wise adjustment and application of means to the perfecting of a system of education is a task of very difficult accomplishment, even by the soundest heads and most considerate hearts.

The New England matrons and maiden ladies are so excessively capable, smart and exacting, that *help* are, for the most part, kept in that state which navigators term the '*doldrums*.' Their activity is, we believe, a something quite apart from anything ever intended by Nature ; but when we view and estimate their achievements, we are more confounded than provoked, and *almost* constrained to express an unqualified admiration. Impartial observers from the Middle or Southern States would ascribe to them an almost entire want of tact in the management of subordinates ; they would discover in the latter a real or apparent disregard of whatever might tend to increase the comfort of the household, and especially of the mistress, and that they *anticipate* nothing connected with the family except meals. This is a domestic characteristic, and we can only account for its existence in the ambition



of the mistresses to be in reality at the *head of affairs*, the prime movers and prominent actors. To avoid personal supervision over the minor concerns of the domicile would be deemed by them a weakening of their power, sanctioning a pernicious example, and conducing to the establishment of unthrifty principles.

We can recall to our mind scores of matrons whose ambition and fleetness remind us of nothing less exciting than a race-course; but with this great distinction, that while the coursers tire and withdraw, they do not.

They would outrun 'Time in the primer' if they could by any chance get the start! If there is not remarked in every house a little more to do than can conveniently be done, it may be taken for granted that New England people do not live there; and although the 'intelligence offices' swarm with 'help,' it will generally be found that there is one too few in every family. This is a characteristic resulting from the affinity which has so long been established between industry and morality, the length of the purse having very little to do with it.

No wonder that the stranger sees here such an affluent display of and desire for labor; he may remark it under circumstances where the tiller of the soil lives and dies on a spot the most unfriendly to real thrift, because it is New-England; and from a similar motive hundreds of families, possessing incomes that would insure almost a sumptuous mode of living elsewhere, prefer to spend their lives here, though they are subjected to no little wear and tear of mind and body in making the two ends meet, and keeping the old fire of association bright and going. Social intimacies among blood-relations beyond 'first-cousinship' are almost exclusively governed by outward condition; the wealthy here, as elsewhere under similar circumstances, extending no cordial hand to such of their blood as do not or cannot make it mount. To determine how far it is *safe* to acknowledge and countenance cousinship and keep it within conservative limits is an employment much more common than agreeable.

We have heard it intimated by those who ought to know, that the poet's remark, 'Greetings where no kindness is' finds a wider application in New England than out of it. It is quite true that they are guiltless of hasty friendships; neither does their confidence in persons or things change with the wind: where the hand is extended and opened at the bidding of the *head*, a large amount of caution is necessarily developed and exercised.

That unslumbering suspicion, which attached of necessity to the condition of the early settlers is seemingly yet alive, but exhibiting diminished strength and wearing a softer form.

The *pride of soil* exists no where in greater potency and strength, and it can no more be separated from their daily contemplation than man and wife. Although they regard the Sabbath as a day of rest and reflection, it may almost be doubted if it ever brings an entire *composure* of both body and mind; the idea of occupation so environs them, like an atmosphere, that they rarely look with longing eyes to any condition offering repose; they cannot gracefully submit to see the stream of active employment dammed, and no wheels turning.

Conversation cannot be successfully conducted by the gentler sex with hands unemployed; the members must do business together; some advantage must be seen in the perspective *always*. No people under the sun are less beholden to others or can endure so long and to equal advantage their own society.

If social or formal demands on their time arise, they avail of a period to meet them when the least loss will accrue to the homestead from their absence. They cannot be weaned or tempted from employment even in the presence of the sick and the dying, always having tasks appropriate; to be out of work would mean to be out of their head; no where do the sick find more vigilance or devotion or see so much work going on.

If a son is stupid or lazy, he is most generally urged into a voyage to Canton or Calcutta, where he may witness the routine of life under different aspects, and have his faculties jogged into something like activity; he cannot easily escape from assuming *some sort* of responsibility, that may prepare him for man-ship.

The mere gratification of the eye is here a very secondary consideration, unless connected with some positively useful or inventive design: he who should have the boldness to collect a gallery of paintings, although childless, would feel the finger of society in his eye at every turn. The farmer would say, 'Why do n't you lay your money out in reclaiming poor soils, and growing corn and cattle?' the merchant, 'Why do n't you take an adventure in a voyage to the East or West Indies?' the professional man would say, 'That's a fine gallery of yours; how will your heirs like it?'

The tendency to prodigality and extravagance is slight even in New England cities; but there is a class in all such places that, with suddenly-acquired means and small range of intellect, estimate people more by what they carry *on* their heads than *in* them; and if a profuse expenditure is indulged to gratify an outward show, it is most likely confined to the above-mentioned class, and fortunately confined in its range and influence. Their example, however limited, is sufficiently pernicious, and many a young lady receives sneers instead of caresses, if she mingles in such society, undecked with frippery, but adorned with sense. Good breeding pervades the mass. The *high-bred* are few and far between; the constitution of society being unfavorable to the production of such a class. Where a devotion to family detail is hourly nurtured and deemed of the first importance, the cultivation of those habits and graces which might aid in the formation of the highest and purest standard of manners must be limited if not entirely neglected. To feel no restraint and perfectly comfortable in the presence of strangers, is not common with them; and however high the screen that they sometimes attempt to interpose to hide this deficiency, the practised eye can look over it and through it. It is not deemed an infringement of good taste with some of the wealthy to enlarge on the beauties of economy to those whom they know are compelled to practise it. They regard it probably as a ready-made poultice, to be applied in all cases of wounded pride and bruised hopes; and the exercise of this Samaritan virtue has a very soothing effect on such as do

not discover in the compound a large streak of toadyism. It is however much more commendable to toady *down* than up!

Public opinion seems to have received no peculiar bias here from any of the differing religious creeds, for no sect appears to exercise a controlling influence in secular affairs. To live in progress, no matter how, is their aim and their joy; and he who may mingle with them for a twelvemonth, with ordinary powers of observation, will attest the extraordinary fact. There are *places* out of New England where this characteristic may be remarked, but only here does it *sway* an entire community of two millions of people.

In times past we have known of a congress of nations convened to deliberate on the general weal of Europe, and to devise methods for the quickening of her industrial energies. If any convention is needed *here*, it would be to relax the ardor of industry, not quicken it. Here, the race is interrogating something more august than a body of allied sovereigns! The *voluntary* movement of human forces is more than a match for any and all the imperial patronage that can now be devised or exerted.

Suppose an individual should have fallen asleep twenty years ago at Springfield, and is awakened at this point of time; he walks forth and sees the earth strapped down with iron bands. The entire produce of a village conveyed en masse to the commercial capital in a space of two hours; his neighbors interrogating their friends in New-York like two canary birds in a cage; bargains struck five hundred miles off, for thousands, without the direct agency of the post-office or human voice, in the space of five or ten minutes; and sundry other operations that seem to him quite as miraculous.

What suddenly restored vision or consciousness could survive this array of wonders? The mortal life of such an adventurer would undoubtedly be endangered; he might possibly appreciate and withstand such a heaven of enchantment, and he *might* be struck dumb with astonishment and die.

Who can measure the joint operation of the rail-road and the electric telegraph over our future?

We have read sundry books of history; accounts of most remarkable voyages to most remarkable portions of our globe; a great many dazzling and astounding facts have come to our eyes and ears; but nobody has yet been sufficiently bold or successful as to invent a fiction that could stand for a moment beside this New England *reality*. The man that has not an eye to the bettering of his own condition by labor, or that of the soil, occupies a most uncomfortable position here; go where he may within the limits, some busier bee is buzzing about him if not stinging him.

This fighting with the soil and the hardships incident to securing a respectable appearance and a name in the world has so disciplined this people that they are eminently entitled to the term *thorough-bred*; and although there may be some who sneer at and would expel every vestige of Puritanism from the body politic, yet for our single self we venerate too highly its conservative power to witness unmoved the departure of a tithe of the precious leaven; and we can only contemplate

with the deepest regret any future, when extraneous influences may become so resistless as to obliterate a characteristic so majestic and commanding.

The great miracle of 1620 is still mightily working. The rod of the Puritan enchanter is still unbroken. Sometimes we have heard it breathed, not audibly announced, that New England has seen her best days. We do not believe that the prophet is yet born commissioned to predict even her decay. There is now more fuel, fire, vigor, muscle, energy, alertness, intelligence and wealth than ever, spread over her domain, and she will be the last in this hemisphere to part with even a tithe of her possessions, except for value received.

Many and frequent are the reflections which the New England character has occasioned; but we are inclined to think that the leading *cause* of the great power she has exerted for a century or more, over interests both small and great, has not been so fully recognised or understood as it ought.

She could not have achieved her present position unpossessed of that great element of social life, *morality*. It has been to her the nurse of good intentions, the promoter of noble deeds, and the monitor which has guarded and disciplined to harmonious action the body politic; in one word, it has been the chief aliment of her life. Not long since she awoke the whole continent from a statistic slumber by a simple enumeration of the sources of wealth comprised within the limits of one of her States. It struck the great mind of the country like a new revelation; it gave a new impulse to inquiry. And from that period every member of the confederacy commenced 'ciphering out' and estimating their own value. Her financial has gone hand in hand with her moral power; and that celebrated mart, the London Exchange, can furnish signal evidence of the fact, for when the English merchants and nobility were shaking with fear and stricken with dismay at our commercial aspect in '37 and '38, the holders of Massachusetts bonds stood comparatively erect and serene.

It was *character*, constructed on that immutable basis, moral accountability, that inspired confidence at that disastrous period. Wherever possessed, it will confer similar benefits; like the sun, radiating light and warmth to the remotest extremity.

This is the prominent power which imparts to all great enterprises in this region hope and dignity; and however startling their prospective utility may be, they rarely fail of reaching a satisfying maturity.

The construction of the Western Rail-Road is a signal illustration of this power. Mountains are not barriers to stout hearts. We can remember when it was considered a great enterprise to build a factory; he who should now attempt to build only *one* would be laughed at 'on change.' The time of small things has passed away, and a period of magnificent rivalry succeeded: it is no other than who shall be the founder of *new cities*.

The command goes forth from some of her knowing ones: 'Go ye into all the land, and seek water-power and build a city thereon.' Hardly a twelve-month elapses when we hear of some rude spot becoming the representative of millions in perspective, and ere long the

plough, the spindle and the sail are seen speeding their way, 'resultive and promotive of an enterprise which the keen eye of profit at length regards with more hope than fear.

New England has not, like some communities, adopted men of genius, but given birth to them : by her own unaided force and energy she is what she is. Those who in their ignorance or wilfulness choose to regard her as a mere association of economists and frugalists may consult with advantage both the historic and the living page, and find names that in every department of action reflect honor on the race ; their varied genius embraces such as Franklin, Adams, Otis, Wolcott, Ames, Ellsworth, Sherman, Dexter, Cabot, Boylston, Whitney, Whittemore, Jacob Perkins, Morse, Dane, Parsons, Story, Davis, Cass, Sedgwick, Jackson, Silas Wright, Bowditch, Dwight, Stewart, Channing, Prescott, Bancroft, Sparks, Dana, Percival, Bryant, Allston, and that intellectual giant, Webster.

We have not the presumption to suppose that we could, on such a theme, observe entire impartiality ; but we apprehend that few could rise from the contemplation of the topic which we have on the present occasion rather disturbed than illustrated, without imbibing an increased freshness of life and purpose.

For ourself we feel as much enamored of the scenes and perspective it unfolds, as the wanderer on the banks of a noble river, when he is first told that its waters in their entire passage from a remote source convey naught but benefits to its bordering neighbors and contribute a daily surplus to the great ocean for the comforting of the nations.

To such as can relish a tit-bit snatched from the historic *larder* of the Pilgrim fathers, we would recommend the Book that has recently issued from the press, entitled 'A History of Duxbury, by JUSTIN WINSOR.'

Thanks are due to the author for so kindly disturbing the bones of some of our ancestors, and bringing them up from the silence where they had been so long inurned, and investing them with a new and unexpected interest. To the minute and patient labor which he brought to the prosecution of this work, not a few are likely to acknowledge their indebtedness, in forms not now conceivable, and for ends accomplished not now even anticipated. Such works, however dry and unattractive to the general reader, are likely to possess exceeding value in the eye of posterity by the agency they must exert in removing or confirming doubts connected with genealogical descent, and throwing the needed light on what was previously traditional darkness. Antiquarians will regard it with favor, and many a dainty morsel will they find worthy of being chewed and swallowed. The incidents and anecdotes recorded in the historical and ecclesiastical portions of the volume are exceedingly racy, and will surprise as much as amuse. If our limits permitted we should be glad to quote largely from them. There is a class of mind, however, but happily very limited, who if they open the work at all will run over it with only oneeye open. They are those who choose to live neither in the past nor the present ; the would-be 'patrons' and heralds of a future ; and unfortunately in their ranks may be found some of the gentler sex, whom a tormenting leisure has

essentially aided to convert, and to whom the personal pronoun *I*, which by grammatical usage always agrees with *something*, is made to disagree with every thing but itself!

In this category may be recognised many who, having been decently educated, and possessing fair intellectual endowments, but unacquainted with the world except through books and through the windows of their domiciles, exhibit a remarkable interest in what they term 'progress;' indulging in severe commentaries on what the majority of society regard as wise and useful doctrines and manifesting a desire to sweep away much of what their predecessors held in veneration. So closely do they hug their favorite notions, that they become exceedingly restive, even when listening to words of wisdom from the lips of those capable of teaching, but who do not teach *exactly* in their way.

If the speaker or preacher does not jump over and above all the principles that bear on daily practical life, he does not jump high enough for them, and is deemed a lame, unprofitable servant.

The experience of a past age they unwillingly recognise and are averse to weaving it into the fabric of that in which they live; and it may almost be doubted whether their aspiring minds ever voluntarily draw from the pure fountain of Holy Writ any fitting inspiration.

'You may pull out the 'march-of-mind' peg, or the progress-peg, or the 'old-abuses' peg, and as long as you choose to turn the crank, you may have an unfailing continuity of lucubration, with a very respectable average of meaning, and a good deal of briskness. In about half an hour you begin to reflect that you have gained nothing tangible except an aching arm and a little giddiness in the head.

'Though it is all about man man is not in it.'

The state of mind to which we have alluded may often result from extreme culture; but its tendency, in seducing the less clever and uninformed inquirers into a path which they are much quicker to adopt than comprehend, and which consigns many of them to the hopeless mazes of a labyrinth, is what we chiefly regret; and if they ever emerge, they are very apt to enter the fold of the Romish church, where they may be relieved from thinking during the rest of their lives. The cardinal error of these transcendental leaders is 'to take the unit for the mass, the individual for the universal, the *ego* for *DEITY*.'

It requires no small degree of presumption in any mind to infer that it is itself in perfect harmony with all outward and inward existences. The attainment of so high and palmy a state the general mind is as yet unwilling to accord to the best of mortals; and until they can *prove* their position they will be regarded as false lights rather than the infallible guides of humanity. We are aware that views the most dissimilar are now entertained and urged in regard to the popular question, 'Which is the best path for human progress to take?' Strong and ardent minds are constantly engaged in illustrating systems which their own reason has either invented or adopted, while others, of equal forecast and logical acumen, are content to leave the great problem unresolved, but at the same time manifesting and advocating a steady faith in the sufficiency of those means which a wise Providence has

conferred on our race for its advancement, and which they are taught to believe are immutable. We can, if we choose, distrust the benign agency of some or all of God's laws; and among the seemingly incredulous of this class may be found some who are overlaid with scientific truth, embellished with literary graces and their brows moistened with the precious dew of Minerva. It is generally deemed an evidence of good sense to choose a straight path if for nothing else *but* its straightness.

We confess we have no desire to run down or cut away from the age in which our lot is cast; to be decently equipped to meet its requirements supposes a knowledge so various, passions so controlled, industry so unslumbering, that we are satisfied if we *do* what lies clearly at hand, and do not *see* what lies dimly at a distance.

We are not yet sufficiently 'ripe' to advocate the Millerite doctrine, which would urge us to 'hasten the union of the imaginative and actual.' These transcendental prodigals may, however, be seen occasionally returning with a limping gait to the embraces of their once forsaken friends. Nobody will deny that it is a noble spectacle to witness an ardent mind pursuing what it may deem truth, and kindling into quickened action as it advances and appropriates; but the contribution it may offer to the great store-house of useful knowledge would surely be rejected if it tended to throw no additional light on the olden track of time or on that which is crowded by the generations of to-day.

The topic which has engaged our thoughts thus far is capable of indefinite enlargement, and we feel a reluctance to separate from one so rich and varied in its suggestive character. New England is a great *study*. Are there not among her sons some who might delineate her entire features and bearing with the skill and fidelity of a Phydias? We think it will be admitted that the undeviating steadiness with which New England has pursued her course, guided by lofty principles, has eminently conduced to that prevalence of well-being which is so perceptible at the present time. 'Decision, which is the best earthly ally of wisdom and virtue,' has there found a fitting embodiment and a sturdy illustrator.

D. E. N.

P. S.—It is not too much to say, that so far as systems have been devised to further the cause of sound education, New England is entitled to the first rank. It is too large a subject to be pressed into the narrow range of remark which we have prescribed in the present paper. To such as may desire an acquaintance with or seek information on this head, we would refer them to the annual reports of the various school committees, which seem to drop with increased ripeness from the tree of knowledge every successive year. The amount of intellectual labor and supervision which their system involves and receives can hardly be imagined. The stream of instruction is made to run every where, but especially where the most formidable obstructions exist, and its fertilizing influences are, without intending violence to the term, gigantic.

## THE 'MARINER'S REQUIEM.'

Light on the waters gleaming,  
 Light from the starry skies !  
 In grace and beauty beaming,  
 The Water-Spirits rise :  
 They softly glide o'er the glittering waves,  
 And they chant a mournful hymn ;  
 'Tis the dirge of one who sleeps below —  
 'Tis the 'Mariner's Requiem.'

A maiden fair is keeping  
 Watch in her lonely bower,  
 For him who now is sleeping  
 In that cold moon-light hour  
 Far down in the deep cold crystal waves,  
 Afar from those soft blue eyes,  
 Whose light is brilliant, and gentler far  
 Than the stars in the calm bright skies.

He lies on his bed of amber,  
 While sea-flowers o'er him wave,  
 And spar and shining coral  
 Adorn his lonely grave :  
 The beauteous ocean-spirits come,  
 And tear-drops shed for him,  
 While thy chant in voices low and sweet  
 The 'Mariner's Requiem :'

'Soft be thy watery pillow,  
 And gentle be thy rest  
 Beneath the foaming billow,  
 Upon the ocean's breast :  
 Though far away from all thou lov'st  
 Beneath the spreading deep,  
 Yet pure and peaceful be the rest  
 Of thy calm and dreamless sleep !

'Branches of brighter coral  
 To deck thy couch we 'll bring ;  
 The lily and sea-laurel  
 Around thy head shall spring ;  
 And the sea-weed that floats on the fleecy foam  
 And the shells far down in the wave,  
 And pure and snowy pearls, we 'll bring  
 To deck the mariner's grave.'

Light on the waters gleaming,  
 Light from the starry skies !  
 In grace and beauty beaming  
 The Water-Spirits rise :  
 They softly glide o'er the silver waves,  
 And they chant a mournful hymn ;  
 'Tis the dirge of one who lies beneath,  
 'Tis the 'Mariner's Requiem.'



## THE UNFOLDING STAR.

BY G. A. ALEXANDER.

I.

WATCHMAN! through the weary stages  
Of TIME's long unresting night  
Thou hast told the ceaseless ages  
To a world that yearns for light:  
Long the night has been and dreary  
To the sleepless sons of time;  
Tell if now no glimpse of dawning  
From the abyss begin to climb.

II.

'Clouds and darkness yet investing  
Hover o'er the horizon's rim;  
Stars of portent, stars unholy,  
Gleam uncertain, cold and dim:  
Lo! where SATURN urges upward,  
Sad his aspect, sad and wan,  
Darker tracts of night foreboding,  
Wearier ages ushering on.'

III.

Watchman! yet thy glance upraising,  
Say what happier orbs ascend;  
Surely now the dawn is gleaming,  
And the hours of darkness end.  
'Child of time, inured to sorrow,  
Rest, misfortune's orphaned heir,  
Yet there gleams no glimpse of morrow,  
Other orbs unblest appear.

IV.

'Jove, the star of might unhallowed,  
Rises calm, but cold and stern,  
And the hated orb of battle,  
Mars, uprushes in his turn;  
Long must earth, the influence owning,  
Abject lie, oppressed and worn,  
Till some happier star, atoning,  
Hang upon the brow of morn.'

V.

Watchman, we have waited ever,  
Wept the long dark hours away;  
Tell if yet—ah! tell if never  
Comes the harbinger of day?  
'Yes, poor child of earth! reviving,  
Lift thy joyful glance on high;  
Lo! the Star of Love eternal  
Bursts triumphant on the sky!

## VI.

'Tribes of earth that pined and waited,  
 Groping in Time's straitened fold,  
 Crushed, benighted, sad, abated,  
 Shall the glorious day behold;  
 And the SHEPHERD forth shall lead them  
 (He hath watched them, though unseen,)  
 Forth to springs of living waters,  
 Forth to tracts of endless green.

## VII.

'Meteor shapes — the shapes of error,  
 Glimmering through night's hideous waste —  
 Rumor, scattering words of terror,  
 'Fly! their hated reign is past!' —  
 While the stars which at creation's  
 Dawn dissolved in tears of ruth,  
 Hail anew the ransomed nations,  
 Ransomed by their shepherd, Truth.'

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON CLOUDS.

THE beauty of the cloud has sometimes attracted the poet's eye, but in general he has banished it from his pictures of Paradise, as if it was an earthly imperfection. That blissful region is said to 'know no cloud.' The realms of the spirit-world are 'ever bright and fair,' and repose in eternal serenity and peace. Yet in fact the cloud has exhibited scenes of as fearful majesty and of as gorgeous and exquisite beauty as earth has ever witnessed. The mass of unthinking mortals, dwellers in tabernacles of burnt clay, would fain, even in this lower world, realize the dream of the poet, and sweep away the clouds as impediments of their rightful sunshine. Were their wishes to be gratified, they would be the first to weary of such an unvarying sameness; were the sun ever to rise and set in the same cloudless splendor, the stars ever twinkle in the same diamond brilliancy; were the moon ever to beam in the cloudless majesty of the full, neither wax nor wane, neither show its slight silvery crescent in the west, and 'fill its horn' and then fade away, till nights of clouds and darkness make us watch and wait for its reëpearance; should we gain in happiness and beauty by the change? I trow not.

It is not proposed to speak of the important part performed by the cloud in the economy of nature; how by a silent and unseen process from brook, river, lake and ocean, its material is rising ceaselessly into the atmosphere, by a division so minute as to conquer the all-pervading force of gravitation, to descend in the blessed rain-drops on the parched and withering earth, refreshing alike the crowded city and the trackless desert, the cultivated valley and the rocky mountain-top, and imparting even there a brighter green and lovelier hue to the humble shrub and unseen flower, at least by mortal eye, that grow and bloom in quiet

beauty among the storm and tempests of its rugged home; nor to follow these drops as 'they go down by the valleys,' and brooks and rivulets and streams, and, united in one majestic flood, roll back to the ocean, transporting thither the proudest monuments of human skill, the conquerors of hoary old Ocean; not sweeping over it 'in vain,' but uniting nation to nation and man to man, however remote, in the bonds of brotherhood and civilization!

It is not proposed to speak of these things; we only regard the cloud as part of that profusion of beauty; a profusion without which all practical benefits might have been fully realized, with which infinite goodness has adorned its works. Let us observe a few of their endless combinations. It is just daybreak. The stars are glowing in cloudless beauty, save where a faint gleam of light is tinging the east. The 'northern bear,' at its highest elevation, is proudly surveying from the meridian the phantom train silently sweeping along the zodiac, and marking the wandering lights that are there pursuing their eccentric courses. The waning moon, dwindled to a thin crescent, is just rising from the ocean, throwing a long stream of light on its unruffled surface, showing in delicate outline the tapering spars of a distant vessel, and shedding a pale and melancholy radiance on the rocky summit and scattered foliage of the neighboring mountains and the quiet dwellings and deserted streets of the village below. Fleecy masses, at first dark and colorless, have gradually gathered around the east, displaying the rude outlines of every tower and battlement; but as the daylight increases, growing thinner and brighter, and assuming the most gorgeous and brilliant tints, until, as the sun reaches the horizon, they might seem to mortal eye the spirit-drapery enfolding the pavilion of the ETERNAL!

Again, of a bright summer afternoon, when nature is drooping beneath a sultry and parching sun, see them off in the west rising in dark castellated shapes, piling above each other, showing to earth's gazers the palaces and fortresses of the powers of the air, with their bastions, embrasures, turrets and domes.

Ever and anon from one of these forms, more dark and threatening than the rest, is seen a lurid flash, like the glance of some fearfully bright and angry eye. And then the thickening masses rise darker and heavier, and shut out the sunlight, and amid the incessant flash of the lightning and roll of the thunder, pour their welcome treasures upon herbage and flower, bowing in humble, tearful gratitude! Soon the sun breaks forth, throwing its setting beams on the same castellated masses, retreating far off to the east; and now and then a vivid flash is seen tipping their rough and craggy edges with a golden lustre. The rain is falling gently through the fragrant air, childhood gladly sporting in its pearly drops, and even infancy uttering a cry of delight as they fall upon its uncovered face. And then majestically spanning the heavens, on the still dark and heavy clouds in the east appears the bow of promise, the seal of God's everlasting covenant! And as they roll farther away toward the orient, the full moon bursts forth, shedding a softened brilliancy over the whole, as twilight slowly and gradually fades away into moonlight.

Mark too the commencement of one of our wild autumnal storms.

Stand on the shore of old Ocean, and see the clouds growing more dark, heavy and threatening, surging and rolling in majestic volumes; the sea-birds making for the shore and seeking a shelter, as the winds and the waves lift their voices on high; the surf heavily rolling on the worn rocks, and rushing round and among them, as if seeking a passage beyond the 'stern and rock-bound coast;' and the increasing gale shrieking a melancholy cadence through the stripped branches of a few leafless and lonely trees!

See, again, the variety, glory and beauty of sunset-clouds. As the sun sinks below the horizon, a marked period of human life has passed away. How many changes has taken place since we hailed his rising beams! To how many has it been the last day of earth! How many scenes of joy and sorrow has he witnessed in his course! How happy are they whose parting hour throws, like his, such a flood of glory over the mists and shadows that have darkened their path! But the sunset sky has been too often described to make description interesting.

But the varied movements of the clouds are not without a touch even of the ludicrous. Witness the progress of a 'squall.' Dark clouds begin rapidly to accumulate in the north or the east. There is evidently an excitement and commotion in the upper regions; something unusual has taken place, and 'the hue-and-cry' is raised. Crowds are leaving their every-day business, and rushing in promiscuous confusion to see what is going on. A few ragged, straggling streaks of vapor are driving on furiously, leading the van, the first to see and give the alarm. Then follow some very respectable leaders, but evidently in great agitation and excitement. Then comes the whole 'rabble route,' eagerly and confusedly hurrying forward, attended by a furious wind, pelting rain, peradventure hail-stones, clouds of dust and dried leaves, straw and shavings! Then come the slamming of blinds, shutters, doors and windows, and the rattling and tearing of every thing light and loose. The 'week's washing' on yonder clothes'-line, standing up straight in the air, whipping and snapping, is striving as eagerly to escape and join the 'melee' as children to rush out of doors and follow the 'train-bands.' Wo to the unfortunate pedestrian whom it encounters: while he protects his eyes, his hat is off to swell the motley crowd! Wo to the quiet, unsuspecting student, who has unwittingly left open the window of his sanctum; letters, papers, manuscripts, are whirled hither and thither, in hopeless confusion!

But the 'hurry-skurry' passes by; a few sober, quiet, aristocratic-looking clouds, in a dignified manner, follow slowly after, bringing up the rear; the sun shines out clear and bright as before, and mortals proceeded to the work of 'putting things to rights.'

But there are the most grand and touching associations connected with the cloud, wholly independent of its glorious beauty and endless variety. It was for centuries the sensible symbol of the presence of the ETERNAL. When the vengeance of the ALMIGHTY had taken man away from the face of the earth; when the deluge had subsided, and the first smile of sun-light beamed upon a purified and renovated world, HE set his bow upon the cloud, the seal of the promise that seed-time and harvest should ever after supply the wants of the numberless de-

pendants on His bounty and goodness, and that the changing seasons should recur with unerring regularity, until the things which are seen and temporal shall be lost in the things which are unseen and eternal. And so when it was designed to afford to the 'father of the faithful' a vision of the mysteries of the spiritual world, and to withdraw for a brief space the veil which conceals the events of coming years, the cloud which rested on the distant summit of Moriah guided him in his heart-trying journey through the wilderness, to the spot where, centuries after, the great atoning sacrifice, the crowning work of man's redemption, and of which the commanded sacrifice of the child of his old age was but a shadow and a type, was finally to be effected. And in the triumphant exodus of his chosen people from the land of bondage, the divine presence beamed bright and glorious from the cloud on the camp of the Israelites, but poured dark and gloomy upon the troubled hosts of Egypt. And in all their subsequent devious wanderings,

'By day along the astonished land  
The cloudy pillar glided slow,'

marking the way prescribed by their divine guide. And after their settlement in the promised land, when Israel's monarch had completed his magnificent temple for the worship of JEHOVAH, amid the solemn and imposing ceremonies of its dedication, the mysterious cloud marks the divine acceptance of the offering. So too, the awe-struck multitude from the foot of Sinai beheld the dark cloud envelop its summit, and the prophet and law-giver with reverential fear ascend the mountain and disappear in the thick darkness where God was ! And centuries afterward, when the blessed REDEEMER, leaving the cares and sufferings of his earthly humiliation, ascends to the summit of Tabor, to commune for a while with the spirits of the just made perfect, the bright cloud again announces the presence of divinity. And again, when he had conquered death and hell, and burst the prison of the grave, and brought life and immortality to man, and was ascending in triumph to the heaven he had left, a cloud received him from the gaze of his wondering disciples. And when time shall be no longer, and the last scene of probation shall be unrolled, the JUDGE of quick and dead, before whose face the earth and heavens shall flee away, shall appear in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory !

TRUE FREEDOM: A SONNET.

On ! what is Freedom ? Say, is that man *free*  
Who wears no shackles on his outward frame,  
And knows no lord his weary toil to claim,  
Or force obseance on the bended knee ;  
Who yet is bound with *bosom* slavery,  
And dares not in the face of men to name  
His thoughts and feelings lest they bring him shame ?  
Call him not *free* ! 't is hollow mockery !  
Let him the name of 'freeman' only wear  
Who heralds forth the truth with curbless tongue :  
Who stands erect his fellow men among,  
And scorns the coward's abject name to bear !  
His name with that of heroes shall be sung,  
And he, their equal, will their glory share !

Rochester, (N. Y.)

BYRON HENRY BACON.

## TO MRS. L. G. R...., ON HER MARRIAGE.

DEAR lady! pardon me the crime  
 If haply my too careless rhyme  
 Disturb, at this auspicious time,  
     A mother's soft caressings;  
 While yet thine eyes are moist and dim  
 With recent tears, and round the rim  
 Of Jor's bright cup, now filled to him,  
     There dance a thousand blessings.

I have not known thee well, nor long;  
 Our meeting was amid the throng;  
 The cadence of the passing song  
     Was scarce more quickly ended:  
 But with thine unobtrusive grace,  
 The fond remembrance of thy face,  
 Which time nor change may e'er erase,  
     What kindly thoughts are blended!

Henceforth thy childhood's life shall be  
 A habitation shut to thee,  
 And lost for aye the golden key  
     To all its wayward fancies:  
 And girlhood's giddy time shall seem  
 The sweet illusion of a dream,  
 Or as some half-forgotten theme  
     From out the old romances.

But grieve not, lady! on the past,  
 'Twas all too beautiful to last;  
 Thy future's lines may yet be cast  
     In 'places' quite as 'pleasant':  
 And others seek, with friendship's wile,  
 Thy gentle sorrows to beguile,  
 As tenderly as they whose smile  
     Makes glad the fleeting present.

'Tis sad to leave the haunted glade,  
 The homestead where thy presence made  
 A mellow sunshine in the shade,  
     Like WORDSWORTH'S highland beauty:  
 But he whose arm thy footsteps stays  
 Shall lead thee through the coming days  
 Along the green and quiet ways  
     Of holy faith and duty.

And thus with all that love endears,  
 With him to share thy hopes and fears,  
 May'st thou live on, till added years  
     Of age give timely warning:  
 Then be it thine on joys to muse  
 That still around thy path diffuse  
 A radiance softer than the hues  
     Of life's unclouded morning.

## L I N E S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

To me — to me, in Beauty's smile who live,  
 What boot the thousand blessings life can give,  
 If every hour the clock's complaining tone  
 Tell's me to put my camel's saddle on !  
 How can the careless wanderer by the shore,  
 Where no winds ruffle and no waters roar,  
 Know the condition of the tempest-tossed  
 When hope, and health, and all save life is lost ;  
 Or thou, all cold and loveless as thou art,  
 Guess at the wretchedness of HAFIZ' heart,  
 When to his bosom Love and Zephyr bear  
 The musky odors of his Beauty's hair !

## S K E T C H E S O F T H E E A S T.

FROM OUR ORIENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

Among the twelve lunar months of the people of the East, there is one which is considered by Mussulmans as being holier than any other. This is the moon or month of *Ramazán*, and it is never written without the title of the 'Blessed' being attached to it. Their prophet, (a wonderful man he was,) commanded all his faithful followers to observe it as a fast ; and from the earliest dawn, to the setting of the sun, no 'Mohammedan,' who has any respect for his religion, will disobey this command. Those only are excepted who are ill, or on a long journey which renders its observance a matter of impracticability, in which case however they must make amends for the indulgence by fasting for the same length of time during one of the other months. When, by the changes of the lunar months, the fast occurs in the heats of summer, it falls heavily upon the laborer, who can neither smoke, eat nor drink during the whole length of a warm day. The first privation seems to be regarded as the greatest ; for no fond lover ever looks oftener and more tenderly upon the face of his fair mistress than does the fasting Mussulman upon the silent and insensible charms presented to his eye by his forbidden *Tchibook* and tobacco-bag ; and did there exist but a spark of that burning spirit of poetry in the breast of the Islamites which flames up so brightly in the bosoms of the people of the West, on less inspiring occasions, many an ode would certainly be entitled, 'The Mussulman in Ramazán to his Prophet-forbidden pipe.'

The Sultan anxiously tries to wile away the live-long day by incog-

nito excursions to his various establishments, or to the many attractive parts of his immense capital, or its suburbs on the Bosphorus. The Pacha rises near noon, and after performing the *Namaz*, or prayer of that part of the day, unwillingly steps into his spacious barge, and is conducted to his bureau at the Sublime Porte. What business he performs is but half done : when pressed to have the most trifling service rendered, he is prone to reply that 'it is Ramazan,' and it must lie over until its close. The subordinate, the clerk, even the attendant about the great man, does not hesitate to dismiss the applicant on the same excuse. A couple of hours at the office, then back again to the cool and comfortable repose of the summer-house or *yalee*, on the Bosphorus, where, freed from irksome applications, every moment is counted, until the booming of the cannon of the neighboring fortress announces that the great enemy of his tastes and pleasures, the sun, has disappeared in the western horizon. By this time his invited guests have arrived, and the uncalled and unbidden to the feast (for Ramazan is the soul of Mussulman hospitality) have collected near the bountiful host ; the *Iftar* or break-fast, is partaken of ; the sun-set *Namaz* is performed ; the evening feast is enjoyed ; and, amid clouds of fragrant smoke, peace-offerings to avenged heaven, the light conversation, the tale, the anecdote, and the laughter of mirth, and forgotten discontent, replace the miseries of the past.

The same may be said, in a modified sense, of all the officers of the government, the wealthier merchants, and even of the shop-keepers of the capital. They all follow the pastimes of doing nothing ; the 'far niente' without the 'dolce', and the month is a holiday to the man as well as to the youth. Daily laborers, the mechanic, the porter, and the boatman on the Bosphorus, are those who suffer most, both from the loss of water as well as of the pipe. Deep-seated respect for their religion sustains them, conscientiously, through the temptations which beset them at every fountain or in every coffee-shop ; and no one can see the half-expiring *caikji* toil at his heavy oar under a burning sun, with streams of perspiration flowing down his scorching features, without feelings of pity mingled with admiration.

In the latter part of the month, Turkish ladies flock to the bazaars to purchase new dresses for themselves, their husbands, and their children and slaves for the coming Festival of Bairam, which lasts during three merry days in the following month of Shâvâl. Carriages, horses and caiques are now in uncommon repute ; and if the poor laborer has suffered during the fast, he now finds an abundant harvest in the succeeding feast.

In the latter part of the Fast of Ramazan a friend and myself went to dine with one of the Pachas of the highest rank in Constantinople. We were among the unbidden, but not for that the less welcome, of his guests. Leaving the quiet nook in the Bosphorus where I reside, Bebek, we stepped into a caique with two pairs of oars, and a short time before sun-set were speeding our way up the stream toward the residence of the Pacha, the heights of Candillee, whence a view of almost the entire length and breadth of the noble stream on which we floated is seen to better advantage than from any other spot ; the



· Heavenly Waters' offering indeed a heavenly scene of sun-set at the evening hour ; the castles of Europe and of Asia on either hand ; the swift current near the former, and the gentle widening of this narrowest part of the straits which separate these two of the greater continents of the world, here once connected together by Xerxes' bridge ; the gentle banks of either shore, indescribably beautiful at this hour ; and the varied edifices extending both on the right and on the left, as far as the eye could reach, all united to form the delights of our evening's excursion. And beside these, there was a silent charm in the sensations which arose from the gentle motion of the frail caique which sped us on our way, almost indescribably pleasant. Admirably formed for stemming the swift current of the Bosphorus, as well as for speed, the caique in the hands of a Greek or Mussulman boatman is propelled with a velocity almost incredible. They glide by each other with fearful rapidity, and when their inmate sees nothing but certain destruction from the collision which threatens to burst asunder the thin and weak gunwales, a gentle turn of the oar, quite imperceptible, turns the sharp bows from its course, and then it hastens onward to more and still greater apparent perils.

Dozens of caiques, propelled by from one man to six, some slowly winding along the shore, others more boldly breasting the strong current, were speedily passed or they swiftly swept by us. The air was cool and refreshing ; the rays of the setting sun still clung to the summits of the Asiatic heights, and the whole scene was one which is beheld nowhere save in the East. At the point on which stands the ' Roomalee Hissar,' or European Castle, are always found a number of men with cords ready rolled up, and prepared for towing caiques through the swift current, which renders the passage at some seasons, when strong northerly winds prevail, almost impracticable. With the aid of a couple of these ' helps' our little caique was dragged through the water in a manner quite ruthless, giving our boatmen however a moment of leisure to shake up their sheep-skin seats, grease their rolling-pins, and dry the handles of their apparently clumsy oars. Then, after casting ashore to said assistants one piastre, about four cents, they resumed their oars with refreshed vigor.

A short row brought us to the Pacha's dwelling, or as it is called here, his *Yallee*, viz., ' Summer-House on the water's edge.' A few of his people still lingered about the entrance, impatient to see the smoke rise over the cannon of the castle : at the head of the lofty stair-case a group of persons were collected together, who had just performed their evening's ablutions, preparatory to breaking their evening fast ; and among these stood our host, his sleeves rolled up, and his face and hands and bare arms reeking with the purifying fluid which befits a Mussulman for partaking of his CREATOR's bounties, as well as for adoring Him. Bidding us welcome, we followed him into his apartments of general reception : there he seated himself opposite the entrance, on the great rich velvet sofa which extended along the windows, commanding a view of the Bosphorus. In respect for the rank of our host, all his *arrives* sat down on the settees and chairs of red morocco, of English manufacture, which extended on the parallel sides of the

apartments. Beside his welcome, and the usual inquiries after our respective healths, but little conversation ensued. He held a costly chronometer in his hand, and his anxious eyes wandered oftener to it than toward us; now he uttered a few words of a prayer appropriate to the holy month of Ramazan or repeated a disconnected line in Arabic from the Korân, and now ejaculated an *Amin* to that of one of the company. Presently his servants brought before each of us a small round stand, on which lay a tray containing a dish of thick soup, a few bits of roll and bread, and some small vessels holding relishes, such as fish-roe, caviar, olives, and sardales. Again an anxious look at the time-piece, and at a clock standing in an alcove in the room, which ticked and indicated passing minutes with the most pertinacious regularity. I really thought I could see dissatisfaction with the cruel Prophet depicted in the dull eyes, the rueful face, and the unquiet persons of all the Mussulmans present. In place of exclaiming with the dying man, 'Oh! for one more hour, or one more minute of time!' they all seemed to be ready to burst out in one suppressed exclamation, 'Will this long hour, this last minute, never end?'

But let me tell you the guests of the Pacha, into whose company and society we had thus suddenly, as it were, thrust ourselves. First, was an elderly Turkish gentleman of the old school, in dress and demeanor; an *Imâm*, or priest, from the great mosque of St. Sophia; an ex-Governor of Cesariah in Asia Minor; an officer of the army in command of the *corps de garde* near the old Castle of Europe; a chief clerk of the admiralty; the private secretary of the Pacha; and our two selves. The 'Old Gentleman' had the seat of honor, that is to say, he sat on a settee nearest to the Pacha, and his language and deportment soon attracted my attention to him, showing him to be decidedly the most oriental man in the room. He was dressed much in the costume of the Turks of Constantinople, previous to the reign of the late Sultan. He wore the full pantaloons and loose slippers, the rich shawl and capacious jacket, and the dignified white turban, which alas! has now quite disappeared before the devastations caused by the western 'civilization' which has invaded the East. His face was so ruddy and his bill-hooked nose so redolent of good cheer, that they would have done credit to an alderman; yet his sharp hazel-eye, and the quiet intelligence of his countenance, told volumes for his sobriety and virtue. I imagined him to be a wealthy merchant from the interior of Asia Minor, or a Pacha of olden times now residing at the capital in dignified retirement; and was not a little surprised when I learned, from a remark of the Pacha, that he was the '*Sheik*' or elder, of the convent on a neighboring hill, called that of the '*Shahidler*' or the Martyrs. While the moments hung so dully on our hands, and the Pacha's countenance evinced more and more impatience, the Sheik was the only one present who could venture to break silence, which he did by the recital of a verse from the Korân, or a traditional saying of the Prophet, or with a gentle smile responding to the casual remark of our host.

At length the heavy but sharp report of a distant cannon fired from the strong castles from the Black Sea conveyed the glad tidings of the

setting of the sun. Scarce had the sound died away, than it was followed by another, less distant, then another and another, quite a good minute before the gun of the castle near us, of 'Roomlie Hissar,' gave permission to the 'faithful' to break their fast. Candles were now hurriedly brought into the room and put down on a table, and the Pasha, suddenly laying down his watch, dipped his spoon into the now almost cold soup before him, and thus made his 'Iftar,' or breakfast. The Sheik was next in succession; and, as Stephens humorously says on an occasion which called forth all his courage, 'the precise length of time which it took us to follow suit is not worth the mention.'

A mouthful of soup, a morsel of roll, an olive or two, with a sup in the little dish of exquisite citron preserves, were succeeded by pipes and coffee all round. I need not say that this was the work almost of a minute; that it was executed in breathless silence, and was followed by a respiration of relieved nature. When the Pasha had handed his cup to the servant nearest him, we all did the same; to have preceded him would have been impolite; then in silence the pipes of all the Mussulmans of the party were removed, and water was poured on our hands and dried with a separate towel held up to each one. The thick curtain which, as in all eastern houses, hung without the door of the apartment, was rolled up, and at the same moment the soft and harmonious voice of a 'Mollah,' or priest, in the hall, commenced crying out the invitation to prayer of the Mohammedan formula, commencing with '*Allahn ekber ! Allahn ekber !*' or 'God is great ! God is great !'<sup>\*</sup> hurried all our companions to the evening 'Namaz' of Ramazan.

No one can witness the spectacle of a body of Mussulmans at their devotions without feeling respect and admiration for their simple piety. On the floor of the Pasha's hall were spread several rich Persian carpet rugs, free from any impurity, called here 'Sedjaday,' or worshipping carpets. On the edge of these, facing the 'Kibleh,' or point of the compass where Mecca is supposed to be, stood an 'Imaam' with upraised arms, his thumbs behind his ears, his fingers shading his cheeks and eyes, leading the prayer. His words were sometimes from the Koran; at others he used the particular prayer ordered by the Prophet himself for the solemn occasion, more chanted than spoken; and the musical intonations natural to the Arabic tongue sounded very pleasantly upon the ear, and gave rise to feelings of awe and devotion which the loudest peals of an organ or the shrill tolling of bells fail to inspire. Of all the artificial means used to draw man's thoughts and reflections from the things of this world and to turn them heavenward, nothing affects him so impressively as the natural harmony and music of the human voice. He who hears the 'Muezzin' calling the 'faithful' to their devotions from the lofty minaret, at the still hour of night, will readily admit the truthfulness of this remark. In dignity the human voice is superior to the jingling of a bell, and consequently makes a more lasting and profound impression upon the mind. It well suits the humble

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<sup>\*</sup> '*Allahn ekber*' grammatically signifies that 'ALLAH is the greatest of gods;' that is to say, greater than the Trinitarian gods of the Greeks and the Catholics.

Arab or the proud Turk, and was one of the many wise regulations of Mahomet.

Great and wonderful prophet! false thou art indeed deemed; yet thy life, thy death, the story of thy conduct, and the fidelity shown by thee to thy doctrines, show that thou wert *not* an impostor, and that thou verily didst believe in thine own inspiration. Thou didst raise the idolizing Arab to the worship of a 'one true God, who is eternal, who neither begets nor was begotten, nor who has any equal to HIMSELF.' Thou didst teach a pure and natural religion; that of man's entire resignation to the providences of the all-powerful, the all-wise, and the all-just ALLAH. And can it be that thine own perfect resignation to His will may not have merited a share in the clemency and compassion for the sinful which thou ever didst advance as His chief characteristic? Had thy life been spared a few years longer, those Christians of the East best acquainted with the history of thy 'life and times' believe thou wouldst have finally led the Arab from his wretched idolatry, through the external forms and sensuality of Islamism, to that purer faith which has made the Christian superior to the Mussulman, and thus have completed thy mission. Thy religious ordinances were suitable to the then condition of the Arabs, as those of Moses were to the people of Israel, and are not more curious in their nature.

The evening *namaz* lasted quite half an hour, but was far from being wearisome to me. Indeed it seemed one of the most eastern parts of the scene which I now humbly endeavor to describe. The sound of the prayers, some forty or fifty in number, including all of the Pasha's attendants; their rising to their feet or falling on their knees, or pressing their foreheads in humble adoration upon the carpet, together with the musical chant of the Imaam, excited in me other emotions than those of weariness; and the many 'Allahn ekbers' of the Mussulmans were strongly associated in my mind with the 'Jekbirs' of the Arab troops of the great and wise Caliph Omar, when they attacked the Sassanide fire-worshippers of Persia, or of the Saracen, or the Moor, as he hurriedly rushed onward to death and to martyrdom in the battle-fields of Syria or of Granada.

When his devotions were ended, the curtain of the apartment in which we sat was again pulled aside, and the Pasha, followed by his company, reëntered the apartment in which we sat. Each individual resumed his seat and reposed a moment from the exercise of the *namaz*. Scarcely was conversation resumed, when the curtain was once more upraised, and the Pasha's chief servant announced that dinner was served.

Now, following our host, we passed through the hall, where the carpet still lay spread upon the floor, and turning to the right, entered a suite of apartments belonging to the dining-room. Here we found the attendants waiting, each with a towel, upon which we wiped ourselves after undergoing another ablution. Then passing into a room, in the centre of which stood an ordinary oval table, of the usual height, we all seated ourselves around it. On the walls of the room were hung lithographic portraits of some of the higher officers of the Sultan, who, during their missions to London, had their likenesses taken for distri-

bution among their friends; and the only furniture it contained, beside the table and its chairs, was a low broad sofa under the windows looking out upon the Bosphorus. This room, as well as the others, had its windows shielded from without with lattices, like those of the harem, which, when the sashes were open, admitted yet broke the strength of the cool evening breeze.

The Sheik sat on the Pasha's right hand, and I on his left; a servant hung a napkin over each of our necks, and placed another, neatly folded, and of a finer texture, beside each of our plates, on which to wipe our fingers. Every plate had by it a couple of spoons of bone, but no knives nor forks; and a mug of sherbet, with its cover on, stood by every person's plate. A circle of small dishes ran round the table, containing each a little quantity of fish-roë, caviar, sardales and olives, and beyond these another row, with fruits, melons, preserves, etc. In the centre of the table was a thick mat, or rather cushion, of embroidered morocco leather, on which each dish in succession was laid; and, commencing with a thick and rather acrid soup, we all, following the Pasha, who set the example, dipped our spoons into it and conveyed it to our mouths. This may seem difficult, but is not so in reality; I took care not to over-fill my spoon, to scrape it on the edge of the vessel, and then, with my eyes attentive to its proper poise, carried it in a direct line to my mouth. My chin being held immediately over the plate set before me, any part which might escape or slip between the spoon and my mouth did not fall on the cloth. While we partook of one dish, a servant stood by with another; and in this way some twenty kinds of food were hastily tasted and carried away in succession. The spoons were used for but a few of the dishes, and for the greater number the fingers were brought into requisition. They succeeded each other somewhat in the following manner: soup, vegetable stew, fried fish, 'kibobs,' (bits of meat roasted on a skewer,) stewed prunes, broiled chickens, milk and rice, stewed okra, meat-balls, stewed quinces, fried egg-plant, pasty balls, a delicious dish of thin pastry, somewhat resembling a custard, and which, as my friend remarked, was as 'slippery as uncertain friends,' that defied my fingers and spoon, and much to my regret, was given up in despair, honey-cakes, pasties, all *à la Turque*, and finally, the ever-closing national eastern dish of excellent pilau.

I am sure that I have not remembered more than one-half of the dishes. All were really excellent; the meats neither half raw, as required by civilized cannibals, nor yet stewed to fragments; served up in an order which would be considered by some rather in no order at all, and by others, 'out of order.' The rule evidently was to combine the *utile* with the *dolce*. We ate of the ragouts, or partook of the fruits and melons, or preserves, just when we pleased; for they were intended rather as incentives to appetite than, as with us, as extra bal-last when the good ship can properly contain nothing more. No one touched the sherbet until at an established period of the repast, when the Pasha, removing the cover of his mug, bade us all do the same. It was tasteful, and iced, with a flavor of the sweet pomegranate, and gave new vigor for what ensued. On setting down our mugs, we all

expressed our good wishes to the Pasha and to each other. I need scarcely add that no wine or spirits were used at the dinner.

On tasting the delicious dish before mentioned, one of the company exclaimed that it reminded him of an anecdote of the celebrated eastern despot named Hedjadje, in Arabia, who once entertained a poor Arab at his luxurious table. When a certain dish, much relished by Arabs, was laid before him, this one could not restrain his impatience until the host should first put his hand into it; but hastily taking up a handful of it, carried it at once to his mouth, to the great displeasure of Hedjadje, who in a tone of fierceness swore that he would order the head to be struck off of the first person who should again touch the dish without his permission. This severity daunted every one present, even the poor Arab, who perhaps had never before enjoyed such a luxury, except in imagination. A dead silence immediately ensued, which was first broken by the humble object of Hedjadje's anger. Unable to resist, he turned to his wife and children, who stood respectfully in a corner of the room, and bade them all farewell, and to be faithful subjects of his host; and then, once more plunging his fingers deep into the delectable food, resigned himself to his certain fate. No better compliment could be paid to the viand of the despot, and good nature luckily overcame for once his cruel severity.

At the close of the repast, which was a short but lively one, (people of the East waste no time over their meals,) the Pasha rose from his seat, and, followed by his guests, proceeded to the adjoining apartment, where we all washed our hands and mouths. Then returning to his saloon, we there resumed our seats and conversation. Pipes and coffee for each were next offered by the Pacha's well-trained and attentive attendants; the same in number as when he was Grand Vizier; and was soon afterward followed by a bountiful cup of ice-cream. At no time during our visit was any reference whatever made to the political news of the day: anecdotes and stories, sometimes appropriate to the occasion, were the only subjects of conversation. Among these I may mention the following, by the *Mutasalim*, or (ex) Sub-Governor of Cesariah, who, in speaking of that ancient city and its famed mountain, said: 'Once a Frank, just like our friend opposite me, (in my absence he would probably have said the *Ghiaour*, infidel,) visited Cesariah, accompanied by only one servant, who spoke our language, and asked leave of my deputy to ascend the mountain. Now as no man had ever been known to return alive who had made this fearful attempt, my deputy, a prudent and humane person, declined giving the Frank his permission; but on the matter being referred to me, I at once said: 'Let him go; his head rests upon his own head, and we always (looking at me in rather an uncertain manner) have plenty of such good friends left.' So putting on a pair of leather inexpressibles, a leather jacket, and a *thing* (looking at my beaver) also of leather, (something like that one,) he, accompanied by one of the people of the town, a mad-cap like himself, set out one morning on his travels. All I ever heard of him after this, was, that after ascending to a considerable elevation his guide refused to go any farther; and the Frank, having persisted in his foolish enterprise, fell from one of the steep acclivities and was

found by the guide quite dead. The matter having again been referred to me, I ordered his immediate interment. Neither the Greek, nor the Armenian, nor the Catholic community of the place, would allow his remains to be buried in the cemetery, from which circumstance I learned that the deceased had belonged to a sect in Frankistan called '*Fir Masson*, or *Purtistan*,' (Free Masons, or Protestants;) and you know that they *could* not possibly be admitted to rest among the '*Faithful*.' The Mollah of the town, a very pious and equitable person, made a list of all the deceased man's effects, ready to deliver them over to any *ettchi* (ambassador) or consul who might happen to claim them; and I suppose he holds them yet carefully. I only happen to remember the incident from the circumstance of an excellent spy-glass having been by mere accident left out of the list, and being referred to me for safe keeping I have it still.'

After this there were some desultory remarks about poetry, literature in general, and books, when the friend with whom I had come to the dinner, speaking through a perfect deluge of smoke which he had puffed around his head, observed to me that the best Turkish book he knew of was the *tchibook*.\*

The conversation happening to turn upon acts of benevolence, (among which I believe the ex-governor included the matter of the spy-glass,) the sheik before mentioned related an anecdote, which, like most good things of the kind, '*Si non é vero, é ben trovato*.'

'Once,' said he, 'a rich man, while seated at dinner with his wife, during the blessed month of Ramazan, heard a beggar knock at his door and ask for bread. Arising in anger, he with terms of harshness and severity drove the poor man away. Not long after this, the rich man became greatly reduced in circumstances, and being unable to support his wife, divorced her, and in extreme poverty begged his bread from door to door. The innocent wife married again; and it so happened, that once, when seated at the evening meal, or *iftar*, with her second husband, a beggar knocked at the door and asked for food. Her husband, handing her some bread and meat, bade her carry it to the poor man, which she hastened to do.

'Now what was the surprise of the woman, on opening the door, to perceive, under the tattered habiliments of the beggar, her first husband! Overcome with emotion, she, without making herself known to him, handed him the food, and then closing the door and returning to her husband, burst into tears. Greatly surprised at the sudden change in her appearance, her husband urged her to tell him the cause of her grief, which she did, greatly to his surprise. But judge of her own astonishment, when her husband told her that he himself had been the beggar to whom her first husband had so rudely and so irreligiously refused his charity!'

Every one present could not but see the appropriateness of the Sheik's story, and the aptness of its moral. It gave quite a serious turn to the meditations of the party, shown by fresh clouds of thick smoke from the *tchibooks*, which extended from the floor of the apart-

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\* The long Turkish pipe is called *Tchibook*.

ment to the mouths of each one present. Indeed, I felt that some one might deem it proper to rise and raise a collection for the benefit of the poor; but this is not customary among the 'people of the East,' where each person bestows directly his own charity or alms upon the poor, without its passing through the apathetic hand of a third party.

Before the evening had closed, the conversation had turned upon the 'wonders of creation,' a subject much in vogue in the East, and I ventured on a few sketches of our Indians, (*Wild Men* the Turks call them,) among which I related the account given by them of the origin of grain, beans, tobacco, etc., viz: by the visit of an angel, who after seating herself (I was not quite sure of the sex) upon the ground, in the midst of one of their tribes, these different blessings sprang up spontaneously from the spots touched by her body. When I added that they attribute the odor of tobacco to the circumstance of this herb having grown from the seat of the angel, the Pasha kindly honored me with a smile; but the old Sheik, who was just then half concealed in a cloud of the odiferous smoke from his *ichibook*, stopped smoking for a moment, stroked his venerable beard, and looked rather grave.

I added an abridged account of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and have reason to fear that, notwithstanding I had shown the most profound interest and faith in two or three very wonderful stories about mermaids and a ship-wreck or two on islands in the ocean yet unknown to our very best sailors, and subsequent adventures of one or more of the passengers, which make those of Robinson Crusoe immensely tame, told by one or two persons present, mine were put down as perfect fables.

About midnight the company dispersed. Each one in turn begged the Pasha's permission to retire, and this being accorded, they would hurry out of the room almost before he and the remainder could rise. To have done otherwise would have been ill-bred and quite disrespectful. When the party was reduced to the Pasha and ourselves, he informed us that our beds were prepared for us; and supposing that we would depart before his hour for rising in Ramazan, he took leave of us and retired into his harem, or the apartments of his wife, her mother, and their female slaves.

Like all eastern beds, we found ours on the floor of the apartment in which we were to spend the remainder of the night. Each bed was composed of two soft mattresses, a pile each of thin cotton pillows, one sheet on the upper mattress, and the other, of silk and cotton, sewed on to the inner side of the cotton coverlet, and a long night-gown, or sash, and a night-cap. As we were getting into bed, one of the Pasha's servants brought into the room a capacious tray, covered with bread, rolls, preserves, and a mug apiece of sherbet, on which to break our fast in the morning when we awoke.

When our slumbers were ended, the sun had already climbed over the heights of the opposite shores of Asia, and was peeping in upon us through the fine lattice-work of the windows. A morning-breeze was blowing down the Bosphorus, full of freshness and new life, and the mimic billows of that beautiful stream were beating upon the foot-path in front of the Pasha's summer dwelling, making a sound of the



most pleasant nature. We partook of the collation, performed our ablutions, and then quietly leaving the house, so as not to disturb the slumbers of its Mussulman inmates, were soon on our way down the Bosphorus to our own homes.

J. P. B.

*Constantinople, August, 1849.*


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I R E L A N D ' S F A M I N E : A L A M E N T .

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BY WILLIAM F. MULCRINOCK.

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I.

With wailing and weeping  
 Our vigils we're keeping ;  
     Both daily and nightly,  
 Death-garlands we're twining ;  
 The hopes that shone brightest  
 Are darkly declining ;  
     The hearts that beat lightest  
     No longer beat lightly.

II.

Than worker or toiler,  
 The hand of the spoiler,  
     Dread famine is stronger ;  
 In lowland and highland  
     The green stalks are faded ;  
 In far-land and nigh-land  
     The toilers unaided  
     Can struggle no longer !

III.

No hope for the weeper,  
 But darker and deeper  
     And deadlier sorrow ;  
 To us has high Heaven  
     Sent ills without number ;  
 Our hearts, crushed and riven,  
     Can rest not nor slumber,  
     With dread of the morrow.

IV.

And cometh, remember,  
 The bitter December ;  
     On wings it speeds hither,  
 To find hearts wrung sorest  
     Without a roof's cover ;  
 Like leaves of the forest  
     When summer is over,  
     Foredoomed but to wither.

## V.

That sharp winter weather  
 Will pierce us together ;  
     Like aspens we 'll shiver ;  
 Our dark fate pursuing,  
     With lightning-quick motion  
 We glide on to ruin,  
     As rushes to ocean  
     A rain-swollen river !

## VI.

A glad hour we know not ;  
 The future can show not  
     Our rent barques a haven ;  
 Our iron-souled master  
     Deaf, deaf to our 'plaining,  
 But plies the scourge faster,  
     Our limbs again chaining,  
     Meet food for the raven.

## VII.

Like unto Gomorrah  
 Or Sodom\* of sorrow,  
     Our land shall a waste lie ;  
 While Famine and Fever,  
     Those toilers unresting,  
 By day or night ever  
     His food go out questing  
     For DEATH pale and ghastly !

## VIII.

Our dead from their prison  
 Of cold clay arisen,  
     In spectral bands gather ;  
 Our hearts hear their moving  
     Low calls in the even ;  
 In tones soft and loving  
     They whisper of Heaven,  
     And God the ALL-FATHER.

## IX.

Haste, haste then, ye grieving,  
 Your white shrouds be weaving,  
     Though little you need 'em ;  
 Kind DEATH, whom in madness  
     We call ' Desolator,'  
 Will place you in gladness  
     Beside your CREATOR,  
     Where only is freedom.

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\* NEITHER ploughed nor sown ; a dry desert, inhabited by owls and wild beasts ; as a dry place breeding of nettles, and as heaps of salt.—BIBLE.

## Living Pulpit Orators.

THE REV. C. P. McILVAINE, D. D.

### POLEMICAL SHREWDNESS.

IN the three preceding articles we have presented examples of Christian dignity, professional industry, and gorgeous illustration. The subject of the present sketch, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio, by natural endowment and cultivated tastes combines in himself a large share of these traits, but is particularly distinguished by a fourth quality, with which, in our portraiture, he stands characterized. Let us at the outset define the terms we apply to this excellent divine.

In speaking of Dr. McIlvaine as a polemic, we beg to be understood as using the term in an amiable sense only. It would be great injustice toward this Christian gentlemen should we intimate in the slightest degree that from native temperament or religious delight he has ranked himself among that sour and captious race of saints whose highest joy consists in making the pulpit 'a stage to feed contention in a lingering act.' His chief pleasure and habitual pursuit lies in teaching the most unquestioned doctrines; and whenever he enters the arena of polemical gladiatorship, it is not so much from choice as necessity, using weapons of the greatest polish and force, but always in the most magnanimous style. It is not his ambition to follow the advice given to a tyro at a Tipperary row, 'Wherever you see a head, hit it!'

In saying too that Dr. McIlvaine is a shrewd polemic, we would not imply anything like low cunning, or ignoble dealing with his antagonists. It cannot be reasonably inferred from his writings that this good shepherd believes the best way to bring home a wandering sheep is by worrying him to death. His defence of doctrine is open and magnanimous, grounded on clearly-defined principles, and what he conscientiously believes to be divinely-appointed truth. In this respect he resembles Milton, who said: 'To us nothing can be catholic or universal in religion but what the Scripture teaches; **WHATEVER WITHOUT SCRIPTURE PLEADS TO BE UNIVERSAL IN THE CHURCH, IN BEING UNIVERSAL IS BUT THE MORE SCHISMATICAL.**' When the Bishop has once taken his position, the dialectics he employs are severe, and the deduction thence flowing is legitimate, but neither repulsive on account of obtuse persistency nor contemptible from its air of petty quibbling. Congreve, in one of his plays, has given us a good specimen of this latter class of debaters:

'PETULANT. If he says black's black, if I have a humor to say it's blue, let that pass. All's one for that. If I have a humor to prove it, it must be granted.

'WITWOULD. Not positive must; but it may, it may.

'PETULANT. Yes, it positively must; upon proof positive.

'WITWOULD. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now.'

Sir Thomas Brown observes: 'All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again, according to the Ordainer of order and mystical mathematics of the City of Heaven.' This awful sentence, spoken by the Philosopher of Norwich, expresses the spirit which actuates the lofty masters of the art bablative. Burke has declared that nothing is more obdurate than the heart of a thorough-paced metaphysician. It is certain that this class of persons are usually the most tiresome, since as many octavo volumes as compose Malthus' *Essay on Population* they would employ to prove that no existing circumstance could at this time be what it is, unless all preceding circumstances had from the beginning of time been precisely what they were. Their display of erudition is fearful, while their exceedingly practical and profitable deductions are but vapid truisms blown into illustrious bubbles. They are full of polemical censoriousness and metaphysical profundity, saying with Arbuthnot: 'I have arguments good store, and can easily confute, either logically, theologically, or metaphysically, all those who oppose me.' They dwell upon their astute dogmas until they become a mere precision in speech; think exclusively of their own bigoted meaning, until they lose sight of all meaning; and appear both to themselves and others dark and mysterious as chaos and outer night. In view of broad orthodoxy and a manly demeanor, they might exclaim with Goëthe's suicide with respect to those other obscurities: 'Death! grave! I understand not the words!' A really substantial faith, embodied in a beneficent life, they care little about, but are excessively prolific in arid and thorny disquisitions and argumentations on

'PROVIDENCE, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And find no end, in wondering mazes lost.'

When Elizabeth was told that Mary, Queen of Scots, was an inch taller than herself, she passionately replied: 'Then she is an inch too tall.' The same spirit impels those imperious divines who lay their Procrustes' bed in the presence of God's altars, and cut down all comers to the contracted proportions of their own contemptible notions. But, as we have before said, Dr. McIlvaine is not of this stamp. Among other proofs of the fact, see in particular the sermon on 'The Church of Christ,' which he delivered before the Directors of the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, in Philadelphia, October 25th, 1848. In this, as in numerous other publications, the distinguished individual in question shows himself to be a zealous Episcopalian, but one, in the true sense of the word, eminently Catholic in his views. He is regarded, we believe, as a low Churchman, but this is by no means the less favorable to his being a high Christian, most effective in preaching and useful with his pen.

In Dr. Stone's admirable Memoir of Dr. Milnor, there is an allusion to the subject of our sketch when he was chaplain of the Military Academy at West Point, in 1826. His labors in that capacity were greatly blessed; and during the summer of that year, says the biographer, 'the academy was agitated with the movements of that great awakening, from the fruits of which our church has selected several

of her bishops and other clergy.' About the first of June, Dr. Milnor was induced to visit West Point, for the purpose of spending a Sunday with his friend, and assisting him in the arduous labors to which he was then specially called. It was about the same time that the correspondence, of which a portion has been preserved, was opened. The first of the series from Dr. Milnor is wanting. The second is dated:

'New-York, June 8, 1836.

'MY DEAR BROTHER: My mind dwells with inexpressible delight on the transactions of the last Sabbath. Especially when I reflect on our evening interview with those dear youth who had given themselves to the Lord, and with their anxious companions, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that in the kind providence of God I was permitted to witness such a scene. The Lord God Almighty be with you, direct you to the best means of prosecuting a work so manifestly the product of His Spirit, and be your 'refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble,' should persecution assail you on account of the unexpected reward bestowed on your labors in his service,' etc., etc.

The writer goes on to speak of the depreciating remarks made by ungodly men respecting this revival, which most clearly prove that the work itself was thorough and of the greatest value. But there are many other proofs. For several years we were acquainted with an excellent rector in Richmond, Va., where he yet remains, who was one of the trophies won in that glorious spiritual warfare.

In 1832, while rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, and Professor of the Evidences of Revealed Religion and of Sacred Antiquities in the University of the City of New-York, Dr. McIlvaine published his work on the Evidences of Christianity. Therein is a great deal of what we mean by the polemical shrewdness of its author. It consists in taking the rich old bullion laid away in obsolete forms, and bringing it before the most endangered and yet most useful classes of men in a shape and style calculated to arrest their attention and renovate their minds. The remarks of a North American Reviewer are in point:

'THERE are several works of great excellence on the evidences of Christianity, which were written some seventy-five years ago, and some at a still earlier period, which are read and highly esteemed at this day by a few who care more for the spirit than the letter, more for the thought than the style; but with the great mass of readers, the fact of their having come down to us in the appropriate dress of the age in which they were produced makes them pass for little or nothing. Dr. McILVAINE's book is written in an unusually attractive and popular style, and will be read by many with whom naked fact and argument, apart from all literary attractions, would scarcely arrest, much less enchain, the attention. But there is yet another ground on which this publication is to be regarded as seasonable and important. We refer to the fact that it consists of a course of lectures designed particularly for young men. The rising generation are emphatically the hope of the world; for only a few years will have passed away before the whole moral machinery of the age will be in their hands. The present work is adapted with uncommon felicity to their taste and habits and circumstances. It will also be found that the fact of the author's having written with this class of hearers and of readers in his eye, in connexion with the uncommon perspicuity and felicitous arrangement and general excellence of the work, will secure to it an introduction as a text-book into some of our literary institutions.'

The work which the reviewer thus commended was adopted as a text-book in several colleges, has passed through many editions, and been the instrument of a vast amount of good. Its intrinsic worth and extended influence are indicated by the following extract of a published letter by Dr. Milnor, written April 21, 1834:

'A FEW days since I received a very kind letter from Dr. GREGORY, who speaks of you in the most affectionate terms, and of the gratification which it afforded him to have been instrumental in the publication of an English edition of your Lectures on the Evidences; a work which, he says, 'is highly esteemed by Lord BEXLEY, the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. DEALTRY, and other competent judges, and is getting into very good circulation in England.' He speaks also in terms of eulogy of your 'faithfully simple, and touching farewell sermon,' which he would have printed for private circulation, had he not lost the copy which you sent him.'

But the greatest monument of Dr. McIlvaine's orthodox piety and

polemical shrewdness is his work on 'Oxford Divinity,' with a special view to the 'illustration of the doctrine of Justification by Faith.' The influence of this work has spread all over Christendom, and has been highly appreciated even in India. The only testimony to its worth we need quote is that of Daniel Wilson, the excellent Bishop of Calcutta, who says, in a letter written on the sixteenth of September, 1841, to a leading divine in this country, recently deceased: 'Your Episcopal church has produced one of the most splendid and valuable works in divinity that I have ever read. Nothing since your Jonathan Edwards on 'Justification' and Dean Milner's 'History of Luther' has at all come near Bishop McIlvaine. I have read his masterly treatise with unmixed admiration, and shall write to him, I hope, by this very mail, to thank him most cordially. A twilight sermon of my own happened to come out just before the bishop's book, but was lost in his brilliancy.' Again, March the nineteenth, 1844, Bishop Wilson wrote: 'I rejoice to hear that so many of your bishops and clergy are alive and sound in the faith. I bless God especially for the talent and rare faithfulness of Bishop McIlvaine. His protest is admirable, and his late charge the very best thing that has appeared in so small a compass.'

The 'charge' referred to was delivered before the clergy of the Diocese of Ohio; and, like many other small works before us, cannot in this brief sketch be noticed in detail, but are all worthy of particular study. Leaving his many useful books to the reader's more deliberate perusal, let us glance a moment at the author's mind.

We have already stated that Dr. McIlvaine is not one of those astute and self-willed adversaries who labor most assiduously, with Be-lial in Milton, to 'make the worse appear the better cause.' He is a shrewd debater, when summoned by the law of necessity into the field of polemical strife; but it is for usefulness and not display that he puts the harness on. The unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics are far from being the domains he is most accustomed to explore, or the sources of his principal strength. He draws the outlines of an argument with a bold and free hand, and can invest the same with ideas as recondite as the acutest abstractionist may demand; but a spirit hallows his speculations of a loftier origin than earth affords, and a nobler end is in view than mere selfishness is wont to suggest. Addressing himself devoutly to the defence of doctrines which most vitally relate to man's temporal and eternal welfare, he rises above the fashions of the age and the low ambitions which too commonly rule religious leaders, remembering that, even among men divinely inspired, he who was at once the greatest and most deeply learned, preferred to speak five words to edification rather than to speak ten thousand in an unknown tongue. 'To grapple with principles of the widest span, without requiring so much as a momentary repose in the lap of mysticism, is an admirable power;' and this, we think, is an attribute by which the theological writings of Dr. McIlvaine are preëminently characterized. It is this trait that ever tends to

'AGAIN establish Reason's legal reign,  
Genius again correct with science sage,  
And curb luxuriant Fancy's headlong rage.'

A fine piece of writing, as well as a striking exposition of what this

Bishop desires to promote in the ministry, an excellence which himself exemplifies, is the preface he gave to the world in a volume of Melville's sermons. The whole of it is valuable, but we regret that we have no room for even a portion of it. Those who have known him best and longest believe that Bishop McIlvaine has voluntarily abandoned the chief resource of his popular strength. He has come to be a severe dialectician and firm defender of the creed he has professed. But it was not as a logician that he won his first fame. Always consistent as a Christian and discreet as a preacher, still in his earlier days there was a glow of emotion and splendor of ideal beauty in his discourses which exceedingly captivated the popular heart. Perhaps he saw that this was bearing him too far into the tempestuous regions of fanciful declamation, and he foreclosed the threatened danger by clipping close his wings and throwing away fine feathers enough to make the fortune of many feeble men. Originally, no one more than he saw and felt

‘The power, the beauty and the majesty  
That had their haunts in dell or piney mountain,  
Or forest, or slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths.’

He can still recall, in separate forms of fancy, these more fascinating sources of inspiration; but, in the maturity of more substantial powers, he has grown quite chary of their use.

Is this altogether right? Is it not desirable *ever* to possess that vehemence of feeling and that vivacity of imagination which will prompt and enable one not merely to treat a popular subject, but to treat an *abstruse* subject, popularly? The pre-requisites to this capacity are a fertile fancy and a rich memory, as well as that ingenious subtlety, that profuse and prodigal suggestiveness, which distinguished the old English divines, Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, South, and others, and which enabled them to make all subjects not only popular but irresistibly interesting. It is desirable, when possible, that the poet's imagination, the logician's art, and the deep reflection of the philosopher, should coalesce in every minister of CHRIST. The best order of intellect, armed with this multifarious acquisition, works all the better.

Horace Walpole said that ‘Butler was wafted to the see of Durham on a cloud of metaphysics.’ This may be a successful mode of procuring official promotion, but it certainly does not constitute the best religious food for the common people. While it is true, however, that miscellaneous multitudes should not have ‘strong meat’ dealt out to them perpetually, it is equally certain that they cannot long subsist on the unsubstantial prettinesses and enervating odors of flowers. Jeremy Taylor has been called the ‘Shakspeare of Divinity;’ a parallel that requires much limitation. He had great merits, undoubtedly; but a critic very justly observes, that ‘his illustrations are almost always for ornament. He does not employ a simile to clench his argument; he does not make even his fancy logical; but describes and paints for the pleasure of the picture. His similes, so delightful in the reading, must have been intolerably long for delivery. Public speaking requires greater compactness of mind than Taylor possessed, and yet we hear of his wonderful success, which was not slightly heightened by a beau-

tiful person, a face 'like an angel,' and an elocution that ravished all hearers with its swelling cadences and sweet intonations.'

Bishop McIlvaine combines in himself many of the good qualities of his great predecessors, and avoids many of their faults. So true is it that he 'knows all qualities with a learned spirit,' the remark once made on Daniel Webster may with justice be applied to him, that 'he has but to *state* a point to *argue* it.' He is evangelical in doctrine and earnest in his appeals to the conscience and reason of mankind. He believes that 'Nothing, not even the eloquence of creative imagination, has a greater hold over the mind of men than the exhibition of the grand realities of revealed truth in their naked elements, as they came from the mind of God; and when this is done with clear sight, strong realization, and impassioned conviction, the effect cannot but be powerful.' Habitually does he practise according to this rule, because he farther believes that, if true to the Gospel and the nature of man, he will thrill all mankind in every country and every age. He makes posterity his auditors, and says, with Zeuxis, '*In æternitatem pingo.*'

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A V E R Y C U R I O U S T R U E S T O R Y .

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BY PAUL MARTINDALE.

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PART THE FIRST.

A WAUGHTY maiden sent  
of an errand.

'T IS now some sixteen years ago,  
That on a balmy night in June  
A summer breeze, with odors laden,  
Boye away a spirit maiden  
To that inhospitable shore,  
Where with restless wild commotion  
Evermore

The frozen ocean  
Hurleth back with angry roar  
Defiance to the lurid glow  
That resteth upon HECLE's brow :  
Thither was she, in punishment,  
A messenger from FLORA sent.  
Thither she in sorrow went  
To pluck, if she might find it there,  
One beauteous flower,  
Which wizard power and wizard care  
Had nourished in that wintry air  
For many a year.

---

PART THE SECOND.

FINDETH what she went  
for.

UNDERNEATH a shelving rock,  
Sheltered from the storm's attack,  
Struggling up through moss and snow ;  
There condemned for aye to grow  
Unless some friendly maiden hand,  
Seeking that wild wintry land,  
Should evade the wizard's power,



Pluck it in its modest bloom,  
 And restore it to its home ;  
 Without or sun, or rain, or dew,  
 In lonely solitude it grew ;  
 Opening its white petals fair  
 To the damp and chilly air,  
     Which ne'er before  
 Had wooed so beauteous a flower.  
 While its brilliant ruby heart  
 Sparkled in the diamond light  
 Of thousand crystals snowy white,  
 Earnest seeking, there she found it,  
 Trembling to the breeze that bore her,  
 As if its full heart must adore her ;  
 Cautious plucked it, lest a stain  
 On its bright vesture should remain ;  
 In her golden tresses wound it,  
 On her swelling bosom bound it ;  
 Then with joyous shout away,  
 Retraced her course ere break of day !

## PART THE THIRD.

A country residence,  
 and the people who inhabit there.

FAR, far away in the sunny south,  
 Where skies are bright as the blush of youth,  
 Where broad savannahs gently waving  
     Lend their flowers  
 To perfume gales from other shores,  
 There, by the border of the sea,  
     Where constantly  
 Bright waves laving the pebbly beach  
     Break in soft minstrelsy ;  
 In a wild, shady nook,  
 Near where a running-brook  
     Murmureth ever :  
 Where no intruding sound is heard  
     Save song of bird,  
 Or leaf that by the wind is stirred,  
 Where foot of man trod never ;  
 There on a green enamelled throne  
 With Nature's fairest jewels thrown,  
 Clothed in garments rich and bright,  
 Woven from the rainbow's light,  
 Reclined the glorious Queen !  
 While around, her hundred maids,  
 Sported in the everglades ;  
 Each with each in beauty vying ;  
 Each some flower personifying,  
 Which, for talisman, with care  
 She ever wreathed in her hair !  
 Surely no fairer scene  
 Since the wide world began,  
     Ever hath been.

## PART THE FOURTH.

The maiden returns,  
 and her reception.

In radiant beauty from afar,  
 Like a shooting silver-star,  
 Soon the erring maiden came,  
 Laden with her precious gem ;  
 With one wild, ringing, joyous shout,  
 She held the priceless treasure out :

Then at FLORA'S feet she kneeled,  
Who on her lips forgiveness sealed.

PART THE FIFTH.

A metamorphose which  
imitates OVID.

For many and many a weary year  
Had that bright flower, now held so dear,  
Been lost to that fair band ;  
And as now with trembling hand  
To her throbbing heart she pressed it,  
Or with ardent lips caressed it,  
She washed away with joyous tears  
Each sad remembrance of those years,  
And then, lest wizard power or witches' charm  
Again should bring the treasure harm,  
She gave her high command, and lo !  
Instant transformed its beauties grow,  
And straight within her arms instead  
She pressed a beauteous little maid !

PART THE SIXTH.

Speech of an illustrious  
personage to a select au-  
dience.

'T WERE a lengthy tale, I trow, to tell  
The whole that on that night befel ;  
But this be sure there did betide,  
And many curious things beside,  
That FLORA, bending o'er her low,  
Pressed a lily on her brow,  
Saying, 'Such shall ever be  
Thy unsullied purity !'  
Then took a moss-rose from her zone,  
Which with glittering dew-drops shone ;  
'Perhaps some honest tongue,' said she,  
'May speak too loud its praise of thee ;  
Then these mantling blushes quick  
Shall tinge the velvet of thy cheek ;  
And thou for sign perpetually  
Shalt carry in thy beaming eye  
The violet's bloom, for modesty !'

PART THE SEVENTH.

Announces an important  
act, and concludes with a  
question which a punctili-  
ous person might consider  
personal.

OLD Time has sped some way, I ween,  
Since these curious things were seen ;  
And still, with wit and joy and mirth,  
Hither and thither on the earth  
That little maiden carries,  
Still those talismans of youth,  
Fair Modesty and earnest Truth,  
She with her carries !  
Graceful as the Naiad Queen,  
Or the Evening Zephyr, when  
Of summer leaves her harp-strings making,  
Her balmy breath their strains awaking,  
She o'er the lake at easiest leisure,  
Tripping slow to softest measure,  
Joins the lingering moonbeams, glancing  
O'er the polished surface, dancing  
With water-nymphs in airy ring,  
To her own sweet music's murmuring !  
Can'st thou tell me certainly  
Who this little maid may be,  
Oh ! Miss 'NELLA C — ?

## H A R R I E T : A C A N Z O N E T .

BY GEORGIANA M. STEER.

WHAT was that DAN CUPID said,  
 (Teasing foe of gods and men !)  
 When he furnished forth a maid ?  
 Bent on mischief was he then —  
 HARRIET ! HARRIET !

Gaily glanced her laughing eye,  
 Danced her footsteps light and free,  
 Eyes as blue as summer skies,  
 Heart than step more full of glee :  
 Furnished thus with weapons fit,  
 What of heart of man said he ?  
 'HARRY it ! HARRY it !'

What was that DAN CUPID said,  
 (Teasing foe of gods and men !)  
 Eying arch the laughing maid ?  
 Poising arrow even then,  
 HARRIET ! HARRIET !

'Merry maiden, laugh to-day,  
 Wreath thy rosy lips with smiles ;  
 Dimpled cheek nor bosom gay  
 Shall defend thee from my wiles.'  
 Then he breathed a whispered threat :  
 What did then DAN CUPID say ?  
 'HARRY yet ! HARRY yet !'

## M A Y - D A Y R E V E L S .

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Do N'T your thoughts in mid-winter, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, by the simple force of contrast, sometimes go back to spring and summer, and bring up before your mind's eye scenes as different as possible from those at the time around you ? *Mine* do, I confess ; and although the snow is now on the ground, and I have had to-day my first taste of sleighing, all alone, yet my mind has this evening 'gone a-Maying ;' and here is the result. 'Presto !' — and it is May !

MAY, at last ; long looked for by sanguine young hearts, and partly dreaded, partly welcome to us older folk. Every one knows that quiet is to an old bachelor the *ne plus ultra* of life ; but I have only enjoyed it by snatches, owing to a bevy of young relatives, and a troop of old friends, who are constantly invading my privacy, and advising me to marry. Having a good income, I retired from business at thirty, and applied myself to agriculture and study. I erected a snug cottage of the 'Elizabethan style' as it is termed, in the very wilderness ; that is, forty miles from any town, on a small branch of one of our noblest streams, with no neighbor within ten miles, save an industrious squatter. To this place I removed my books, my simplest furniture, and my rare shrubs, plants and annual flowers. A lawn sloped from the porch to the river, a river that had never been desecrated by aught save the Indian's canoe, until I launched my light shallop upon it.

Here for a few months I indulged my taste for soliloquy and quiet ; but one sunny day in autumn, my harum-scarum nephew, Tom Rattlefast, alighted, gun in hand on the porch ; and as he entered the door, QUIET slipped out on a two months' furlough ; at the expiration of which time my nephew also departed, to the great joy not only of his uncle, but of all the quails, partridges, and deer on the demesne. The short-sighted bore, not content with this, gave such a flourishing account of affairs at 'The Lodge,' as he styled my place, that a certain misanthropic bachelor, with a plethoric purse, was induced to reconnoitre our surroundings, and plant a rival lodge within a quarter of a mile of me ! For a long time I was sorely afflicted with 'the blues ;' for I could not go to the window without seeing the smoke of my neighbor's chimney rising up in fantastic gyrations from amidst the tall trees under whose branches I had had some of my most delightful soliloquies. I had mentally vowed to check every approach on his part to an acquaintance ; but my fears were needless. He was as shy as myself, and we had been neighbors upward of a year before accident revealed to me that his sister kept house for him.

The third summer of my residence here, a new neighbor, with a house full of young people, planted himself on my left ; and the arrival of a bevy of cousins, nieces, and nephews, full of curiosity to see 'Uncle's Lodge,' made me acquainted with my new neighbors, and banished forever the quiet I had so longed for. At the period therefore to which I allude, at the commencement of this page of my diary, I had settled down into a good-natured uncle, who allowed himself to be teased, coaxed and worried for six months in the year, with a hope of peace for the next six.

Among other fantastic notions, my nephew Tom had a passion for reviving old customs, and this year he had induced me to consent to keeping the first of May after the good old fashion. The squatter's children were now grown ; and these youngsters, with my left-hand neighbor's, and rattle-pates from New-York, formed quite a party, all agog with the idea of 'keeping May.' Some old folks found their way to the lodge as spectators and guardians ; so that, as you may conceive, I had a rare time of it. I was hunted, Sir, like a badger, from every hiding-place !

Such a littering of divers-colored bits of muslin and tissue-paper was never seen in these parts before ! A tall sapling, with a crown of leaves, was planted in a meadow hard by, and a tent pitched for the old folks to gaze from under ; and a long table of pine boards was placed at a convenient distance, with a raised seat for the Queen. I went out the last day of April to survey the preparations, and returned with my wide shoes full of insects ; for this was an unusually forward season.

Most of my guests passed a sleepless night, and came down late in full dress, without any appetite for breakfast. The two Lawlers soon arrived. Araminta had passed the Rubicon, yet called herself a 'child of Nature.' I do n't like these children of Nature ! They are the most unnatural offspring a parent was ever cursed with. That's my opinion, at least ; yes, and my experience, too ! Araminta wore her yellow hair in dishevelled masses, thinking it a sin to confine it with comb and braid.

She had a great many little airs and graces, and looked up in your face with an aspect meant to be artless, which fell short of the mark, and was only ridiculous. Pig-eyes and yellow locks don't accord well with the Madonna air! She hinted a right to the queenship; whereupon Tom averred, with a polite bow, that she had a claim, inasmuch as he believed that she was the oldest inhabitant; but the vote had fallen upon Miss Stacey, and he dared not interfere with the right of suffrage.

Lavinia, the second daughter of the squatter, was a hoyden, and wore yellow glass beads, brass rings, and mammoth figures in her dresses.

Miss Stacey, my neighbor's eldest daughter, was a stately beauty. She looked well in her queenly robes, and was tastefully arrayed.

We proceeded to the grounds. The old people were packed in the tent, and as bachelors are always young until they die of old age, I joined the circle, and linking hands with Miss Lavinia, capered as nimbly as any of them for a while; but that dull bumpkin, Bill Lawler, set his nail-studded heel flat upon my worst toe, and sent me howling to the tent, where I found a group of sympathizing faces. Mrs. Lawler was pale with sitting so long in one posture; and Mr. Lawler averred that 'a board on two barrels was the most unsteady seat *he* ever tried to sit upon before.' As he spoke, a loud cry sent us tumultuously to the ring, where we found the Queen unroyally stretched upon the grass, having fainted after placing her foot on a garter-snake!

Our attention was called from the Queen to a hubbub in the tent. It appeared that when heavy Mr. Lawler started to the Queen's aid, the restless barrels leaped down the slope upon which the tent stood, and pitched the matrons right and left, in a confused heap, while the tent trembled and threatened to follow the barrels. With some difficulty the gentlemen 'snaked' out their wives, while graceless Tom Rattlefast stood choking with suppressed laughter.

The dames started for home indignantly, malgré the entreaties of Tom, who promised full indemnification for injuries received. My Aunt Tabby was especially anxious to return; and Mr. Lawler confided to me that she told his wife that she had been suffering all the time with a May-bug in her stocking. I escorted these ladies home, and returned to the May-pole. The Queen had revived, and was trying to act her part in grass-stained garments. The collation was served early, for the Queen's mishap had discomforted her attendants. I secretly picked a spider out of the cream, and passed it around—the cream, I mean, not the spider. The viands were really tempting, and we began to be comfortable, when all at once a furious bellow started several to their feet. Up the meadow, with two dogs behind him, came an enraged and unexpected guest, onward to the collation. 'Mad bull!' cried all at the same instant; and such a scampering was never seen before! Tissue rosettes and floating scarfs were forgotten. All rushed for the stone-fence, each for himself and none for his neighbor. À-la-mode beef was nothing to that living mass tearing up the sward with furious hoofs. What were ices to the screamers, leaping over benches and through thorny bushes! The queen abdicated in favor of the bull, and fearless of garter-snakes and scratches, rushed through the wild rose-bushes, and left her tin sceptre among them.

Onward came the bull, stopping but a moment to wreak his vengeance upon the May-pole, which he levelled with the ground. The party had just placed the fence between them and his rage, when a furious crash proclaimed the fate of the collation; yet no one dared look behind him lest he should see the monster leaping over a fence after him! At last we reached a barn, and 'pitched into it' with pell-mell rapidity. The door was pulled to, and we peeped at the animal through the crevices. We were scarcely within this friendly shelter, when the enemy came up, lashing his sides furiously with his tail. The dogs had halted at the collation; so the bull, finding himself 'let up' a little, gradually cooled; and after two anxious hours we saw him go lowing plaintively down the meadow. Then we 'left' for home; and thus ended our May revels.

Not a whole dish was found on the field. The ices had melted, and the dogs had devoured everything else. As for Tom, he kept up his spirits to the last; but he does not hesitate to declare that '*such* revels are only fit for JOHN BULL!'

BEAUCLERC.

#### W I N T E R   F L O W E R S .

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
 These dry and dusty flowers,  
 That spring and summer smiled upon,  
 And fed with dews and showers:  
 I know they're dead; their leaves have flown,  
 Their stalks are crisp and brown;  
 Yet they may stand till winter's gone—  
 I cannot cut them down!

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
 For during summer's heat,  
 While pent within the sultry town,  
 They sprang up round my feet:  
 They looked up in my face and smiled,  
 And comforted my soul,  
 So that I, like a chastened child,  
 Endured my daily dole.

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
 They were my garden's pride,  
 And when the buds were fully blown  
 Their fragrance wandered wide,  
 And freely entered at my door  
 Below, around, above,  
 Till from the ceiling to the floor  
 The house was sweet with love!

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
 It may be they will fall  
 When Winter casts his heavy crown  
 Of snow upon them all:  
 Yet let them stand till Spring shall lay  
 Her blessing on the earth,  
 Then gently bear the dead away,  
 While kindred flowers have birth!

T. M.

## SONG: THE MINUTE-MAN.

BY THE 'PEASANT BARD.'

I.

It was on the banks of Hoosic, a quiet Indian stream,  
Where it wraps a lonely valley with romance like a dream;  
It was in the vale of Hoosic, a father and his son  
Were dwelling on the day before the day at Bennington.

II.

Along the river stretching was spread a fertile plain;  
There son and sire were thrusting in the hook amidst the grain;  
While near at hand their cottage stood half hidden from the sight  
By trees that wooed the birds by day, and sheltered them by night.

III.

The good wife plied her needle within the cottage door;  
Her babe the cat was watching, catching flies upon the floor;  
It was a sweet domestic scene, sweet both to sire and son,  
That blessed them on the day before the day at Bennington.

IV.

When suddenly, and vision-like, before them there appeared  
A form of soldier-bearing, full of martial presence reared;  
He was clad in regimentals, a sword was at his side,  
The father heard his errand, and he laid his hook aside.

V.

Then toward the cottage went the sire, with calm determined air,  
And took from o'er the mantle-tree his gun that rested there;  
'Farewell! farewell, dear wife!' said he, 'farewell, my children dear!  
My country calls aloud for me — I may not linger here!

VI.

'Weep not for me, to break mine heart;' he spoke like sainted Paul;  
'Behold I leave you, knowing not what thing shall me befall;  
My life is staked for LIBERTY; in after years, my son,  
Remember this, the day before the day at Bennington!'

VII.

That son is now an aged man; his head is silvered o'er;  
He tills the same plantation that his father tilled before;  
And lessons many has he read in life's historic page;  
His words are of sound import — his wisdom that of age.

VIII.

He's a lover too of LIBERTY, and to his children tells  
This reason why that love so strong within his bosom dwells:  
'Last time I saw my sire alive was when he took his gun,  
And left us on the day before the day at Bennington!'

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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ANNE BOLEYN: A TRAGEDY. By GEORGE H. BOKER, Author of 'Calaynos,' etc. Philadelphia: A. HART.

THE writer of a tragedy assumes a perilous office. The public are ready to charge him with undue 'assumption,' 'temerity,' or other the like invidious distinctions. The author comes before us in the most delicate of all positions; that of self-established monitor and moral agitator. The cause of this is found in the subject itself. Tragedy has to do with the higher elements of our being, and the writer of it stands *ex officio* in a superior relation. We owe to his calling the reverence due to the bench, to the pulpit, to government; and while we are free to criticise the individual in the discharge of these important offices, we never lose respect for the office itself. But the judge, the priest and the ruler are not self-constituted; the tragic writer is. It is this which makes his position, as we have said, a delicate one; gaining for him indeed a signal triumph if successful, but too often procuring undeserved sneers for his failure, and unsparing ridicule for what is termed his 'egregious arrogance.'

Mr. BOKER has written two tragedies. Of his '*Calaynos*' we have already spoken. Its adaptation to the stage has been practically tested in England, and the experiment proved all that its friends claimed for it. In '*Anne Boleyn*' he had a more difficult task to perform. We confess we took up the volume not without misgivings. The subject was loftier in its tone, and to cope with it, his Muse must essay a bolder flight. Beside, the author had mainly to depend upon the single tragic idea contained in the development of the historical event; while, aside from this, there was in the times, when compared with previous reigns, a tameness not at all calculated to support the main incident. There was room then for a result which should reach far beyond ordinary success, and for a failure which should at least be held an excusable one. Mr. BOKER, in our judgment, has compassed the former.

The conclusion of SHAKESPEARE's '*Henry the Eighth*' leaves the KING enamoured with his new QUEEN, and the curtain falls upon the happy birth of ELIZABETH. Here Mr. BOKER takes up the history; the tragedy of ANNE BOLEYN commencing where that of HENRY concludes. The character of the QUEEN is sustained with great excellence and power. The difficulty of portraying the triumph of an infamous prince and his paramour over injured but unresisting innocence, and at the same time preserving in the mind of the reader a consciousness of ultimate justice, must occur even to the casual critic. The noblest element of tragedy is developed by the exhibition of lofty endurance—sustained by faith, not stoicism—under oppression, suffering, calamity, death. Judging the author of '*ANNE BOLEYN*' by this rule, we say that he



has produced a play of the highest tragic power. We are first moved by the fearful suspicions of the QUEEN, and her fruitless resolution not to yield to them; then we are subdued by the touching pathos of the scene when, for the time being, she wins again the KING to her. In short, we are carried on, as the play advances, until we ourselves are moulded to the feelings which she exhibits. Now manifesting a just pride, then relapsing into tenderness, tortured by conflicting emotions, she at last comes forth, as if purified by fire, suffering but patient, wronged but forgiving, unrighteously condemned to death, yet exhibiting a meek faith and a christian charity. It is here that Mr. BOXER has attained the highest scope of tragedy; which is, to vindicate the divine origin of the soul, and to show that all the misfortunes of humanity are to be endured in prospect of a brighter future.

The several *dramatis personæ* in 'ANNE BOLEYN' sustain themselves with credit. The character of the KING is depicted throughout with great discrimination. That of JANE SEYMOUR, though not ministering so much to the dramatic effect of the piece, is drawn naturally and with skill. THOMAS WYATT is a poet and a gentleman after our own heart: he is admirably painted. We can almost forgive a multitude of sins in bluff KING HARRY, when we hear him exclaim:

'WYATT shall not die!  
In my wide realm are herds of courtiers,  
Knights and viscounts and gallant gentlemen;  
There's but one WYATT! WYATT shall not die!'

We proceed to fortify the opinions we have expressed, by some extracts from the work. The first is a part of the QUEEN's soliloquy when aroused to a sense of possible danger:

QUEEN ANNE.

'WHAT means this heavy feeling at my heart?  
What means the KING by this unwonted coldness?  
What means my uncle by his insolence?  
Why stood the KING with an approving smile,  
And heard my most unnatural enemy  
Offer reproof in semblance of advice?  
I have seen the time — ay, not a month ago —  
When, in the fury of his lion mood,  
He'd brained the scoffer with his royal hand!  
But times have changed — ah! have they changed indeed?  
Has my life passed the zenith of its glory?  
Must I make ready for the gathering clouds  
That dog the pathway of a setting sun?  
Well, let them come! — the blaze of my decline  
Shall turn to gold the dull enshrouding mists,  
And show the world a spectacle more grand  
Than the young splendor in which first I rose.'

The next extract is from the scene in which the KING, after vindicating JANE SEYMOUR, leads her off, leaving the QUEEN alone:

QUEEN ANNE.

'Oh, God! oh, God! The KING — Nay, HARRY, HARRY,  
Come back; I will — oh, killing agony!  
Is there no pity in the heart of man!  
Plead for me, girl — he loves you — plead for me!  
I am his wife, your QUEEN, your loving mistress:  
I will forgive you; I will cherish you;  
I'll love you dearer than my dearest friend.  
Gone, gone forever! Said he not forever?  
Kind Heaven, have mercy on my feebleness!  
If this is trial of my strength, I yield;  
I do confess my utter helplessness;  
I bow me prostrate, a poor nerveless woman —  
A queen no more!'

Suddenly but naturally changing her tone, she imprecates vengeance on JANE SEY-

mour and her issue, but cannot invoke a curse upon her husband : him she blesses. The following most touchingly exhibits the despair of a forsaken heart :

'THERE is no time to one without a hope :  
 Hopes are the fingers on life's changing dial,  
 That first betray to us the passing hours,  
 Ere the great bell may summon us away.  
 All blank and meaningless is life to me ;  
 I have no future ; one eternal present,  
 Rayless as Lapland winter, wraps my soul ;  
 One ceaseless wrong, affording but one sense  
 Of cruellest agony, makes up my life,  
 Stretching from day to day its sole event.  
 What if the sun arise ? what if the lark  
 Put on the glory of his morning song ?  
 What if the flowers perk up their loaded heads,  
 And swing their incense down the thirsting gale ?  
 What if the frame of this whole universe  
 Warm in the glow and join the matin hymn ?  
 There is no morn to me !'

We close with a portion of the scene where the QUEEN for the moment succeeds in winning back the KING by recalling the happy days when he wooed 'the BOLEYN.' We believe it to be unsurpassed by any modern writer of tragedy. 'Enter QUEEN ANNE, behind :'

QUEEN ANNE.  
 'HENRY !  
 KING HENRY.  
 'Was that a spirit ?  
 QUEEN ANNE. 'Husband — King !  
 KING HENRY.  
 'How came you here ? I had left strict command  
 That no one should disturb my privacy.  
 Have you again been tampering with my knaves ?  
 QUEEN ANNE.  
 'I came by a small passage, if forgot  
 By you, my liege, still to my memory dear,  
 Made by yourself, in that once happy time,  
 When, unobserved, you came to woo 'the BOLEYN.'  
 Is there no secret passage — you can tell —  
 Through which so poor a one as I may creep  
 Back to your heart, and see again the face  
 Of hidden love ? O, Sir ! it must be rough  
 And small, and frightful to a valiant gaze,  
 But I will tempt it !  
 KING HENRY.  
 'There is none for you :  
 Your pride and haughtiness and stubborn will  
 Are all too big for love's slight passages.  
 Now, by my faith ! I am indeed amazed  
 To hear you pleading in this gentle tone !  
 Have you forgot your character ?'

We are compelled to omit a part of the scene ; we quote from the same interview, however, leaving out some two or three pages of the dialogue :

QUEEN ANNE.  
 'O, HENRY ! you have changed  
 From that true HENRY who, in by-gone days,  
 Rode with the hurry of a northern gale  
 Tow'rd Hever's heights, and ere the park was gained  
 Made the glad air a messenger of love,  
 By many a blast upon your hunting-horn !  
 Have you forgotten that old oaken room,  
 Fearful with portraits of my buried race,  
 Where I received you, panting from your horse,  
 As breathless, from my dumb excess of joy,  
 As you with hasty travel ? Do you think  
 Of our sweet meetings 'neath the gloomy yews

Of Sopwell nunnery, when the happy day  
That made me yours seemed lingering as it came,  
More slowly moving as it nearer drew?  
How you chid Time, and vowed the hoary knave  
Might mark each second of his horologe  
With dying groans from those you cherished most,  
So he would hasten?

KING HENRY.

'ANNE, that was you!  
Have you forgotten my ear-stunning laugh  
At your quaint figure of Time's human clock,  
Whose every beat a soul's flight registered?

QUEEN ANNE.

'God bless you, HENRY! (*Embraces him.*)

KING HENRY.

'Pshaw! why touch so deep?  
These softening memories of our early love  
Come o'er me like my childhood.

QUEEN ANNE.

'Love be praised,  
That with such pure reflections couples me!  
Be steadfast, HENRY.

KING HENRY.

'Fear not: love is poor  
That seals not compacts with the stamp of faith.

QUEEN ANNE.

'My stay is trespass. We will meet anon.  
Love needs no counsel in his little realm.' (*Embraces him, and exits.*)

If this brief notice shall have the effect to call the attention of the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER to '*Anne Boleyn*,' we shall be found to have performed for them an acceptable service.

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THE OTHER SIDE: OR NOTES FOR THE HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES: written in Mexico. Translated from the Spanish, and edited with Notes. By ALBERT C. RAMSAY, Colonel of the Eleventh United States' Infantry. In one volume. pp. 452. New-York: JOHN WILEY.

If our readers have not already 'supped full of horrors' from the various works which have appeared, descriptive of the late war with Mexico, we commend them to a perusal of the volume under notice. It is the Mexican side of the story, and is certainly set forth with great vividness. The editor claims, and we have no doubt with justice, to have faithfully translated the story of the Mexican gentlemen who are the authors of the work, precisely as they have told it. We rise from its perusal with a higher respect for the bravery and bearing of the Mexican character than we have hitherto been accustomed to entertain. It is almost heart-rending to read the minute accounts of the effect produced, in the different engagements, by the deadly fire of the American artillery. 'The horrors and ravages of war,' the translator well observes, 'are portrayed in this with a vividness which our style of composition seldom allows. The peculiar delicacy of feeling, and the refined sensibility, so decidedly feminine in the Mexican character, have given them a preëminence over others in this species of delineation.' We remember reading at the time of the surrender of Monterey by AMPUDIA, that before signing the articles of capitulation, he consumed a whole hour, holding the pen fifteen minutes at a time in his hand, mental agony the while depicted in his countenance, and the perspiration rolling in big drops from his face.

THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES: WITH NOTES AND A METRICAL TABLE. By C. C. FELTON, ELIOT Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College. In one volume. pp. 228. Cambridge: JOHN BARTLETT.

WE are glad to welcome a volume which aims to throw light upon the productions of classical antiquity. Whatever may be said of the comparative advantages of a liberal education over one more purely practical, it is undeniable that in certain departments the ancients are unapproachable by the moderns. Is it not, at any rate, desirable to form an intimate acquaintance with that wherein our inferiority is admitted by a kind of universal consent? Under this head may be ranked the 'Tragedy' and 'Old Comedy' of the Greeks. Of the latter, the works of but one writer have been preserved; and it is the one whose name is placed at the head of this notice. ARISTOPHANES is supposed to have written more than sixty comedies. Of these, but eleven are extant; and from the eleven, Professor FELTON has selected that of the 'Birds' as the subject for critical annotation. ARISTOPHANES was certainly one of the 'best abused' poets of his age. He was content, for the sake of a controlling popularity with his countrymen, to be called 'The Buffoon,' 'The Jester,' 'a low sensualist,' and the like; and we are not disposed to deny, in some respects, his claim to these titles. But, for all this, we find PLATO paying the highest compliment to his muse, and it is admitted on all sides that he was a true patriot, and used his influence for the best interests of Greece. As a writer, his style is faultless; his language is polished to the last degree; and the entire disposition of his pieces is conformable to the highest artistical effect. Professor FELTON truly remarks, that 'The Birds of ARISTOPHANES' has always been regarded as one of his most delightful pieces.' Although there is nothing in common between it and the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, yet in both, the reader is conveyed away from earth as it is, into some other world, and into some other life. Here consists the great beauty of this play. If HOGARTH thought it best to teach the nature of perspective by showing what it is not, ARISTOPHANES has taught us to appreciate many of the ridiculous absurdities of life by placing them before us from another point of observation. To attempt a prose abstract of the piece would be as absurd as to carry about a single brick to give an idea of the beauty and structure of a picturesque edifice. Suffice it to say, that two Athenians, weary of the world, and hearing of the fame of EROS, king of the birds, undertake a journey to his court, with a jay and a raven for pilots. They arrive at their place of destination, but are at first in great danger of being torn in pieces by the birds, who believe them to be enemies. Our travellers escape the doom by eloquently descanting upon the preëminence of the feathered tribe over all other creatures, and advise the birds to build a city and assert their rights. *Cloudcuckootown* is thus erected, and even the old gods of Olympus are walled out of it. Then follows most ludicrous accounts of the affairs of the government, their reception of strangers, and so forth. We cannot agree with many critics that the poet had any special drift in the plan of this piece. It seems to be rather the free flowing of a fancy let loose to play its pranks, and hitting to the right and left, without aim or object. This in no way detracts from the merit of the work, in the light we have surveyed it. And since it is, as Professor FELTON justly remarks, 'comparatively free from the objectionable license which deform his other plays,' the selection of it for the purpose of critical annotation will be universally approved.

We are satisfied with the editor's part of the performance, as evidenced by the volume. XXXV.

lume before us. He has exhibited a great deal of research, to show that the poet's peculiar selection of birds was not made at random, but had reference to a particular purpose in art. This seems to be a new task, and it has been performed with assiduity. Indeed the notes, which occupy more than one half of the volume, cannot fail to render the piece attractive to the student and to the classical scholar. In two or three instances we are disposed to differ with the learned Professor in the construing of a word, or the peculiar rendering of some part of a sentence; but it seems to us that this would be entirely out of place here. For we find that he has entered heart and soul upon his labor, and has imbibed the true spirit of the Comedy; a crowning and signal, if not the only, object of an annotator; and we leave it to those hyper-critics who are always mousing after verbal inaccuracies, and dragging forward, with an air of ill-concealed triumph, a *καί*, *μὲν*, or *δε*, that has been improperly construed, or altogether overlooked, to pick out the few trifling errors which obtain in Professor FELTON's notes; for without a few sheaves left to these bustling gleaners, 'OTHELLO's occupation' would be emphatically 'gone' to them. We should not forget to add, that a table of rhythms and metres are attached to the notes, which the student will especially value; and we beg to express our individual thanks to Professor FELTON, for reviving in our own mind the lingering love of the classics, by presenting, in so attractive a shape, a production which remains to this day without a rival.

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HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE. By GEORGE TICKNOR. In three volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE three large and superbly-printed volumes are a monument of honor to their author. It is not unknown to many of our readers that this accomplished scholar, while yet a young man, passed many years in Europe, in the study of the languages and literatures of the different countries, on their own soil. He prosecuted his researches in the German at Göttingen, and in Paris explored, under able teachers, the different romance dialects, the medium of the beautiful Provençal. 'During his residence in Spain,' says the *North American Review*, 'he perfected himself in the Castilian, and established an intimacy with her most eminent scholars, who aided him in the collection of rare books and manuscripts, to which he assiduously devoted himself. It is a proof of the literary consideration which, even at that early age, he had obtained in the society of Madrid, that he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History. His acquisitions in the early literature of modern Europe attracted the notice of Sir WALTER SCOTT, who, in a letter to SOUTHNEY, printed in LOCKHART's Life, speaks of his young guest (Mr. TICKNOR was then at Abbotsford) as 'a wonderful fellow for romantic lore.' The work before us is divided into three great periods, having reference to time rather than to any philosophical arrangement. The first great division embraces the whole time from the earliest appearance of a written document in the Castilian to the commencement of the sixteenth century, a period of nearly four hundred years. Under this division is included the poem of the Cid, with a review of several other poems, of the thirteenth and some of the fourteenth centuries. Mr. TICKNOR distributes the productions which occupy the greater part of the remainder of his first period into four great classes: ballads, chronicles, romances of chivalry, and the drama. The chronicles furnish a fruitful and mainly an unexplored store of matériel, obtainable only from the rarest sources.

The second great division covers the golden age, as it is generally considered, of Castilian literature; that in which it submitted in some degree to the influences of the advancing European civilization, and which witnessed those great productions of genius that have had the widest reputation with foreigners; the age of CERVANTES, of LOPE DE VEGA, and of CALDERON, all of whom are elaborately considered and illustrated. The last of the three great divisions into which Mr. TICKNOR has distributed his work, extends from the accession of the BOURBON dynasty, in 1700, to some way into the present century. Our space does not permit us to quote, as we could wish to do, from the pages before us; nor does this notice, compiled rather than written, afford other than an illustration of the wide field occupied by our author. How that field is occupied, however, is well set forth in an admirable article in the last '*North American Review*;' to which standard critical authority, and more especially to the volumes themselves, we take pleasure in calling the attention of all who honor those who are conferring honor upon American literature.

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THE LIBERTY OF ROME: A HISTORY: with an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. By SAMUEL ELIOT. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

WE presume that most readers of history have felt the want of a lucid, graphic and connected history of the progress of liberty among mankind, from the earliest ages to the present time. Connected as it is with the general history of nations, its prominent facts and leading features are familiar to all enlightened scholars; but a brilliant narrative of those facts, and an intelligent contrast of those features, are much needed, both for the popular and the philosophic mind. Ordinary history gives us the striking events that have occurred in the rise, progress, and downfall of nations, often with considerable minuteness of detail, and paints with sufficient accuracy the characters of the principal actors; but it is generally very meagre in its description of the social condition of the race at different periods of time, and seldom if ever contrasts that of one period with another, so as to mark the deterioration or the improvement, or give any clear comparison of its various relations in ancient and modern times. Most especially is this true in regard to civil liberty, the leading element in the social condition of our race; and we venture to assert, that very few, if any, of those most thoroughly versed in history, possess an accurate conception of the actual condition of civil liberty among the principal nations of antiquity, or could point out the progress, if any, that has been made therein in modern times. Yet meagre as are the materials for forming such a history; remiss as historians have been in describing the social condition of the ages about which they write; prolix as they are in detailing events, and brief, and often silent, as they are in regard to consequences; in short, little as is the philosophic spirit they manifest, still enough may be gleaned by a careful observer and diligent scholar, to fill the void to which we have alluded, and furnish a tolerably clear view of the progress which mankind have made in civil liberty. The writer who would undertake to compose such a history, should come up to the work deeply imbued with a philosophical spirit, thoroughly penetrated with an enthusiastic love of our race, and an abiding confidence in man, profoundly acquainted with the civil institutions of ancient and modern times, and happily combining a brilliant imagination with profound reflection, and much theoretical study with great practical observation.

That the writer of the work mentioned at the head of this notice is deficient in many of these eminent and essential qualities, must be admitted ; although it cannot be denied that he evinces great learning, indefatigable industry, and a commendable tone of moral and religious sentiment. His enthusiasm is absorbed in the researches and studies of the closet, whose hot-house air has nearly dried up all his human sympathies. His thoughts are crude, immature, often feeble, and generally vague when his own, and when borrowed from others, are thrown together without system or connection, and consequently convey no definite impressions, and give no satisfactory information. His style is still more objectionable, not even conveying his thoughts, such as they are, clearly or in an agreeable manner. Aiming to be allusive, suggestive and condensed, it is only obscure ; it apes the antitheses of MACAULAY, without his brilliancy and lucidity ; he imitates the majesty of GIBSON, but attains only his turgidity ; and it attempts the condensation of TACITUS, without reaching his vigor and clearness. The fact is, he is not an original, clear-headed thinker, and such an one never can express himself plainly and vigorously. He deals chiefly with the thoughts of others, and unfortunately handles them in a bungling manner, without method and without consistency, and often spoils in his pages what was beautiful in the original text. His obscurity, however, amounting at times to utter unintelligibility, is his great fault, and will render the really valuable mass of facts which he has collected entirely useless, because nobody will feel inclined to grope after them in the darkness with which they are surrounded. Possibly this condemnation may be thought somewhat severe, but we are sure it will be considered as sustained, by any one who will fix his attention upon almost any page of the book, taken at random. Sufficient quotations have been made by other journals to put this fact beyond a doubt, and to justify all we have said.

There is another great defect in the work, which almost wholly defeats its object as a history of liberty. Passing over the chapters on the liberty of nations more ancient than Rome, upon which perhaps it would hardly be fair to comment, since the author says they are only introductory to a more thorough view of the subject, we will take up the history of the liberty of Rome, which he professes to have elaborated to completion. So far from giving the reader any clear ideas of the actual condition of civil liberty in Rome, at the different periods of her history, or any conception of the progress it made, or the decline it experienced, within those periods, or any view of the civil institutions of the government, or any contrast of those institutions, in their bearing on civil liberty, with those of modern times, it is merely an obscure narrative, well sustained by learned references, of the political and military events of the republic and empire ; mentioning, to be sure, their effect on liberty in general terms, rejoicing in such as tended to promote it, and lamenting such as impaired and finally extinguished it. He details the struggles between the patricians and plebeians, but he gives us no full and well-digested information as to their relative rights and privileges ; he narrates the events that led to the downfall of liberty, and mourns over it with a proper spirit ; but he leaves you with no definite ideas of what was lost thereby ; so that at the end of his book you rise from its perusal without having formed any notion as to what rights a Roman citizen possessed when liberty was at its height, or what he was deprived of at its downfall. In short, you gain but little if any more information in regard to civil liberty in Rome from Mr. ELIOT'S work than is obtainable from the ordinary histories of that people. What the world wants on this subject is a graphic narrative, in a clear and brilliant style, of the historical events having a bearing on civil liberty ; a view of the rights of the citizen and his social condition, at different periods ; a contrast of those rights and that condition within those periods

showing the progress or decline of liberty ; and a comparison of those rights and that condition with the same enjoyed by the most free and enlightened of modern nations. Here is a field for a truly philosophic historian and philanthropist ; but it requires a clear head and a warm heart, as well as vast learning and indefatigable research. Mr. ELLIOT'S work falls very far short of occupying this grand field ; and what is more, what he has done proves that he has not the capacity to occupy it. All the qualifications he can bring to the task are learning and industry ; he lacks the clear head, the enthusiastic soul, the philosophic spirit, the vigorous imagination, and the practical knowledge of mankind. Compare his work with Guizot's '*History of Civilization*,' a kindred subject, and observe how differently they are treated by the two authors. The one is a vivid picture, in clear and beautiful colors, making a lasting impression ; the other is for the most part, an obscure and cloudy outline, possessing no distinct features, and making no impression but that of 'darkness visible.'

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THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE : with Notices of his Life and Genius. By N. P. WILLIS, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, and RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. In two volumes. pp. 978. New-York : J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

THE intellectual character of the late Mr. POE may now be examined, and its qualities decided upon, without any of those disadvantages which his personal conduct constantly presented as barriers to the fair appreciation of his genius. In his habits he was very much like RICHARD SAVAGE, as that author is presented to us in the pages of JOHNSON, but he had few of the apologies which could be urged by the English vagabond. He was, we have been led to believe, notwithstanding Mr. WILLIS'S elaborate vindication of him, mainly destitute of moral or religious principle : certain it is, that the most careful student of his works will search in them vainly for elevated and generous sentiment. But very few of our American authors have possessed more of the creative energy or of the constructive faculty ; and the remarkable ingenuity, compactness and simplicity with which he wrought out the gloomy forms of his imagination ; the distinctness, completeness and force of his metaphysical analyses and illustrations ; and the general careful and artist-like finish of his productions, may secure for them an enduring and not unenviable fame.

Although he possessed a vivid imagination, and was in many instances a creator in literature, he was quite as frequently a plagiarist of both thoughts and forms. The story of '*The Pit and the Pendulum*,' in the first of the volumes before us, for instance, is a daring theft and combination of two tales ; one in BLACKWOOD, under the title of '*Vivencio, or Italian Vengeance*,' and the other, a tragic scene by the German, HOFFMANN. From the Blackwood writer Mr. POE took the gradually decreasing dungeon, and from HOFFMAN, the Pendulum, pointed with an instrument of torture. This machinery constitutes his whole *nouvelette*. His charge of plagiarism against Professor LONGFELLOW, we happen to know, was so false that the plagiarism was on the other side. Of his '*Marginalia*' many of the best paragraphs were borrowed, with scarcely the change of a syllable. Mr. POE'S best works are those tales, so minute in detail, and vraisemblant in action, as to have been often supposed to be narratives of real experience. Of these '*The Mystery of MARY ROGET*,' '*Mr. VALDEMAR'S Case*,' '*Descent into the Maelstrom*,' and '*The Purloined Letter*,' are examples. His poems are commonly highly imaginative, and illustrative of a pro-



found and intellectual melancholy. His criticisms are acute and ingenious, in some respects; but for the most part are carping, and entirely worthless, for any judgments they embrace of books or authors; he was so much the creature of kindly or malicious prejudice, or so incapable of going beyond the range of the grammarian. The volumes are handsomely printed, and embellished with an excellent portrait of the author.

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SAINT LEGER, OR THE THREADS OF LIFE. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. Second Notice.

A SECOND edition of the admirable metaphysical romance of '*St. Leger*,' which the accomplished author did us the honor to present originally to the public through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, has been issued separately in London, by RICHARD BENTLEY, 'Publisher in Ordinary to Her MAJESTY,' and in New-York, by PUTNAM, whose elegant editions are creating for him a reputation that promises to give him rank with ALDUS. We are in the habit, as our readers will bear us witness, of presenting them our own opinions upon books and authors; but in the present instance, lest we should have been suspected of an undue partiality for a work which has been for some years a portion of our own existence and reputation, we prefer to quote the observations upon '*The St. Leger Papers*' by the very able critical editor of the '*Tribune*' daily journal, who in taste, philosophical culture, and general ability, is admitted on all hands to be of the first order of men in our times:

'JUDGING this unique composition by the ordinary rules of novel-writing, most readers would pronounce it barren of incident, and without a sufficiently developed plot to give it the excitement demanded in a work of the imagination. The same thing may be said of WILHELM MEISTER, and of many of the most admirable productions of RICHTER. In truth, *St. Leger* is almost without a prototype in English literature, and bears the most decided impression of the German cultivation in which it had its origin. It is not to be read for the interest of the story, but as an acute and subtle delineation of the workings of a deep inner experience, and the rich blossoming out of character amid the agitations of a skeptical and fermenting age. In this point of view it is a work of originality and undeniable power. The pervading tone is too sombre for the popular taste; the movement is of too quiet and subdued a character; the outlines are not shaded off with sufficient precision, but run together in a certain dim, confused mysticism; and the sequel leaves us in the same dreary uncertainty which marks the evolution of the plot. On this account we do not predict that *St. Leger* will become a favorite with the general mass of readers. But it has far too much vigor of thought, artistic and delicate analysis of character, and fresh and bold painting of the subjective action of the stronger passions, not to compensate for the want of sensuous outwardness of description and the absence of dramatic contrasts and surprises. The style is exquisitely adapted to the subject. There are passages of rhythmical, melodious sweetness, which belong to the best days of English prose, and reveal both the ear and the hand of a true artist in this style of composition. Many portions are finished with the delicate nicety of a miniature-painting, and would be selected by the reader of taste for the charm of their expression, without reference to the profound thought which they almost invariably embody. Some of the episodes are in the highest style of tragic power, and show that the prevailing quiet course of the narrative is not to be ascribed to any tameness or poverty of invention in the author. We acknowledge a peculiar satisfaction in noticing a work of this character from the American press, in the fashionable rage for flashy and exaggerated fictitious literature. We respect the courage and independence of the author, who, resisting all the seductions of a noisy, ephemeral reputation, relies for success on the depth and truthfulness of his pictures of the human heart, and his weird power in untwisting the tangled thread of human destiny. These threads of life, it is true, he has not woven into a robe of state, a wedding garment, or even a workman's frock. He has furnished no additions to the purple raiment in which HUMANITY will array herself on the day of her inauguration. But we are thankful to the silk-worm which converts the leaves of the mulberry into shining filaments, and do not complain that it leaves an unfinished task for the spindle and the loom.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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COLLECTING CONTRIBUTIONS IN CHURCHES. — We heartily sympathize with our new correspondent, Mr. OCTAVIUS DAPPER, in the mortifying dilemmas in which he was placed by a custom 'better honored in the breach than in the observance.' He develops, in '*The Trials of a Timid Gentleman*,' an annoyance which is but too common, and the good resulting from the sole advantage of which might be compassed in a manner far less exceptionable. There are churches in this town where collections are taken up but once a year; and we venture to say, that while these societies are far from being the richest, their contributions are as large as those of any kindred churches in the metropolis. But hear Mr. DAPPER: 'I know not what unfortunate sufferer first sought relief from his grievances by unfolding them to the conductor of a literary publication. Certain it is, however, that the custom has the sanction of high authority and long-established usage; and I desire to lift up my voice against the present mode of collecting contributions in churches, and to set forth my humble experience in the matter.'

'I am a young man from the country, whose exceedingly moderate income imperatively demands the strictest economy, but whose mortal fear of even the suspicion of meanness often leads to a bounteousness of charity which is rapidly hurrying me into a state of hopeless insolvency. It is my misfortune to be of an extremely timid and sensitive disposition, which prevents me from exercising even a moderate degree of independent action, and leaves me entirely at the mercy of what may happen to be the prevalent opinion. When I tell you that I escort my landlady's pretty black-eyed daughter to church every Sunday; that the old lady is, I verily believe, partially insane on the subject of distant missions; and that our church is favored with the elocutionary exertions of all the manifold itinerant supplicants in their behalf; you will readily conceive my position to be a trying one. Imagine me, after the gentleman in the pulpit has occupied his tedious hour in alternately coaxing and frightening his hearers into a donatorial frame of mind, unhappily seated in the midst of a score of restless maiden ladies, who with eager eyes note and comment upon each gentleman's gift. The music plays a softly-persuasive air, the deacons flourish the fatal contribution-boxes, that have so deplorably reduced my finances; and I sit in a frightful state of nervous excitement. Soon one of the collectors reaches our pew, and then comes the awful moment! My landlady and Black-Eyes look as if they expected me to take out a handful of gold eagles; the old ladies wriggle and twist themselves into a position to estimate my generosity; I feel that the myriads of eyes

which invariably follow the progress of a contribution-box are fixed upon me; and though pecuniary ruin stares me full in the face, I cannot help giving freely. I have practised various ingenious expedients to avoid this infliction, but all have been unsuccessful. Once I tried to dodge the contribution-Sabbaths by feigning sickness; but my illness was too glaringly periodical to escape suspicion, and I had to give it up. Then I tried the principle of the widow's-mite, and slyly slipped a smooth ten-cent piece into the box; but while we were crowding out through the aisle, I overheard a little hawk-eyed old lady say to Black-Eyes, 'What a stingy creature that awkward young man who sits in your pew is! He only gave Mr. PRETTYMAN a shilling!' I thought I should have sunk through the floor, and have never dared to economise in that way since.

'Upon my word, Sir, I cannot tell where all this will end. It is impossible for me to survive much longer in this pecuniary plight, for I have actually been obliged to exchange several necessary articles of value to obtain funds for these exigencies, and often at an unpleasant discount from their real worth. A favorite flute was sacrificed for the especial benefit of the Asiatic mission; a handsome new over-coat was disposed of to an old-clothes' man to aid in purchasing supplies for the station in the South Sea Islands; and I humbly trust that the infant Kickapoo, whose education is to be advanced by the pawning of my ruby shirt-pin, will one day appreciate the trying sacrifice I have made on their account. I have, sorely against my inclination, and with the fear of my unpaid tailor's bills before my eyes, liberally contributed toward the moral improvement of the natives of every imaginable part of the known globe. I have been in turn victimized by the Chinamen, the Sandwich-Islanders, the Afghani-stans, the Kamskatchkans, the benighted residents of Timbuctoo, and other inhabitants of various uncivilized countries. Only last Sabbath I responded so freely to a call in behalf of the ladies and gentlemen of the Feejee Islands, that I was obliged to obtain a loan from my uncle the next day upon some valuable personal securities, at a rate of interest that would make usury-haters stare. I have no doubt that divers unfortunate persons often find themselves in a similar predicament; and I think it high time that the disagreeable practice of thrusting a contribution-box under one's nose, like a highwayman's pistol, should be abolished, and some method of collection adopted which would not harrow up the feelings of persons whose purses do not possess the delightful peculiarity which distinguished the widow's cruise.

'It is very easy to talk about the exercise of 'moral courage' upon such occasions; but the conflict in a nervous gentleman's bosom between his duty to his creditors and the dread of being pronounced 'mean,' is not favorable to an extremely devotional frame of mind. I trust that, among the reformers of the age, some friend of humanity will be found who can devise a way of giving alms more in unison with that unobtrusive charity which would not that the right hand should know what the left hand doeth, and which would remove the perplexities that now beleaguer

'Your afflicted Friend,

'OCTAVIUS DAPPER.'

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DID our correspondent Mr. DAPPER ever remark, that the gentlemen who 'carry round the plate,' and who are always on a cold scent after a penny, are not *themselves* very liberal in their contributions? 'Why don't you put in something?' asked a contributor, of one of these Sunday sub-treasurers, on one occasion. 'That's my business,' was the reply: 'what I give is *nothing to nobody*.'

WORD-PAINTING: THE FIRST DISSIPATION. — Many of our readers, we may suppose, have not as yet had an opportunity of perusing the last two numbers of '*David Copperfield*,' issued with illustrations from the metropolitan press of Mr. JOHN WILEY; and it is for their especial entertainment that we desire to call their attention to two or three remarkable examples of word-painting which they contain. We commence with this limning of a servant, a 'most respectable man,' and as much of a character, in his way, as SAM. WELLER himself:

'I BELIEVE there never existed in his station a more respectable-looking man. He was taciturn, soft-footed, very quiet in his manner, deferential, observant, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted; but his great claim to consideration was his respectability. He had not a pliant face, he had rather a stiff neck, rather a tight smooth head with short hair clinging to it at the sides, a soft way of speaking, with a peculiar habit of whispering the letter *s*, so distinctly, that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man; but every peculiarity that he had he made respectable. If his nose had been upside-down, he would have made that respectable. He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of respectability, and walked secure in it. It would have been next to impossible to suspect him of any thing wrong, he was so thoroughly respectable. Nobody could have thought of putting him in a livery, he was so highly respectable. To have imposed any derogatory work upon him, would have been to inflict a wanton insult on the feelings of a most respectable man. And of this, I noticed the women-servants in the household were so intuitively conscious, that they always did such work themselves, and generally while he read the paper by the pantry fire. Such a self-contained man I never saw. But in that quality, as in every other he possessed, he only seemed to be the more respectable. . . . He was in my room in the morning before I was up, to bring me shaving-water, and to put out my clothes. When I undrew the curtains and looked out of bed, I saw him, in an equable temperature of respectability, unaffected by the east wind of January, and not even breathing frostily, standing my boots right and left in the first dancing position, and blowing specks of dust off my coat as he laid it down like a baby.

'I gave him good morning, and asked him what o'clock it was. He took out of his pocket the most respectable hunting-watch I ever saw, and preventing the spring with his thumb from opening far, looked in at the face, as if he were consulting an oracular oyster, shut it up again, and said, 'if I pleased, it was half-past eight.'

This 'most respectable man'-servant of STEERFORTH is destined to act an important although subordinate part in the story, 'as we do guess.' A most original creation, totally unheralded, is introduced in the last number; a dwarf-chiropodist, or 'corn' and nail-cutter, hair-dyer, etc., named Miss MOWCHER; who goes about with scraps of nails that she has cut from the fingers and toes of a Russian prince, and which do more for her, in private families of the genteel sort, than all her talents put together. She sells rouge, too, to the faded beauties of the realm, but very sily: 'One old Dowager, *she* calls it lip-salve. Another, *she* calls it gloves. Another, *she* calls it tucker-edging. Another, *she* calls it a fan. I call it whatever *they* call it. I supply it for 'em, but we keep up the trick so, to one another, and make believe with such a face, that they'd as soon think of laying it on before a whole drawing-room as before me. And when I wait upon 'em, they'll say to me sometimes — *with it on* — thick, and no mistake — 'How am I looking, Mowcher? Am I pale?' Ha! ha! ha! ha! Is n't *that* refreshing, my young friend?' But the gem of the number, and one of the most perfect word-pictures we ever saw, is COPPERFIELD's description of his '*First Dissipation*.' He is at his new lodgings with 'Mrs. CRUPP,' and proposes, as a sort of 'house-warming,' to give a dinner to a few friends. His landlady, a characteristic specimen of a keen boarding-house keeper, has the address to make her lodger order every thing he wants from the pastry-cook's, leaving her to 'concentrate her mind on the mashed potatoes, and to serve up the cheese and celery as she could wish to see it done.' She recommends to him a 'handy young man' to assist at table, and a young girl is procured, to be stationed in the pantry, 'there never to desist from washing plates.' His attention is distracted, however, during dinner, by observing that the 'handy young man' goes out of the room very often, and that his shadow always presents itself, immediately afterward, on the wall of the entry, with a

bottle at his mouth! The 'young girl' likewise occasions him some uneasiness; not so much by neglecting to wash the plates, as by breaking them. For being of an inquisitive disposition, and unable to confine herself, as her positive instructions were, to the pantry, she is constantly peering in at the guests, and constantly imagining herself detected; in which belief she several times retires upon the plates, with which she has carefully paved the floor, and does a great deal of destruction. The dinner goes on however, accompanied by the successive stages of inebriation:

'I WENT on, by passing the wine faster and faster yet, and continually starting up with a corkcrew to open more wine, long before any was needed. I proposed STEERFORTH's health. I said he was my dearest friend, the protector of my boyhood, and the companion of my prime. I said I was delighted to propose his health. I said I owed him more obligation than I could ever repay, and held him in a higher admiration than I could ever express. I finished by saying, 'I'll give you STEERFORTH! God bless him! Hurrah!' We gave him three times three, and another, and a good one to finish with. I broke my glass in going round the table to shake hands with him, and I said (in two words) 'Steerforth you're the guiding star of my existence!'

'Somebody was smoking. We were all smoking. I was smoking, and trying to suppress a rising tendency to shudder. STEERFORTH had made a speech about me, in the course of which I had been affected almost to tears. I returned thanks, and hoped the present company would dine with me to-morrow, and the day after — each day at five o'clock, that we might enjoy the pleasures of conversation and society through a long evening. I felt called upon to propose an individual. I would give them my aunt. Miss BETSEY TROTWOOD, the best of her sex!

'Somebody was leaning out of my bed-room window, refreshing his forehead against the cool stone of the parapet, and feeling the air upon his face. It was myself. I was addressing myself as 'COPPERFIELD,' and saying, 'Why did you try to smoke? You might have known you could n't do it.' Now, somebody was unsteadily contemplating his features in the looking-glass. That was I too. I was very pale in the looking-glass; my eyes had a vacant appearance; and my hair — only my hair, nothing else — looked drunk.

'Somebody said to me, 'Let us go to the theatre, COPPERFIELD!' There was no bed-room before me, but again the jingling table covered with glasses; the lamp; GRAINGER on my right hand, MARRHAM on my left, and STEERFORTH opposite — all sitting in a mist, and a long way off. The theatre? To be sure. The very thing! Come along! But they must excuse me if I saw every body out first, and turned the lamp off — in case of fire.

'Owing to some confusion in the dark, the door was gone. I was feeling for it in the window-curtains, when STEERFORTH, laughing, took me by the arm and led me out. We went down stairs, one behind another. Near the bottom, somebody fell, and rolled down. Somebody else said it was COPPERFIELD. I was angry at that false report, until finding myself on my back in the passage, I began to think there might be some foundation for it.

'A very foggy night, with great rings round the lamps in the streets! There was an indistinct talk of its being wet. I considered it frosty. STEERFORTH dusted me under a lamp-post, and put my hat into shape, which somebody produced from somewhere in a most extraordinary manner, for I hadn't had it on before. STEERFORTH then said, 'You are all right, COPPERFIELD, are you not?' and I told him, 'Never berrer.'

'A man, sitting in a pigeon-hole-place, looked out of the fog, and took money from somebody, inquiring if I was one of the gentlemen paid for, and appearing rather doubtful (as I remember in the glimpse I had of him) whether to take the money from me or not. Shortly afterward, we were very high up in a very hot theatre, looking down into a very large pit, that seemed to me to smoke; the people with whom it was crammed were so indistinct. There was a great stage, too, looking very clean and smooth after the streets; and there were people upon it, talking about something or other, but not at all intelligibly. There was an abundance of bright lights, and there was music, and there were ladies down in the boxes, and I do n't know what more. The whole building looked to me, as if it were learning to swim; it conducted itself in such an unaccountable manner, when I tried to steady it.

'On somebody's motion, we resolved to go down-stairs to the dress-boxes, where the ladies were. A gentleman lounging, full-dressed, on a sofa, with an opera-glass in his hand, passed before my view, and also my own figure at full length in a glass. Then I was being ushered into one of these boxes, and found myself saying something as I sat down, and people about me crying 'Silence!' to somebody, and ladies casting indignant glances at me, and — what! yes! — AGNES, sitting on the seat before me, in the same box, with a lady and gentleman beside her, whom I did n't know. I see her face now, better than I did then I dare say, with its indelible look of regret and wonder turned upon me.

'AGNES!' I said thickly, 'Lorbleessmer! AGNES!'

'Hush! pray!' she answered, I could not conceive why. 'You disturb the company. Look at the stage!'

'I tried, on her injunction, to fix it, and to hear something of what was going on there, but quite in vain. I looked at her again by-and-by, and saw her shrink into her corner, and put her gloved hand to her forehead.

'AGNES!' I said. 'I'm afraid you're norwel.'

'Yes, yes. Do not mind me, TROTWOOD,' she returned. 'Listen! Are you going away soon?'

'Amigoarawaysoo?' I repeated.

'Yes.'

'I had a stupid intention of replying that I was going to wait, to hand her down stairs. I suppose I expressed it, somehow; for, after she had looked at me attentively for a little while, she appeared to understand, and replied in a low tone:

'I know you will do as I ask you, if I tell you I am very earnest in it. Go away now, Trotwood, for my sake, and ask your friends to take you home.'

'She had so far improved me, for the time, that though I was angry with her, I felt ashamed, and with a short 'Good night!' (which I intended for 'Good night!') got up and went away. They followed and I stepped at once out of the box-door into my bed-room, where only STREERFORTH was with me, helping me to undress, and where I was by turns telling him that AGNES was my sister, and adjuring him to bring the corkcrew, that I might open another bottle of wine.

'How somebody, lying in my bed, lay saying and doing all this over again, at cross-purposes, in a feverish dream all night — the bed a rocking sea that was never still. How, as that somebody slowly settled down into myself, did I begin to parch, and feel as if my outer covering of skin were a hard board; my tongue the bottom of an empty kettle, furred with long service, and burning up over a slow fire; the palms of my hands, hot plates of metal, which no ice could cool!

'But the agony of mind, the remorse, and shame I felt, when I became conscious next day! My horror of having committed a thousand offences I had forgotten, and which nothing could ever expiate; my recollection of that indelible look which AGNES had given me; the torturing impossibility of communicating with her, not knowing, beast that I was, how she came to be in London, or where she stayed; my disgust of the very sight of the room where the revel had been held; my racking head, the smell of smoke, the sight of glasses, the impossibility of going out, or even getting up! Oh, what a day it was!

It is our belief that this vivid picture of the folly and shame of drunkenness will have a more potent effect upon our young men than half the temperance addresses from the 'reformed drunkards' who are 'itinerating the States,' from Maine to Louisiana. A single memory of orgies like this will 'bite into the soul' of a sensitive man.

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GOSPEL WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Since the issue of our last number, the arrival of the brave Hungarians, whose names have been in the mouths of all our citizens, has been the 'public thing,' the chief topic of the day. And we rejoice that they have been enabled to feel the true sympathy which a country struggling for freedom will always command in this country. We may mention here, that we have to-day received from our excellent and attentive correspondent at Constantinople the following 'Appeal' in behalf of the political refugees who have been compelled to rendezvous in the Turkish capital after having been expelled from almost every other part of Europe. 'As the Hungarians,' writes our correspondent, 'had, and still have, many sympathizers in the United States, I thought it might be agreeable to learn how they could assist them. You have no idea of the distress which political troubles have brought upon these poor people. Many of those here are men of family and fortune in their own (?) land; and although Mussulman charity and benevolence puts Christendom to the blush, Turkey offers but few resources by which they can procure a subsistence. The officer and the soldier have found home and service in Turkish houses, but many are still houseless. I presume many Hungarians will reach the United States, for which they have a strong predilection. The 'Appeal' is to the philanthropic in favor of the political refugees at Constantinople by a committee of the most respectable merchants resident there. It is translated from the 'Journal de Constantinople' of the twenty-ninth of November:

'If under the existing circumstances of the present day distress and want are greatly felt by the political refugees in this city, still greater are the hearts of those who are alive to the sweet emotions of benevolence. In the presence of the total deprivation which the rigors of the season are about to increase, who will be insensible to the sufferings of the helpless? What hand can remain closed against them by selfishness? Mutually bound together by a common feeling of commiseration toward those unfortunate men, we come forward also to propose a means of rendering that sentiment active and efficacious, by opening a subscription in favor of all those persons who have found a refuge on the hospitable soil of Turkey.

'Their wants baffle and surpass the resources of private charity; and it is only a collective benevolence which can meet and relieve them. The little offering of each one is like those drops of

fine rain which, infinitely multiplied, fall with generous influence upon the parched and arid surface of the earth.

'Here political opinions have no part. We disdain so injurious a suspicion, and reject it upon whoever shall venture to conceive or to express it. Has not Humanity a paramount duty with man in the misfortunes of his fellow creature? And before giving the morsel of bread to the famished, or bestowing the garment upon the shivering, must he seek first to learn by what blow the sufferer has been disabled, or by what weapon the wound has been laid bare? Humanity! that virtue which is offered to each son of our common parent, God, and of that common country, the earth; thou alone succuest us in our love for our fellow mortal, and preessest us forward to his rescue when in distress!

'This noble and true sentiment will be that of all those who enjoy the tranquillity and good order which characterize the government of His Majesty, Sultan ABD-UL-MELID.

'Difference of race, of color, or of faith, will make none in the hearts of all those who are created of one type, and are carried forward toward the commission of the same act of benevolence.

'In closing the present appeal to the generous and the benevolent, the undersigned announce that they have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of collecting offerings in behalf of those political refugees now suffering from want in Constantinople.

'They call upon all those whose hearts are open to the commission of good deeds, for whatever they may be pleased to give; and in this they believe may be included all the inhabitants of this empire, without distinction of faith or nationality.

'Signed by J. H. BLACK, Treasurer, DAVID GLAVANY, CH. HANSON, P. DURAN, CH. EDE, EUG. BOIS.'

THE Committee on '*Practice and Pleadings*' have recently made their last report to the Legislature, by which several additional and very important changes are proposed in the present practice. The code thus far seems to meet with general commendation, both in this and other states. One of the most marked changes consists in the abbreviation of the pleadings. The following copy of the entire pleadings (except the summons and names of parties) of a cause recently on the calendar of one of our courts, may serve as a specimen of the brief manner in which an 'issue' may be formed under the new code. It seems to be in the spirit of that provision requiring the facts to be so stated that 'a person of common understanding may know what is intended:'

JACKSON  
against  
STYLES. } Complaint.

#### S U P R E M E C O U R T .

THE complaint of the plaintiff shows to this court, that on the eighteenth day of July, 1846, the defendant did, in the city of Albany, call the plaintiff a d—d thief, to plaintiff's damage of one thousand dollars; for which sum he demands judgment against the defendant.

JOHN JONES,  
Plaintiff's Attorney.

JACKSON  
against  
STYLES. } Answer.

#### S U P R E M E C O U R T .

THE answer of the defendant herein admits that he did call the plaintiff a d—d thief, as aforesaid, and that he is at all times ready to aver and prove the same to be true, as this court shall direct.

J. SMITH,  
Defendant's Attorney.

An amusing specimen of pleading under the old system may be found in GILBERT *vs.* THE PEOPLE, I. of DENIO's Reports, page 41, *et seq.* The plaintiff declared in trespass, for breaking his close and injuring his sheep. Two counts were as follows: 'Plaintiff farther declares against the defendant for this, to wit: that the said plaintiff had a number of sheep in the county of Columbia, and that said defendant did, in the year 1843, if ever, bite and worry fifty of plaintiff's sheep, after the said de-

defendant had notice that he, the said defendant, was subject and accustomed to biting and worrying sheep, if such notice he had; and the said plaintiffs say, that if the defendant is guilty of any charge laid in plaintiff's declaration, the said defendant ought to be punished according to the custom and manner of punishing sheep-biting dogs, as the plaintiffs have sustained great damage by the conduct of the defendant. Plaintiff farther declares against the defendant for this, to wit: that said defendant is reported to be fond of sheep, bucks and ewes, and of wool, mutton and lambs; and that the defendant did undertake to chase, worry and bite plaintiff's sheep, and with his snout, teeth and jaws, did bite and injure plaintiff's sheep, as the said defendant is in the habit of biting sheep by report, to plaintiff's damage in all fifty dollars; and if defendant is guilty, he should and ought to be hanged or shot!' This curious specimen of 'special pleading' cost the attorney an indictment for libel. — In *PURSLOW vs. BAILY*, Lord RAYMOND's Reports, 'the defendant pleaded to an action of trespass, a *parol* submission to an award, and that the arbitrators awarded that the defendant should provide a couple of pullets to be eaten at his house in satisfaction of the trespass, and avers that he did provide a couple of pullets to be eaten at his house, and the plaintiff did not come.' Upon objection being made to this plea, on the ground of non-performance of the award, HOLY, Chief Justice, was of opinion that the plea was good without performance: 'But the court would not give judgment, but exhorted the parties to eat the pullets together; which they would have done at first if they had had any brains!' Commend us to this manner of settling an 'issue' of law! Next to some of the sage decisions of the old Dutch burgo-masters, recorded by the veracious KNICKERBOCKER, we have encountered nothing better. . . . THERE is not a sentence in the little essay on '*Our Lost One*' which does not bear the stamp of a mother's heart. It is from no lack of sympathy, therefore, that we have not published it, but for one or two verbal imperfections, which we could not take the liberty to supply. The sixth and ninth stanzas, especially struck us as defective in melody and rhythm. Let our bereaved correspondent remember these lines of an esteemed contributor:

'THOUGH much it seems a wonder and a wo  
That one so loved should be so early lost,  
And hallowed tears may unforbidden flow  
To mourn the blossom that we cherished most,  
Yet all is well; God's good design I see,  
That where our treasure is, our hearts may be'

It is our belief that the following translation of an every-day business note into Latin verse, of the HORATIAN model, will entertain our learned readers, and interest those who have attempted similar performances on account of the obvious difficulties. They furnish also a good example of the existing accuracy and elegance of English scholarship. Our new correspondent 'DELTA' is an English clergyman, one of whose sermons was recently published (with a preface by the Rev. J. C. RICHMOND,) by the Messrs. APPLETONS and WILEY. This English version will amuse our unlatinized readers:

ORIGINAL NOTE.

STR: You are requested to attend a meeting of the Bridge Commissioners, at their office adjacent to the church, at twelve o'clock on Saturday, November tenth, to receive Mr. DUFFLE's report as to the propriety of laying down gas-pipes over the Bridge,

We remain, Reverend Sir,

Your most humble servants,

SMITH AND SON, Clerk.



## TRANSLATION INTO HEXAMETERS AND PENTAMETERS.

Cum sociis, quibus est Pontis commissa potestas,  
 Saturni ad medium jussus adesse diem,  
 In Pontis conclave, sacri prope limina Templi,  
 Ad quartas Idus mense Novembris adi,  
 Ut discas responsa refert quas DIFFULUS, auræ  
 Fœne sit igniferæ ducere ponte tubos.  
 Et tibi nos humiles servi, Reverende, manemus,  
 Scriba, Faber major, Fabriadesque minor.

## ANOTHER.

Cui labor Pontis veteris tuendi  
 Traditur coetus rogat ut vocatus  
 Curias interals, Domine verenda  
 Haud procul Aede,  
 Quarta quando Idus reddit Novembria.  
 Sacra Saturno, medioque servant  
 Axe solares radii; statuta est  
 Hora diesque.  
 DIFFULI discas monitum, tuborum  
 Fœne sit Pontem penetrare tractu,  
 Permeet per quem insinuat carbo-  
 nacea flamma.  
 Interim servos humiles, verende,  
 Pro tua insigni bonitate credas  
 Nos tibi, — scribam; Faber et vocantur  
 Fabriadesque.

DELTA.

In giving the English verse, we cannot resist the temptation of calling attention to the 'dual unit' which designates SMITH and SON as a clerk:

'THE Bridge Commission summon thee to join  
 Their solemn conclave, near the church's spire,  
 When Saturday meridian sun shall shine,  
 And thy tenth day, November, half expire.  
 DIFFULS will then report upon the line  
 Of pipes, to light the Bridge with gaseous fire,  
 We rest thine humble servants, Reverend one,  
 Their clerk 'a dual unit,' SMITH AND SON.'

WE have for some time intended, on receiving each successive issue of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' monthly magazine, to express our gratification that a purely literary periodical, of its high character, should be so well sustained in the southern section of our glorious republic. We find invariably in its well-filled pages both instruction and entertainment. Its contributors are many of them in the front rank of our intellectual men and women, and it is edited by the proprietor, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., with equal talent and good taste. A contempt for literary humbugousness, a discriminating critical judgment, and a pure and flowing style, are apparent in the editorial department, which is evidently so well sustained only by unwearied industry. We have sincere pleasure in commending the '*Messenger*' to that public favor which it has well deserved, and which we are confident it will continue to command. It is well printed, upon firm white paper: in 'that first appeal which is to the eye' it leaves nothing to be desired. . . . '*Orange*' writes too much in what Hood calls 'the jugular vein;' the blood-and-murder style of HARRISON AINSWORTH. We 'like not *that*;' for the rest, there is much that is praiseworthy. We should like to hear again from the writer on some other subject more congenial to our readers, and in a different 'vein.' . . . We have had cited, in connexion with the subject animadverted upon by the two western religious journals quoted in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, the following instances of '*Ignorance in the Pulpit*:' 'On one occasion a 'circuit-preacher' in Alabama took his

text from the Epistle to the Hebrews, and remarked that 'Brother PAUL wrote that very able and eloquent letter to the city of Hebrews!' Another minister in one of his flights, for which he was quite distinguished, said: 'Brethren, what would you think were you to see a strong angel take hold of the Rocky Mountains by the brow, and pull them up by the roots and throw them into a *mill-pond*?' On another occasion, defining human depravity, he said, 'It is a paradox in the stamina of our natur!' At another time he remarked: 'Missionary and Bible Societies are immortal levers for spreading the lamp of salvation over the world.' Another, at the conclusion of a fearfully dull and dry discourse, observed: 'Now, my friends, I am going to be in earnest: I am going to press this subject home. And sinners, I tell you, you resemble a blind man, blind-folded, standing onto the very edge of a very precipitate place!' — 'Not a hundred miles from Gotham,' writes a new contributor, 'I heard a pious class-leader, of more zeal than knowledge, open a prayer meeting thus: 'My brethren, we will read for our *amusement* the first chapter of the Apocrypha of St. JOHN;' and soon after, 'Let us sing the long-metre song *under* the fifty-seventh page.' He lately took for the subject of his disquisition the '*thorn in the flesh*' spoken of by Saint PAUL. This, he attempted to show, consisted in the apostle's being near-sighted, and wearing glasses; quoting, in support of this shrewd hypothesis, these passages, 'For now we see *through a glass darkly*,' and 'Ye see *how large a letter* I have written to you with mine own hands;' meaning thereby, that the apostle was obliged to make big letters!' Such ridiculous exhibitions of ignorance reflect so little credit upon sacred ministrations, that we are glad to find religious journals of influence at last awakened to an evil heretofore only too prevalent. . . . THERE is a good deal of verse published now-a-days which is very far from being poetry. We sent a couple of small volumes of this kind recently to a friend in whose literary judgments we might well confide, and he returned them with a note, in which he said: 'I dipped in the books and skimmed over the pages: there was not a single point to hang a criticism upon; they were not even bad. Bad books are sometimes 'nuts' for the reviewer, as you have often demonstrated: one can make as much out of them as out of good ones: sometimes they illustrate character. A very bad book is very often not a bad thing to read. But these things *called* books, which are but an undulating collocation of smooth words, undiversified by a wave or a ripple, heaven save me from!' 'Amen to that, Coz.' . . . A VERY clever thing was '*The Canada Punch*,' and we are really very sorry to learn that it has been discontinued. The Montreal wits employed many of its columns in satirical hits, in prose and verse, at the troublous political movements of the province; and not a few allusions were made to Yankee-land and annexation:

'ALREADY do the 'stars and stripes emit their orient blaze,  
The cheering beacon of relief, it glimmers through the haze;  
It tells of better days to come, of daring spirits high,  
Who 'put their trust in PROVIDENCE, and keep their powder dry.'

PUNCH had a '*A Dream*' of annexation, in which he traversed the Mississippi for a good place to 'squat:'

'DOWN its current paddled he, past trees  
And rocks abutting,  
And once he heard an alligator sneeze,  
But that was nothing.'

Did n't he think, with the down-east yankee, who on seeing an alligator for the first time, exclaimed: 'Wal, he aint what you may call a *hansum* critter, but there's a

great deal of *openness* when he smiles!' Think of the 'smile' of an alligator! One of the best series of papers in the 'Canada Punch' was entitled '*Mrs. Chapone's Letters to her Daughter.*' They were from the iron stylus of Mrs. JUDY, the amiable consort of Mr. PUNCH. A single bit of advice touching female deportment at evening parties will afford an inkling of its keen satire: 'Make yourself agreeable only to those worth your while to conciliate. Snub all improper pretenders to your acquaintance, not omitting the mistress of the house, if necessary. Have a sliding-scale for your friendships, but none for your sincerity, which ought to be the same for every body. Be ready to flatter people who can serve you, and cut those who cannot.' . . . In a paper entitled '*A Glimpse of Australia,*' in the last number of the 'North-American Review,' there is an exceedingly graphic description of the suddenness with which the rivers in that region rise in a moment as it were, inundating every thing, laying vast tracts under water, then passing away and giving place to sand, dust and desolation. 'Our western rivers,' says the reviewer, 'are changeable enough; the Ohio rises in its flood from sixty-five to seventy feet; at one season, it is a torrent often a mile in width, and fit to bear navies; at another, it creeps along, a little 'creek' that a man may ford on horseback, and travellers upon the bank, (we speak literal truth,) are annoyed and blinded by the sharp dust which drives from the bed of the river. But the Ohio is unchangeable compared with the streams of Australia. The Hawkesworth, back of Sydney, rises ninety feet above low water. The Macquaire is alternately deep enough to bear a line-of-battle ship upon its bosom, and so shallow that the fishes and frogs cannot live in it. One month, it is the Hudson in its strength and volume, and the next, a 'dry-run.' To-day, you may faint upon its banks from thirst, because between them all is waterless, and to-night, be awakened by a distant roar of crashing logs and breaking tree-tops, and hurrying out may find a moving cataract tossing the spoil of the forest before it, and filling the bed of the river in a moment with a torrent that you cannot pass.' . . . A NOVEL match took place recently in England, in which a young gentleman undertook for a wager to lap up a saucer full of milk in less time than a cat! They both commenced at the same time, but on account of the gentleman being seized with a violent fit of laughter, which greatly impeded his progress, the cat was enabled to gain a great lead: however the gentleman soon came up with her, and won by two table spoonsful! No wonder 'the gentleman' laughed: we should have thought the exercise of any spectator's risibles to be wholly unavoidable. . . . '*The First Snow Storm,*' writes very prettily a young correspondent, 'is shedding its scattered flakes around, making it seem as though Winter sought to deck the yet green earth with a bridal veil for his coming espousal. Upon the damp untidy pathway, upon the brown leaves flying on the blast, upon the bare branches of the sighing trees, and upon the yet verdant meadows, falls without echo the feathery snow; and upon the fair bosom of the last fading 'artemesias' slowly descend the snow-flakes, so light, and yet so cold, that the sensitive heart shrinks chilled with sorrow, that their beauty may no longer delight us. Yet while we gaze, again and again is the frosty burthen warmed into dew-drops of refreshing fragrance, proving still, as ever, that the mission of the flower is the ministry of Love; to teach us how the trials of life may, by its simple alchemy, be changed into blessings to strengthen and ennoble us; and that although chilled into seeming death, a prophecy of spring-time lingers at its root, and a promise of the resurrection-morning is enfolded in each sleeping bud, which clings to life and waits the genial season.' . . . Mr. C. and Mr. P., writes 'J. H.,' owned lots adjoining. Exactly on the dividing line in front stood a fine tree. Mr.

P. wished to cut it down, as being in his way. Mr. C. remonstrated, it being a fine shade for his house. Angry words ensued, but Mr. P. eventually felled the tree. Mr. C., somewhat excited, applied to lawyer B., an incorrigible wag, for advice. B., after heedfully listening to C.'s story, advised him as follows, 't'witnamely: 'This is one of those nice and delicate questions, wherein it is impossible to guess how a jury would decide. My opinion as to its result might lead you into a fruitless law-suit. My advice to you, therefore, is to go and *pull P.'s nose!* That would be a tangible case of assault and battery, about which there could be no dispute—and my fee is five dollars!' Not unlike the quack-doctor, who said to his patient, 'I don't say that this nasty stuff that I'm givin' on ye now will *cure* you, but it will throw you into *fits*, and I *kin* cure fits—I'm *death* on 'em!' . . . We have been favored with a magnificent '*Ode to the Province of Upper Canada*,' written, as the author himself declares, 'by a son of a loyalist who was born and brought up in the said province, and who, until six weeks since, never attempted to write one verse!' Think of this fact, reader, while you peruse a few of his patriotic stanzas:

'How beautiful and charming is the land  
Of our province of Upper Canada!  
Both magnificent and transcendent grand,  
She is the Queen of North America.

'Our sweet land is the gem and bright flower,  
That which adorns the Northern Hemisphere:  
She will rise in fame, eminence and power,  
And other lands will her constantly fear.

'A country of freedom that's enjoyed  
Without dread or fear of molestation,  
Of the assassin to be annoyed  
By the fear of death and innovation!

'Look at the proud and pretended freedom  
Of the United States, in which they glory;  
Of their liberty and boasted wisdom,  
As though they were all plenty, peace and joy!

'A land of tyranny and of misery;  
How lamentable it is for to say  
There is a nation that's without mercy  
The sufferings of the poor to allay!

'What heart would not bleed to hear of poor man  
Suffering death without a fair trial  
By a judge and jury; what a foul plan!  
And from them they would take no denial.

'Ten men at Vicksburgh, in Virginia, (!)  
Without a trial were hung like a dog;  
Such deeds are only done in America,  
And those tyrants their cause will pettifog!

Now Mr. 'JOHN SMYTH, Land-Agent,' if this is your opinion of 'unhappy America,' why does Canada want to be married to such a wretched country? But 'it's no use knocking at the door.' You are not a 'well-behaved' people, and 'you can't come in!' . . . QUITE surprised as well as amused this evening at the *dénouement* of an anecdote, which we heard related of a zealous devotee, a new convert at a recent protracted revival-meeting, and a partner of one of the most busy, driving, and thrifty mercantile firms in the town where the 'subject' resided. After 'confession and admission,' he took upon himself at once the novel observances which appertained

to his duties as a 'professor;' such as grace before meals, family prayers at morning and evening, etc. His first 'grace,' which was *heard* by our informant, was peculiar: 'Be pleased to bless this portion of food now in readiness for us; give it to us in love; may we eat and drink with grateful hearts: *Yours Truly*——' He was entering upon the name of his firm, when he discovered his blunder in time to stop that consummation! *Au reste*, it was 'past praying for.' . . . Our excellent oriental correspondent, JOHN P. BROWN, Esq., gives in preceding pages one of his most interesting '*Sketches of the East*.' It is as fresh and vivid in its descriptions to the eye as a painting of the scenes depicted would be upon canvass. We have other papers of kindred excellence from the writer's pen which await present insertion. . . . A SINGULAR fact is recorded in a late Glasgow (Scotland) newspaper: 'An old man residing in the neighborhood of that city found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits; but the sight of this picture overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterward, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments, and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word, or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication was a little grand-child, who strikingly resembled the portrait; to her he was perfectly docile; and a day or two before his death he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in his coffin; a request which was accordingly fulfilled.' . . . We should like respectfully to inquire whether the following lines do not express what is 'pretty much so?' In responding, none but true lovers need apply:

— 'Love is like the wind;  
You feel it while it blows;  
But whence it comes you cannot find,  
Nor follow where it goes.'

THERE is much force in the following passage, which we find in our note-book, without any reference to its source: 'To mature a novel which shall command the respect of really intelligent persons, which shall impress more on the second reading than the first, and which powerful minds can resort to for impulse and invigoration, requires a richness of attainment, a cheerful and sympathizing spirit, a wide-reaching mastery of style, together with a clear and strong good sense. One may apply to this latter quality what WILLIAM PENN. said to the Recorder of London when that potentate told him, after repeated demands, that he was guilty by the common law: 'Friend, if that law of which thou speakest be common, it should not be so hard to produce.' Hard to produce examples of this common sense in modern novels it certainly is; and this is one great reason why SCOTT and Miss EDGEWORTH still keep their high stations, defying all efforts to displace them.' . . . A VERY useful and admirable '*Directory for Visitors to Greenwood*,' compiled by Mr. N. CLEVELAND, has just been published. It contains a full description of every part of these beautiful grounds, as well as of the most noteworthy monuments, tombs, etc., that have been built. It has a great number of pictorial illustrations, and is printed in very elegant style. It cannot fail to be of essential service to the public. . . . MAYHAP our readers will remember the description given in our last number, by a Nicaragua correspondent, of the style of no-dress common among the people of Mosquito-land. An obliging correspondent, from whom we hope often to hear, has sent us the follow-

ing apostrophe to the KING of that 'ked'ntry,' a live 'nigger,' who was caught one day, '*in puris naturalibus*,' and made a monarch of :

KING of the Breechless! — melancholy star!  
Thou art indeed, *indeed* 'thyself alone!'  
We view, and *wish* to view thee from afar,  
The darkest meteor that ever shone!  
Black comet! — strange and most peculiar feature,  
That dusks — till now unseen — the sky of nature!

Thou fresh-breeched monarch, who hast doffed thy feathers,  
Whose new-made white-wash pales that dusky brow?  
What tailor built the unmentionable leathers  
In which thy royal limbs do straddle now?  
Dost count, 'midst cares of state, the thousand stitches  
That bind the seams of thy new kingly breeches?

Dost bother thy wise pate to wonder what  
(Thou new-made potentate of almost no-land!)  
Are the opinions of the Autocrat  
In reference to the present state of Poland?  
If so, a word, Prince SAMBO — prythee hark!  
As thou art dark already, still 'keep dark'!

Look to thy treasury! — a wise economy  
Brings blankets to thy wives — to thee brings rum;  
And 'lots' of greens and chickens, hog and hominy,  
Shall glad the comforts of thy forest home.  
Thy dear Mosquito subjects, do they bite,  
Like ours, and hum their drowsy songs all night?

New ally of the Island-Queen! — thy fame,  
To th' astonished world now first awake,  
A twelve-month's immortality shall claim,  
And from that sum ten months the world may take:  
May in that time new powers new breeches send,  
And keep thee mindful of thy latter end!

WE commend '*Reverend R. Townsend Huddart's Appeal for the Church in California*' to the hearts of our readers. It is a brief but forcible and well-reasoned pamphlet, and may be obtained gratis at No. 6, Cortlandt-street. Donations, of all appropriate kinds, will be received by all the Episcopal clergy of the city. The object is a noble one: 'There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.' . . . THE Right Reverend Bishop DOANE, of New-Jersey, we are informed, mentions a laughable anecdote of himself, which is somewhat to the following purport. He was travelling in the cars between New-York and Bordentown, and having occasion to leave his seat for a moment, found on his return that it was occupied by another person, who pertinaciously refused to surrender it: 'No, Sir! — he had *paid* for a seat, and he should sit where he liked.' After a little farther remonstrance, the Bishop observed: 'Do you know who I am, Sir? I am Bishop DOANE, of New-Jersey.' 'You are?' exclaimed the obstinate passenger; 'are you that *d* — *d* Puseyite? You can't have *this* seat, Bishop DOANE!' . . . 'As COMMON as the air we breathe' is a familiar expression. Wonder if it is equally common to think of its character; to reflect upon the nature of

'THE blue vault and sapphire wall,  
That overhangs and circles all.'

To the many who have *not* thought upon this theme, we commend the following beautiful passage from the last number of the London '*Quarterly Review*:'

THE atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward the heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle JOHN saw in his vision: 'a sea of glass like unto crystal.' So massive is it that when it begins to stir

it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and that the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us: its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid: its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks: even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, hail, storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature of space to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful — and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-lids open, and like the man, she 'goeth forth again to her labor until the evening.'

THERE'S 'somedele' wit and sparkle in a little sheet published semi-occasionally by the students of the University of Vermont, called '*The College Maul*.' Poetical sentiment, also, is to be met with in its columns; a striking example of which may be found in the '*Lines to a Polliwog*.' We segregate 'specimens' of the stanzas:

'DWELLER in the watery bog!  
Embryo — prototypic frog,  
Wiggling waggling Polliwog,  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

'Like a cow when flies are eating  
Her, or females' fans at meeting,  
Senseless, senseless, is the beating:  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

'Lives of great men all remind us,  
That's the way to leave behind us  
Wakes by which the world will find us,  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

'I have seen the world, and round it  
Journeyed much, and still have found it  
All the same where e'er I sound it:  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

'He who waggles most, will surely  
Scully his boat the most securely  
To the port, and all by purely  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

'Once thou wast a spawning egg:  
Waggling brought thee tail and head,  
Waggling soon will start a leg:  
Wiggle waggle! waggle wiggle!

'A VERY plain matter-of-fact farmer in our vicinity,' writes a country correspondent, 'a few years since had the misfortune to lose his barn, with its contents, by fire. Happening a few days after to be in the office of a gentleman noted for his charity and generosity, and who, by-the-by, had formerly sold to the yeoman his farm, the subject of his loss was mentioned. With characteristic liberality, he counted and handed to the man a package of money, saying, 'I am very sorry for your loss; let me make you a present of fifty dollars.' The farmer received it silently, counted it carefully twice, then looking at the donor, in a very business-like way, simply replied: '*I believe it is right, Doctor!*' Rather frosty gratitude this, but not quite so icy as was that of a man who elbowed his way through a crowd on the Fourth of July at Buffalo, some years ago, and said to one of our merchants, then on a visit to his native place, 'Can't you give a poor fellow something, Mr. B——? I've got to be a poor cripple since you used to live here, and I can't work. Come, give us a

little suthin', can't ye?' Mr. B —— put his hand in his pocket and handed the man a half-dollar piece, which he pocketed, without uttering a word of thanks. In about an hour he came up to Mr. B ——, who was taking a glass of wine with a friend at an inn, and said, 'Look o' here, your brother down to Black Rock, *he* 'gin me a *dollar*! Can't you, a New-York marchant, 'ford to give as much as he? *I* should say you could, *easy*!' Not liking the idea himself of being outdone in generosity by his resident brother, he handed the importunate fellow two quarter-dollar pieces, when he went off, precisely as before, without so much as 'Thankee.' In the evening Mr. B —— was surprised by a call at the door of his room, after he had retired for the night. 'Look o' here,' exclaimed a now familiar voice from without, 'look o' here, 'Square, one o' them quarters you 'gin me last was a pista-reen!' . . . '*The Two Loves, or Eros and Anteros*,' is the title of a new work from the press of Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. We have not read the book, but a clever correspondent who has, remarks of it: 'I should like to write, and would, if I could steal time, a paper on novels and novel-reading. I used to pore over the '*Mysteries of Udolpho*,' and the '*Three Spaniards*,' at school, until 'each particular hair stood up on eend.' Then came the Waverley Novels, those gorgeous pageants of the age of chivalry, those enchanted stories of the golden past: *BULWER* succeeded, with his misanthropy and metaphysics, and *JAMES* followed with his never-to-be 'last'! But of late I have repented the sins of my youth: once in a while however I 'backslide,' and 'treat resolution;' and '*The Two Loves*' is the last feast I have had. I say 'feast,' because it is so different from the general run of novels, so boldly, simply, and well written. The author has evidently no fear of censure from the prim and would-be-thought immaculate canters of the day. Vice is portrayed as it does and always will exist, a beautiful deformity, a hell which the far-off stars of heaven sometimes shine down into. We see from the beginning what will be the end of one of the heroines: the dark thread that is to be inwoven in the web of her existence is there taken up. Pride is the downfall of Mrs. STEVENS. Captain WILKES and JACK JONES, the captain and mate of the pirate bark, are finely drawn; Mrs. FOLEY is one of the most consummate hypocrites on record; a plotting, scheming, talented, bad woman. Old BORDONNI, and the episodes of Italian life, are fresh and natural. The story never for a moment flags in its interest, but keeps expectation on the tiptoe; at the same time (and it is a rare quality in this age of exaggeration,) nothing is overdone. There is no 'bellowing' and 'strutting.' The author is not one of Nature's journeymen who make the men that 'imitate humanity so abominably.' Whether it was wise to draw so many bad characters is another thing: that I leave to more profound critics than myself. '*JANE EYRE*' and '*Wildfell Hall*' pleased me and others, in spite of the cant of a portion of the press: '*The Two Loves*' pleases me, and will please, I think, the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*.' . . . '*The Covenant and Ladies' Magazine*' is the title of a new and very handsomely-executed monthly, edited by Mrs. E. M. SEYMOUR and PASCHAL DONALDSON, Esq. It is designed especially for the 'better half of creation,' and we have reason to believe that no stone will be left unturned to make it every way worthy of their encouragement and support. 'We desire,' say the EDITORS, 'that our ORDER should stand high in the good opinion of our fair countrywomen, and their bright smiles beaming upon our pathway shall light and cheer us on in the discharge of our duty and the fulfilment of our resolves.' Each number of the work is to be elabo-



rately embellished. We have known Mr. DONALDSON as an editor in another publication, and can pronounce authentically upon his talents and his industry. Success attend him! . . . THERE is something very wierd and Germanic in the lines entitled '*The Gin-Fiend*,' by CHARLES MACKAY. They were suggested by a scene in '*The Drunkard's Children*,' an admirable picture-story by CRUIKSHANK:

'THE GIN-FIEND cast his eyes abroad, and looked o'er all the land,  
And numbered his myriad worshippers with his bird-like, long right hand;  
He took his place in the teeming streets, and watched the people go  
Around and about, with a buzz and a shout, forever to and fro:  
'And it's hip!' said the GIN-FIEND, 'hip! hurrah! for the multitude I see,  
Who offer themselves a sacrifice, and die for the love of me!'

'There stood a woman on a bridge; she was old, but not with years;  
Old with excess and passion and pain, and she wept remorseless tears;  
And she gave to her babe her milkless breast, then goaded by its cry,  
Made a desperate leap in the river deep, in the sight of the passer-by:  
'And it's hip!' said the GIN-FIEND, 'hip! hurrah! she sinks, but let her be!  
In life or death, whatever she did, was all for the love of me!'

'There watched another by the hearth, with sullen face and thin:  
She uttered words of scorn and hate to one that staggered in;  
Long had she watched; and when he came, his thoughts were bent on blood;  
He could not brook her taunting look, and he slew her where she stood:  
'And it's hip!' said the GIN-FIEND, 'hip! hurrah! my right good friend is he!  
He hath slain his wife, he hath given his life, and all for the love of me!'

'And every day in the crowded way he takes his fearful stand,  
And numbers his myriad worshippers with his bird-like, long right hand;  
And every day the weak and strong, widows and maids and wives,  
Blood-warm, blood-cold, young men and old, offer the fiend their lives:  
'And it's hip!' he says, 'hip! hip! hurrah! for the multitude I see,  
That sell their souls for the burning drink, and die for the love of me!'

'THE subject of the following anecdote,' writes a friend, 'is an old and respectable physician, who is now a very strenuous temperance man, although in his young days he sometimes 'patronised the groceries' over much. On one occasion, having indulged very freely in a variety of spiritous decoctions with some boon-companions, he mounted his mare and started for home. He had not gone far before the inconsiderate 'commingling of spirits' in his stomach gave rise to such a furious rebellion that he was fain to dismount and come to an anchor against a large log by the roadside, where he commenced a process of upheaval that was truly alarming. While engaged in these spasmodic efforts at relief he was accosted by a traveller who, with true yankee solicitude, enquired what was the matter.' The inebriate, in an interval of the paroxysm, gruffly replied, that he 'had traded horses, and was *very sick of his bargain*!' . . . THE noble deer, for which we were indebted to the kindness of a Broome-county friend, has served a double purpose of good. Its delicious 'saddles' and steaks of venison were relished by many persons 'of the right sort;' and its soft skin, neatly dressed, forms an ample and beautiful mat in the sanctum. R—— should see the little white feet buried at evening in the soft fur, and hear the 'crowing' which its luxurious 'feet' awakens. It is somewhat difficult to make the little people 'ruminatè bedward' while standing upon it. . . . WE were reminded of 'JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire,' at the Opera the other night. 'Do you see that young man over there, sucking the end of his rattan?' asked a friend at our elbow. 'Yes; what of him?' 'See how he is dying away with the music, and how his empty head sways to and fro in affected ecstasy. That young man is an ignorant 'snob;' upon my honor, he cannot write a letter of twenty lines without misspelling the commonest words.' We commend him,

if he reads the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to the studious example of his great prototype, 'CHARLES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire,' while securing a 'fashnabble hedgication.'

'IMPRYNU. I've been obleged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, & to apply myself with tremenjuous energy.

'First: in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is, I've read the novvie of PELHAM six times, and am to go through it 4 times mor.

'I practis ridin and the acquirment of 'a steady & a sure seat acros the County' assjuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Ridin Grounds. Many's the tumbill I've ad, and the aking boans I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opera.

'Every morning from 6 till 9, the inhabitance of the Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music fashing from the apartmnce of JAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies; at nine 'mangtiang & depotment,' as he calls it; & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting the ost & oetees, & complotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room, (has to a party,) I make my bow; my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young LEWY NEPOLEUM,) reseaves me; I hadwance; speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cursory manner. Brekfist is enounced by FITZWAREN, my mann; we precede to the festive bord; complimence is ischanged, with the manner of drinking wind, addressing your neighbor, employing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfist, when I promise you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm gotten on very well; soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfist, like Mr. MILLE, my rivle in the Halbany; Mr. MACAULY, (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, 'The Lays of Hancient Rum;') & the great Mr. RODGERS himself.

'The above was wrote some weeks back. I have given brekfists sine then, reglar *Deshunks*. I have ad Earls and Ycounts — Barnits as many as I chose; and the pick of the Railway world, o, which I form a member.'

This is the bright side of the picture; but after all, 'JAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire' was not quite 'appy. 'Ear 'im :

'PEOPLE phansy its hall galey and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gents about townd — but I can tell 'em its not hall goold that glittera. They do n't know our momints of hagony, hour ours of studdy and refecahun. They little think when they see JAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, wurling round in walce at HALMAX with LADY HAWK, or lazaly steppink a kidrill with LADY JANE, pouring belegant nothinx into the COUNTESS's hear at dinner, or gallopin his boss Desperation bover the exorcisin-ground in the Park — they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so reckliass, is a careworn mann! — and yet so it is.'

Let our would-be dandies take good heed of this ingenuous confession. . . . THERE ensues a beautiful illustration of 'an active and living christian faith.'

'A KIND and tender-hearted clergyman, a 'good shepherd' of his flock, was one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the sincere follower of JESUS, and related to me an illustration that had just occurred in his family.

'He had gone into a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only four years old was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was dark, and she called :

'Are you down cellar, father ?'

'Yes; would you like to come, MARY ?'

'It is dark; I can't come down, father.'

'Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you.'

'O, I shall fall; I can't see you, papa.'

'I know it,' he answered, 'but I am really here, and you shall not fall and hurt yourself. 'If you will jump, I will catch you safely.'

'Little MARY strained her eye to the utmost; but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after she discovered the cellar-door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called :

'Shall I come again, papa ?'

'Yes, my dear, in a minute,' he replied, and had just time to reach his arms toward her, when in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said :

'I knew, dear father, I should not fall.'

THERE are very few persons in the Empire State who have not heard of ELISHA WILLIAMS, the eminent advocate, of Columbia county. A friend has just mentioned to us an anecdote of him which is well worth recording. He had been listening to an antagonist who was rather a dull speaker, and who had infused into his summing up a vast deal of fustian. Mr. WILLIAMS rose when he had finished, and said : 'Gentlemen of the jury, if I did not feel strong in the justice of my cause, I should fear the effect upon you of the eloquent harangue to which you have just listened. That, gentlemen, was a splendid, a magnificent performance. I admire that speech, gentlemen

of the jury—I *always* admired it. I admired that speech when I was a boy!’ It is needless perhaps to add, that this compliment was not lost upon the jury. . . . ‘*The Wheel of Life*’ is the title of a little poem, a few stanzas of which we have copied into our common-place book. They strike us as original and impressive :

‘I SAT beside a cottage hearth,  
A wheel was standing near;  
A little infant whirled it round,  
Then started back in fear.

‘Methought the mystic Wheel of Life  
Was whirled by that fair child,  
And fast the ever-lengthening cord  
Was on the spindle piled.

‘Time, standing near with clicking reel,  
Was counting off the chain;  
And every month he tied a knot,  
And every year a skein.

‘At first the thread was smooth and white,  
No spot or wrinkle there;  
For Innocence the wheel did turn,  
For Life’s immortal heir.

‘Soon coarser grew the rolling thread,  
Uneven grew the skein;  
And Passion, with its crimson dye,  
Began to leave its stain.

‘And louder yet the spindle whirled,  
And quick the wheel flew round;  
And fast upon the spool of Life  
Her thread the spinner wound.’

A CHOICE specimen of ‘*Canine Latinity*’ is the constitution of a society established a few months since in the University of Vermont. We subjoin a brief specimen :

‘QUUM in the course of human events necesse est uno set of anthropopagorum connectionum dissolvere cum another usual est et expectari quod in verbis of that numquam to be satis admirari Ducis GEORGE WASHINGTON qui fuit 1st in bello, 1st in pace, et 1st in the cordibus of his countrymen, qui fuit universally observatus dum vixit et died lamented by omnibus qui knew him, ad Mount Vernon a locum in Virginia, quæ coloniam constitutus erat per JOHN SMITH ante the glorious landing of our Pilgrim Patrum qui fugere ab tyranny et oppression to instituere libertatem of conscience in the silvis Americanis ab whom delivatus erat the spirit of septuagesima sex, in the tempores that tried men’s animas, in the revolutionary bellum, quum the aquila Americana demolished the British leonem et gigant the principles of the immortalis JEFFERSON, principles qui oppositi sunt to hos of the insignis ALEXANDER HAMILTON of infelix memory qui shot erat in duello cum infamis AARON BURR, qui died a deserved mortem per want of breath et ejus memoires sunt scripti per MATTHEW L. DAVIS, commonly nominatus the Antiquus Puer in Specs; an amicus of the illustrius Andrew JACKSON Teneeseensis, qui pugnavit and vincit the Britanos ad Novum Orleans in MDCCCXIV. et meruit supremos honores ab countrymen ejus per expugnabilem animositatem suam to et Roman fortitudinem against the monstrum Bank the focum Aristocratie, et lever tyrannæ, as was bene dixit per JOHN MADISON, Esq., a juris consultus boni standing et ejus character erat like CÆSAR’s wife, quæ est dixit to have been the daughter of one horum Romanorum qui trampled the kings of the earth et ostentant obetupfacto mundo that glorious Democracy quod used up British tyranny et oppression et continuavit interrita through a longum et unbroken successio of boni citizens donec it centered erat in JAMES K. POLK populi choice, qui donavit a pass to SANTA ANNA et captured id gentleman’s wooden leg et scalded eum cum ‘a hasty plate of soup’ in manibus of SCOTTIO Chippewanus at Cerro-Gordo, subsequent to demolishing his coppias at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista, ZACHARY TAYLOR Duce, the greatest dux of the age, the DUX OF WELLINGTON not exceptus, illustris as ille is for the subjugational Imperatoris NAPOLEON,’ etc.

THERE is a sheriff in Illinois who was *rather* ‘taken in’ in that region on one occasion, and ‘done for.’ He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish pedlars for travelling through the state without a license; but one morning he ‘met his match;’ a ‘ginooine’ yankee pedlar. ‘What have you got to sell?—any thing?’ asked the sheriff. ‘Yaës, sartain; what ‘d ye like to hev? Got razors, fast-rate; that’s an article, ‘Square, that you *want*, tew, I should say, by the looks o’ your *baird*. Got good blackin’; ‘t ‘ll make them old cowhide boots o’ your’n shine as ‘t you can shave into ‘em: Balm o’ Klumby, tew; only a dollar a bottle; good for the ha’r, and ‘assistin’ poor human natur,’ as the poet says.’ The sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted ‘any thing else,’ that functionary said he did; he wanted to see the yankee’s license for pedling in Illinois, that being his duty, as the high sheriff of the state! The pedlar showed him a document ‘fixed up good, in black and white,’ which the officer pronounced ‘all correct;’ and handing it back to the pedlar, he added, ‘I don’t know, now that I’ve *bought* this stuff, that I care any thing about it. I reckon I may as

well sell it to you ag'in. What 'll you give for it?' 'Oh, I don't know as the darn'd stuff 's any use to *me*, but seein' it's *yeðu*, sheriff, I'll give yeðu about thirty-seven and a half cents for it,' quietly responded the trader. The sheriff handed over the bottle and recived the change, when the pedlar said: 'I say yeðu, guess *I've* a question to ask you now. Hev yeðu got a pedlar's license about your trowse's?' 'No; I haven't any use for the article, *myself*,' said the sheriff. 'Hain't, eh? Well, I guess we 'll see about that pooty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, neðw, it's a clear case that youe 've been tradin' with me — hawkin' and peddlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway — and I shall inform on yeðu; I'll be darn'd ef I don't!' Reaching the town, the yankee was as good as his word, and the high sheriff was fined for peddling without a license. He was heard afterward to say, 'You might as well hold a greased oel as a live Yankee!' . . . VERY pretty and graceful are these lines on '*Girlhood*,' just received from our friend and correspondent, JOHN G. SAXE, Esq.:

With rosy cheeks and merry-dancing curls,  
And eyes of tender light,  
O very beautiful are little girls,  
And goodly to the sight!

Here comes a group to seek my lonely bower,  
Ere waning Autumn dies;  
How like the dew-drops on a drooping flower  
Are smiles from gentle eyes!

What beaming gladness lights each fairy face  
The while the elves advance,  
Now speeding swiftly in a gleesome race,  
Now whirling in a dance!

What heavenly pleasure o'er the spirit rolls,  
When, all the air along,  
Floats the sweet music of untainted souls,  
In bright, unsullied song!

The sacred nymphs that guard this sylvan ground  
May sport unseen with these,  
And joy to hear their ringing laugh resound  
Among the clustering trees.

With rosy cheeks and merry-dancing curls,  
And eyes of tender light,  
O very beautiful are little girls,  
And goodly to the sight!

'*A Place in thy Memory*' is the designation given to a small duodecimo volume by Mrs. H. DE KROYER. It is published by subscription, for the benefit of the author, who has suddenly been stricken stone-blind, while just on the verge of womanhood. To her, henceforth,

'No sun, no moon, no stars — all dark!'

Reader, *subscribe* for her book, if she calls upon you; it is a good volume, and a pleasant; but 'it is the cause, *the cause*!' Sorrow for the poor lady 'cast into outer darkness' by that inscrutable PROVIDENCE which might have deprived *you* in like manner of sight! . . . Looking down from the roof of a high dwelling at night upon a great city, partly revealed by a conflagration, is to us a sublime spectacle. In the semi-gloom, uprise the towers, steeples, domes and cupolas into the heavens, now brightening now fading in the rising and sinking flame. The far-off clanking of the engines; the subdued roar of human voices; the faint crackling of the flames, and that monotone of raging fire which rises solemnly into the empyrean, and the restless patter of a thousand feet; all these possess, to our conception, the element of sublimity. Looking up to the dark blue star-begemmed dome above, one cannot help saying with BRYANT:

'Thy spirit is around,  
Quickening the reckless mass that sweeps along;  
And this eternal sound,  
Voices and footfalls of the unnumbered throng,  
Like the resounding sea,  
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of THEE!

'And when the hours of rest  
Come like a calm upon the mid sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast,  
The quiet of the moment too is THINE;  
It breathes of HIM who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.'

'You must have a retentive memory,' writes a Bangor friend. Well, we have, we

are glad to say, and it is one of the pleasantest endowments which has been vouchsafed us. 'Memory,' says Judge HALIBURTON, very beautifully, 'acts on thought like sudden heat on a dormant fly: it wakes it from the dead, puts new life into it, and it stretches out its wings and buzzes round as if it had never slept.' . . . We little thought, while quoting from ELLIOTT, the English 'corn-law rhymers,' in our last number, so soon to be called upon to record his death. But he was in the spirit-land while we were calling upon our readers to admire his genius. He was to the artisans of England what BURNS was to the peasantry of Scotland. It was to his rhymes, more than to any other collateral cause, that we may attribute the repeal of the tax on bread, 'the staff of life,' in Great Britain. The stalwart-minded WARRI-TER has some recent stirring lines upon the burial of this noble poet of the masses:

'HANDS off, thou tythe-fat plunderer! play  
No trick of priestcraft here:  
Back, puny lordling! dar'st thou lay  
A hand on ELLIOTT's bier?  
Alive, your rank and pomp as dust  
Beneath his feet he trod;  
He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
The harvest-fields of God!

'On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
Which England's millions feel,  
A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
As from his forge, the steel;  
Strong-armed as THOR! a shower of fire  
His smitten anvil flung:  
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire,  
He gave them all a tongue!

'Then let the poor man's horny hands  
Bear up the mighty dead,  
And Labor's swart and stalwart bands  
Behind as mourners tread.  
Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,  
Leave rank its minster-floor;  
Give England's green and daisied grounds  
The Poet of her Poor!

'Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge  
That brave old heart of oak,  
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
And pall of furnace-smoke!  
Where whirl the stone its dizzy rounds,  
And axe and sledge are swung,  
And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
His stormy lays are sung!

Good taste in literary composition, or good judgment of it, let us inform 'M.,' don't come alone of reading standard 'works on taste.' There are readers who have never read an essay on taste; and if they take our advice, they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing, than they could improve their appetite by studying a cookery-book.' . . . We are 'proud and happy' to be enabled to state to the citizens of the North-American republic that M. SOYER, French *artist de cuisine* to the 'Reform Club, 'Len-den,' has 'fabricated an entirely new sauce for the public at large of Great-Britain!' We have tried it, and 'knocking head,' as the Chinese have it, 'we beg leave to renew to M. SOYER the assurances of our distinguished consideration.' *What's it made of*, Mr. SOYER, 'if it's a fair question?' Could n't you oblige us with what a friend of ours calls a 're-cype' of it? 'Only ask for information'—how to 'fabricate' it. Next to the 'medicated apple-sauce' of Captain CODDLE, of Bunkum, it is the best thing of its kind 'going.' . . . '*Crossing the Kaatskills in Winter*' is a theme for a poet, but the scene should be beheld by HAL-LECK or BRYANT. 'B. V.' enjoyed it, we have no doubt, but he does not *communi- cate* his enjoyment. Now *we* are no poet, 'and always was;' but it really 'doth appeareth unto us' that something nearly *akin* to poetry would have found its way even to our bosom, while standing, as our correspondent did, in a pause of his night-ride across the mountains, and looking over that vast expanse, (Nature dead and in her shroud) saw

'The moon throw off her robe of clouds,  
And glimmer on the cold white snow.'

We *feel* the scene, in the sanctum to-night; we positively do. . . . We receive, through Messrs. DEWITT AND DAVENPORT, Tribune Buildings, the successive issues of '*The Living Age*,' published by Messrs. E. LITTELL AND COMPANY, Boston; a work

which we always peruse with pleasure, not less from the character than the variety of its contents. At the establishment of 'the two D.'s may be found all the current works of the day. . . . THERE are not a few entertaining matters in the '*Sweepings from the Study of a Septuagenary.*' We annex a specimen or two:

'FICTION in all languages has been the creation of fancy. In poetry, it has its fabled Deities; in law, it has its '*JOHN DOE* and '*RICHARD ROE*;' in the diplomatic departments of government, it flourishes in the '*Balance of Power*,' National Independence, Public Rights, Royal Mandates, etc. In Theology, from the earliest ages of history, it has held unlimited sway over the powers of the human mind, which has been transmitted to succeeding generations by written records or oral traditions. The greatest range of fiction throughout christendom has probably been displayed on objects of fabulous worship, first propagated by pagan priests in Egypt, which became the land of graven images: allegory and mythology were the veil that concealed their religious devotions from the eyes of the vulgar, and fable was the impenetrable disguise. Thus the worship of objects animate and inanimate were consecrated as visible and invisible symbols of Deities. Hence JUPITER AMMON was represented as a ram. ARIS, the son of JUPITER and NIOME, under that of a cow; OSIRIS, of a bull; PAN, of a goat. From such a source the deluded people derived their fabulous transformations of their gods, so generally celebrated in Egyptian mythology.

'The following brief delineation of the blissful regions of Paradise may serve to show how the illusive visions of fancy become neutralized in the natural progress of civilized life. We are told that the ETERNAL BEING presided at the birth of the human race, and that his voice was heard, not in the inarticulate music of the wind, but in distinct and intelligible language, among the trees of the infant world. Thus mankind learned the secret of their mysterious existence, and a simple and sublime religion, from the original source of intelligence, when the frail bark of humanity was launched on the ocean of time, amid the hymning of angels and the welcoming of the very elements of nature! They fell from this state of innocence and bliss, when misery and death became their portion. Their eyes were darkened to the heavenly light which had streamed upon them in Eden; their ears became incapable of hearing, and their souls of understanding the voice of God, and their only guide was the light of nature: they forgot the solemn secret of their destiny, and their moral capabilities were more or less modified by the circumstances of their physical situation; since which the history of man exhibits an advance from barbarism to refinement; his faculties improve, his mind is enlarged, and his soul becomes enlightened with the arts and sciences of civilized life.'

A YOUNGSTER, scarcely of age, and worth sixteen thousand dollars a year, was recently overheard, in a fashionable and exclusive 'hell,' repeating to a small circle of friends a prodigiously funny joke which he had heard somewhere. Of course every body laughed at the story of a young man with sixteen thousand dollars a year, and none more boisterously than the 'premier' of the gay saloon. One of the brace of 'ducks' in an adjoining room, who overheard the story, offered five to one that the laugh of the premier was n't 'on the square!' 'Flash' sentences these, but easily understood by the 'knowing ones.' A laugh 'on the square!' . . . It seems that '*Mary's Dream*' is not, as we had always supposed, an English song. It is of Scottish origin, and here is one of the striking stanzas of the original:

'TAKE off thae bride-sheets frae thy bed,  
Which thou hast faulded down for me;  
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole;  
I'll meet fu' soon in heaven wi' thee!  
Three times the gray cock clapped his wings,  
To mak' the morning lift her e'e,  
And thrice the passing spirit said:  
'Sweet MARY! weep nae mair for me!'

Or '*Mahomet and his Successors*,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, recently issued from the press of PUTNAM, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. We may for the present merely remark that the work involves a great deal of romantic interest, and contains many oriental legends of a very peculiar character. The story, in short, of

the founder of Islamism is an entertaining and instructive one. Observe, in preceding pages, the tribute paid to MAHOMET by our well-informed and accomplished oriental correspondent. . . . To the descriptive writer of '*The Spirit-World*' we have only to say, 'All that we *know* is, nothing *can* be known' externally, touching the theme of his essay. How inconceivably eccentric and illimitable may be the mind's flight, when it is released from its earthly tenement, and revels in the boundless wilds of imagination, as a liberated balloon soars into the blue empyrean — of *this* surely all that we *know* is '*less* than nothing, and vanity!' . . . We enjoyed a 'silent laugh' over the broad-ish '*Sketch of a Fashionable Musical Party.*' The 'accessories' are *surely* overdone. Does 'P.' remember the anecdote of Lord NORTH, (wasn't it?) who had no great love of music, and who, on being asked why he did not subscribe to certain fashionable concerts, it being urged, as a reason why he *should* do so, that his brother the Bishop of Winchester was a 'patron' of them, replied: 'Oh, ay! no doubt; and if I was as *deaf* as my brother, I would subscribe too!' . . . THE '*Thoughts by a Returned Gold-Seeker*' have abundant feeling, but they greatly lack execution. The writer's emotions on arriving off the coast on a bright Sunday morning reminded us of a stanza in 'The Antient Mariners' of COLERIDGE:

'Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?'

'*The Parterre, a Collection of Flowers culled by the Wayside,*' is the modest and pretty title given to a handsomely-executed little volume of verse by D. W. BELLEISLE, of Philadelphia, who has sometimes contributed to these pages. Mr. BELLEISLE has tenderness, simplicity, and a fair facility of versification, to commend him to his reader. He is an evident lover of nature, also, and describes natural scenes in general with no little faithfulness. His imagination is not of the highest order, but nothing could be purer than the inculcations of his verse. . . . PSHAW! it *can* be done, friend 'VETO.' It *can* and it *must*; and what is more, you are the very man to do it. 'What has been,' remember, 'may be again; for *may be* and *has been* are only tenses of the same verb, and that verb is eternally being declined.' To 't man, to 't! The edict is promulged. Delay not. A vermillion decree. Respect this! . . . Our own little people, in repeating the Lord's Prayer, are directed to say, '*Abandon us not to temptation;*' and, if we are rightly informed, this is the language of the original. Surely our heavenly FATHER would not '*lead us into temptation.*' We have just breathed an aspiration after a little girl who has been repeating this comprehensive petition, and in three minutes afterward was in the dream-land of guileless childhood:

'Oh may the Fountain of all Truth  
Each perfect gift impart,  
With innocence protect thy youth,  
With hope support thy heart!'

If our metropolitan readers, who may have the opportunity, should desire to see an exemplification of the beautiful in interior decoration, where shape and form may be said to be against a tasteful display of art, we commend them to an examination of the cabins of that magnificent new steamer, belonging to Mr. COLLINS' line, '*The Atlantic.*' It needs but a glance at the superb decorations, to one acquainted with the skill and fine taste of the accomplished artist who designed them, to recognise in them the directing hand of Mr. GEORGE PLATT, than whom there is not a more gifted

decorator on this side the Atlantic. Mr. PLATT's services are now so frequently in requisition, in the erection or completion of noble edifices in town and country, and in arranging the interiors of our noblest steamers, that he may be said to embody and represent the highest taste of the country, in his especial branches of art. . . . THE 'Buffalo Daily Courier,' a well-filled sheet, edited by Mr. WILLIAM A. SEAVER, its proprietor, has arisen like a 'spynx' from the ashes of its recent conflagration, and in its new and handsome dress presents a very attractive appearance. We observe in its columns the hand of Mr. GEORGE HASKINS, now and then; a young gentleman who knows *how* to wield a pleasant quill, and *does* it. . . . It would have been an illustration of the 'luxury of doing good' if our friend M — of P — could have seen the reception, by the publisher hereof, of the twenty new names which he forwarded in one day for our subscription-list. He seemed,

— 'In the fulness of joy and hope,  
To be washing his hands in invisible soap,  
In imperceptible water.'

To R — of B —, L — of A —, (S. C.,) and all who have interested themselves in extending our circulation, 'we cordially unite' in tendering our hearty thanks . . . 'The Albion' weekly literary and political journal appears in a new and very handsome address, and a late issue is accompanied by a large and exceedingly spirited engraving from LANDSEER's celebrated picture of 'Dignity and Impudence,' 'two dogs' who will become as famous to the eye, as BURNS's poem to the mind, of the world. Mr. LANDSEER may congratulate himself upon having so good an interpreter of his picture upon stone as our engraver, Mr. SADD. 'The Albion' is conducted with marked dignity, spirit and industry by Mr. YOUNG, its present editor and proprietor, and has, as it has always had, our cordial good wishes for its prosperity. . . . 'D.' is a cynic. Don't think so ill of the world. It's a very pleasant world, if you know how to treat and to enjoy it. It contains many very warm-hearted, simple-hearted, right-hearted men and women. 'After all,' says one who had known and tested mankind, 'after all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere, and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also every where to be found; right intentions, genial minds, and private virtues.' . . . WE were about to say a few words touching the *desideratum* supplied by the establishment mentioned below, but 'The Home Journal' has anticipated us, in this brief paragraph 'of and concerning' 'Curious Furniture at Marley's' in Ann-street, below Nassau: 'One of the greatest treats we have lately had, (in the way of idling the pinch of the quill out of our fingers,) has been the inspection of some most sumptuous specimens of Chinese furniture, for sale at MARLEY's in Ann-street. It was brought to this country by a wealthy oriental merchant, and is the first we have ever seen of the *massive* articles of that country's luxuries. Those who have acquired, in Europe, a distaste for the glaring look of newness, like furniture on show in the cabinet-maker's ware-room, which our New-York houses wear, will do well to step in and see something which looks as if the proprietor was well off before yesterday. MARLEY's rooms are a museum for such things, but what we speak of, forms just now the most attractive novelty.' Rare and elegant furniture, of all descriptions, with articles of *vertu* for parlors and dressing-rooms, may always be found at this popular depository. . . . WE speak



by the card.' . . . THE last 'issoo' of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*' has not reached our office. We fear that the harrassing 'life of mind' which the editor has lately been leading has given him a brain-fever. But, as the late WILLIAM COBBETT says, in his poem of 'Lallah-Rookh,' we 'hope for the best.' . . . WE are well pleased to hear of the success of the '*New-York Weekly Mirror*.' Our friend Mr. FULLER finds leisure not only to attend to the duties of the honorable and lucrative station which he holds under 'UNCLE SAMUEL,' and to edit his sprightly and most readable daily journal, but also, with the aid of capable assistants, to make a most various and excellent weekly. . . . THE following lines have been handed us by a Scottish gentleman for many years connected with the public press at Aberdeen and an adjacent town of Scotland. They will derive an added interest at a period so near the starting-point of TIME in his annual career :

OLD TIME sat on a ruin vast,  
And he laughed right merrily;  
He laughed at the present, he laughed at the past,  
And he laughed at the piles that were to last  
Till TIME should cease to be.

'Ha! ha!' cried he, 'they call me old,  
And they paint me lank and gray;  
But let them be told my scythe I hold  
With as firm a hand and a heart as bold  
As I did in my early day.

'Those ancient folks, with their stone and clay,  
Built well, as these walls can show;  
They've kept me at bay this many a day,  
But TIME, like tide, can no man stay —  
On, onward I must go!

'As the ruins I crumble now, shall all  
Yon splendid mansions be;  
For each buttress and arch and massy wall,  
And pillar and dome and spire shall fall,  
When touched at length by me.

'They boast of pyramids and towers,  
And they think my power to check;  
But pyramids, fragile as ladies' bowers,  
To earth shall be hurled by my dread powers,  
To mix in the general wreck.

'A sad task 'tis to crush to dust  
Full many a stately dome,  
But feller and deadlier work I must  
Perform, with a power and a deadly lust,  
On all that on earth do roam.

'For countless thousands yet unborn  
Are doomed to be my prey;  
The bands of affection and love must be torn,  
And the gay and the young and the weary worn  
I must sweep in their turn away!

'Yet gentler, kindlier tasks are mine,  
As many a heart can tell;  
E'en now there are bosoms that sorrowing pine,  
On whose starless night joy yet will shine,  
Through TIME's all-potent spell.

'Oh! sad is the sorrow I cannot heal,  
Though there are such sorrows, I ween;  
Hearts loving and leal can now never feel  
The joy that their smiles were wont to reveal,  
E'er the dark storm of grief they had seen.

'Their hours, like those the dial shows  
As the sun on its gnomon falls,  
Are marked by a shadow that ever throws  
A 'blight alike o'er their joys and woes,'  
Till DEATH's dread summons calls!

But the FINAL VICTORY is not here;  
TIME may conquer all below,  
But in a brighter sphere shall man appear,  
When nor hour nor day nor month nor year  
Shall mark the eternal flow.

Of joys the blessed in heaven shall know  
Where sorrow and grief they 'll never see,  
When the ills they suffered, the anguish and woe,  
Shall cease; for joy on joy shall flow,  
And TIME SHALL CEASE TO BE! B.

'How do you like the New-Lights?' was wont to ask Mr. POVEY, as 'Dr. O'FLAIL,' of 'poor POWER,' as 'Dr. O'TOOLE.' 'Oh!' exclaims the latter, 'what you mean the *Gash-Lights*! Be me sowl, they're gay and sparkling, now and ag'in!' And the same may be said of Mr. G. G. FOSTER's '*Gas-Light*,' by which, in a recent volume of graphic sketches, published by Messrs. DEWITT AND DAVENPORT, he surveys New-York with the eye and pen of an artist. . . . THE present number of the KNICKERBOCKER was ready for the binder on the twentieth of January. Hereafter the work will appear with unfailing punctuality on the first of each month in the Atlantic cities, and near that period in most of the cities of the Union. Correspondents, publishers, etc., will please to take note of this, and 'act accordingly.' Our circulation in England, increased by the activity of our new agents in London, requires us to go to press at an early day, that the work may be in London as nearly as possible by the first of each month. . . . CORRESPONDENTS must 'bear with us yet a little.'

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE GERMAN HARTZ.

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BY JAMES M. HOPPIN.  
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‘THE Hartz, the most northerly range of mountains in Germany, is about seventy miles long, and twenty to twenty-eight broad : it lies on the confines of Hanover, Brunswick, Anhalt, Bernburg, and Prussia, and is divided among them, though the largest share belongs to Hanover. The Brocken, the loftiest summit, is lower than the highest British mountains, but the Hartz chain rises alone, immediately out of a level plain extending all the way to the Baltic, whose inhabitants, accustomed to an uninterrupted flat, exaggerate both the elevation and the beauties of the only range of hills that falls within their observation.’

The above extract from ‘Murray’s Hand-Book’ may serve as a very general account of the Hartz mountains ; and I beg the reader to bear with me, if in the following short narrative I confine myself principally to my personal adventures and experiences, however trifling they may be, while spending two or three days amid scenes so full of natural beauty, and made classic by the pen of the greatest poet of Germany.

The Hartz traveller from Berlin makes his first stop at the city of Magdeburg on the Elbe, the ancient capital of Northern Saxony, its mediæval walls and fosses still stretching round about it, though the grass now grows in its streets ; in whose river-castle the famous Baron Trenck was long confined ; where Luther, as a school-boy, sung hymns from door to door ; which played so conspicuous a part in thirty years’ war ; and which was sacked by the Austrian general, Tilly, who slew thirty thousand of its inhabitants in revenge for their manful and obstinate resistance to his arms. I saw in the cathedral the helm and right gauntlet of this ferocious captain, whose name has come down to us through blood and smoke, a watch-word of terror, although history does not deny to it the praise of faithfulness and power. Austria and tyranny never seem to have lacked their Tillys ; their supremely devoted, able, and

successful champions. The cathedral of Magdeburg is a majestic pile, but rather bare and plain, when compared with the prodigious luxuriance of ornamental stone-carving, usual to Gothic structures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It contains some remarkable monuments, and among them the sepulchre of a noble Frau, who, after she had been buried some days, revived, came out of her tomb, returned to her husband and lived with him lovingly nine years longer. Those of my readers who desire to know more of this singular history, of the circumstances of this extraordinary revivification, and of the surprise, delight, or consternation of the husband, must of course go themselves to Magdeburg, and inquire of the pleasant old lady who told it to me. She will I doubt not, give them full and minute information, for she had a tongue in her head, and she loved to hear it wag.

I chatted with her full half an hour, standing in the cool shadow of the cathedral spire, while she gestured energetically with a bunch of keys nearly as large as her turban. She entered into all her family history. One of her boys had imbibed the religious gloom of the old church in his spirit, and he was going to be a preacher; another had studied its stones and its pillars, and followed with his childish eye its grandly springing arches, until they met and crossed in the high airy vault, and he was going to be a master mason. I left my old lady of the keys and took the 'post-wagen' to Halberstadt. This is a small city, still upon the plain, but within full sight of the 'green palaces' of the Hartz mountains. Having no companion with whom to make a pedestrian excursion, and there being no public conveyance to many of the interesting localities of the region, I found it necessary at Halberstadt to hire a small mountain curricule.

My coachman was a decayed postillion, who still wore jack-boots and the post-horn button, and had not forgotten the ancient knack of making his whip sound like the report of a horse-pistol. We commenced our journey in a severe rain storm, and for the first few miles encountered no animated existence, excepting occasional flocks of geese, each tended by its little griselda, who sat patiently knitting on a rock hard by, clad in red-petticoat and wooden shoes. But soon the clouds rolled away, and beneath the dewy glistening beams of the sun, a large company of Prussian lancers practising their morning exercises in a wide meadow at our side, formed a most lively picture. Some of them were picketted at great distance, others had alighted, and were standing in negligent attitudes by the sides of their horses, and others still were in full action, spurring their steeds and swinging their lances, while the officers at regular and central positions, sat upon their chargers immovable as statues. Before reaching the mountains, we passed through the quaint old town of Quedlinburg, the birth-place of that great genius Klopstock, that ushering star of German literature. The streets of this town were so narrow, that it seemed as if one, standing in the centre with his arms extended, might have grasped the noses of the red-faced burghers who puffed away in solemn rivalry at their miniature windows on either side. Soon, however, the steep frequent hills, the darkly-wooded valleys, the roaring shingly streams, and the bare granite rocks, informed us we had arrived at the Hartz highlands; and full noon found

us at the foot of the mountain, on whose summit stands the gray castle of Falkenstein.

I left my carriage at a small mill, and walked up the mountain under the guidance of the miller, the ruddiness of whose cheeks shone out through the meal which had lodged upon his whiskers. As soon as he discovered that I was from the New World, his conversation became very amusing. His idea of America seemed to be that of a vast dark forest, with three important *clearings*, named New-York, Boston, and Cincinnati. He wished to know what language Americans spoke; and he seemed to be surprised that I should have no personal acquaintance with a relative of his who had recently emigrated to the Western Continent.

I have been more than once astonished to find, even among educated Germans, how their ideas of the geography and topography of our country were, like my friend the miller's, limited to one or two of our principal cities. Professor Ritter lectures to them in vain. They do not seem to have the slightest comprehension of the names or extent of the different states, or of the great sectional divisions of the republic, such as New-England, the Middle States, or the Western States. The United States they call North-America, and the city of New-York generally embraces in their minds all that is habitable and civilized in the United States.

The first sight which greeted my eyes, on entering the walls of the castle, was an extraordinary one. In the ancient banquetting-hall, now used as a room of entertainment, sat twelve German students, be-spectacled, be-bloused, and be-bearded, who were smoking their pipes, roaring their songs, and quaffing white-beer, where of yore ruffled nobles gathered around the wassail-bowl, and satin-clad dames chatted of falcon-flying, and sipped Bordeaux. I visited all parts of this finely-preserved strong-hold; walked through sounding galleries studded with broad-branching trophies of the chase; looked into the deserted chapel where the faded tapestry still mouldered over the elevated seat of the lord; peeped into gloomy chambers with pictured windows and carved oaken ceilings; climbed to the top of the loftiest watch-tower, and from its windy height, looked up and down the winding valley of the Selke, catching here and there glimpses of other towers, each on its solitary crag, and once tenanted, like this, with stern forms and stormy hearts, but now left to the possession of the bird and the beast, whose wild names and nests they seemed to emulate. Yet who, with a touch of enthusiasm in his nature, or with the faintest image of past time stamped upon his imagination, can stand upon spots like these, the silent homes of vanished chivalry, and not rush back in thought to its passionate and heroic age? When life was more crowded and more vivid; when one bold strait road led up to Fame; when the simplicity of song stirred the soul to difficult deeds, and the approval of Beauty constituted their richest reward; when the eye experienced a childish delight in the pomp and bravery of power; when men's hearts were more simple, though we may call them deluded, and their actions more earnest, even though chargeable with madness and folly.

But peace to the ghost of ancient chivalry! We would not awake

it from its Gothic slumber, nor stir a dust upon its escutcheon-tomb. We would not have back the dark and suspicious times, when men's imagination grew morbid within their guarded dwellings and their natures petrified between stony walls. We would fain hope that, even in our unpoetic age, all that was great and good of chivalrous days remains; that nature still gives birth to knightly souls; that the beautiful in nature and art is more truly felt; that woman occupies a juster and a nobler position; that if we are not so impetuously earnest, we are not so monstrosly paradoxical, and do not so ignorantly confound the clear principles of right and wrong; that if the exercise of rude power is less uncurbed, we have more real freedom of mind and body; that science has now realized more wonderful things than the fiercest imagination then conceived; that if we do not now ride forth on crusades against Saladin and Solymán, we are waging a more glorious fight against spiritual error, against the hosts of the 'Prince of the Powers of the Air;' that if we do not now rear Titanic temples of devotion, to challenge the notice of heaven, we do not perhaps so utterly neglect that more beautiful temple of God in the soul, whose arches rest firmer and spring more majestic. But I have wandered from my theme. I was to have discoursed upon the Hartz mountains, and lo! I have written an essay on chivalry.

When I had descended from the mountain of Falkenstein, I sat down for a moment in the yard of the mill where I had left the carriage, and all the household, from grandsire down to the little tottling wooden-shoed child, gathered about me, offering every politeness which they could devise, evincing the greatest kindness toward myself as a stranger, and the utmost curiosity in regard to America. I have always found, in travelling in Germany, especially in the more primitive and unfrequented parts, that however rude their knowledge may be of his country, the name of an American is a magical opener of the hearts of these simple and honest people, and a sufficient passport to their hospitality. Even the faint and distant rumor that ours is a land which promises a Home to the wretched, invests it, and all that pertains to it, with a sweet and strange charm. May the charm not be dispelled, and the eyes of the needy, the weary, the oppressed, so long as such there be, brighten and glisten as they turn to America! For the arms of our country, for ages to come, can still go around and gather in, and warm against its mighty heart, the world of wo and suffering.

The ride from Falkenstein to Mägdesprung, through the narrow valley of the Selke, is most charming. The mountains on either side are not extraordinarily high, but they are gracefully rounded, and draped with the richest foliage. Among the trees I recognised in flourishing perfection the oak, (it may be remembered that the poetical name of Germany is 'Eichenland') the beech, the chesnut, the larch, the poplar, the alder, the birch, and also a species of fir called the 'tanner,' which I have never seen in America. It is a tree of most striking and picturesque appearance. The stem is straight and tall, and the limbs, branching out regularly in down-bending graceful curves, and forming together a conical shape, are clothed with long, dark and heavy fringes of foliage. The green of this tree is so deathly sombre, its lines so har-

monious and sweeping, its whole mass so still and shadowy, that mingled with the rigid outline of the oak, the small and restless leaf of the birch, and the precise figure and light colors of the poplar, it forms a singular and artistic contrast. I met many a pilgrim with a knapsack upon his back, a staff in his hand, traversing this green and quiet valley; and, taken in connection with the romantic loveliness and peacefulness of the scene, I was reminded of those hopeful, tranquil and sunlit passages, when Bunyan's pilgrim, having conquered the terrors of the way, is coming into the brighter regions, and threading the valleys which run greenly down from the Heavenly Mountains.

Arrived at Mägdesprung, which is a straggling village of iron-founders, I took a guide to conduct me to the summit of the Mägdetreppe Hill. This was the shrewdest and most mischievous-looking urchin I ever encountered. His twisted conical face, his lean ricketty figure, his quick, dry method of speaking, and his nervous erratic motions, ludicrously put me in mind of 'Flibbertigibbet' in Scott's *Kenilworth*. After we had arrived at the summit, my young oddity conducted me to the gigantic impress of a human foot in the topmost stone, and this he informed me was the 'Mägdetreppe,' the maiden's foot-print; and the amount of the story which he related in a mysterious tone, and which, when I questioned him as to his own belief in it, he asseverated most emphatically, was this:

'A lovely young ogress was once taking a quiet evening stroll upon the other side of the valley, when a tremendous, shaggy-haired, wild 'Jäger,' smitten with her charms, rushed suddenly into her presence, manifesting the warmth of his admiration in a manner not to be mistaken. Highly offended and alarmed, the delicate maiden, still, like the infanta of Spain in her tender years, made one energetic hop, and clearing clean the whole valley, alighted with one foot on the spot where I was standing, and with the other upon a rock about fifty feet distant, which I afterward visited.'

I give this story without comment, simply adding that the footprint itself, notwithstanding its Brobdiagnagian proportions, is slender and well-shaped and worthy of its spirited indentator.

Just as we had left the village of Mägdesprung, we encountered the carriage of the Duchess of Anhalt-Bernburg, drawn by four black horses, which came thundering down the mountain, accompanied by outriders, and followed by another carriage filled with merry and blooming maids of honor. We had passed the Ducal dwelling but a short time before. It may thus be seen that the Hartz mountains, instead of being the wild and uninhabited region which we generally conceive from reading the accounts of poets and legend-writers, is the abode of wealth and gaiety, with frequent villages, tolerable roads, and here and there ornamented estates and princely mansions. Toward evening we drove into Alexisbad, whose romantic situation and chalybeate springs make it one of the most popular water-places in this part of Germany. It lies in a bowl of green mountains, and contains a number of large and handsome edifices, the most picturesque of which is the pavilion of the Duke of Anhalt, built in imitation of a Swiss cottage, upon the bank of the rushing stream which cleaves its way noisily down from the

neighboring hills. I went forth to take a stroll, just as the yellow of the evening sunset was tinging the tops of the surrounding mountains. I walked for some distance behind three young ladies, whose slow, melancholy step and downcast heads convinced me that their sensitive and delicate natures were utterly subdued and absorbed by the tranquil loveliness of the scene and the balmy pureness of the atmosphere; when alas! the word 'Rindfleisch,' uttered by one of them, destroyed my romantic conception.

The next morning found us early upon the road to Victorhöhe; but when we had arrived at that commanding eminence, the mistiness of the morning rendered the otherwise magnificent prospect limited and disappointing. We therefore resolved to push on immediately to the Rosstrappe. In order to reach this, next to the Brocken, the most interesting locality of the Hartz, it was necessary to come out from among the mountains, and descend into the plain which skirted their base. In accomplishing this descent, we passed through the little village of Gernrode, stuck on so steep a slope of the mountain side that surely none but a man who had one leg longer than the other could have lived there with comfort. In driving through the plain, sometimes in the very black shadow of the hills which rose perpendicularly out of it like a green wall, the only living objects we encountered were shepherds and their flocks. It being the middle of the day, the sun hot and high, and sheep and master having eaten their fill, the former were sleeping huddled together in a lump, with the keen-eyed dog upon one side, and Corydon stretched upon his back, his crook by his side, and his broad hat over his face, upon the other. We saw upon our right the singular rocks, called the 'Teufelsmauer,' devil's wall, which strikingly resemble huge, broken, and unfinished masses of mason-work, and which occur at regular intervals, in an air-line upon the flat plain, as far as the eye can reach. My coachman told me the belief was, that the devil once, long ago, on finding men to be getting rebellious, had built this wall around the globe, commencing at the village of Blankenburg. It was a bad sign, the postillion farther observed, giving his whip a tremendous crack, that now-a-days it was not thought by his majesty at all necessary to keep the wall in repair.

We at last arrived at the inn of the Blechütte, not far from the base of the Rosstrappe rock. The river Bode, an insignificant stream in the summer time, winds its circuitous way from the Brocken, which lies far back among the highlands to the level plain out of which the Hartz mountains, so wall-like, rise. At this spot it makes its appearance, where a narrow and sudden gorge is cloven in the perpendicular front of the mountains, to give it egress. I procured a guide at the village, and commenced the ascent of the Rosstrappe rock. After quarter of an hour's climbing, we came to a small pavilion, where a bare-footed 'mädchen' served out 'berken-wasser,' birch-water, and where a bare-headed harper tinkled on a most feebly tintinnabulating harp. A strikingly handsome, blue-eyed young 'fraulein,' surrounded by her smaller brothers and sisters, sat near by, under a spreading oak, like Melpomene, weaving chaplets of oak leaves; her heart doubtless full of a German girl's romance, a high and yet somewhat melancholy passion for nature, and

a dreamy transcendental love of country, which she gets from her student-brothers, and from the poetry of Schiller. At least I had a right to conjecture that such were the thought-feelings of a spiritual-looking German maiden, sitting under an oak, on the Hartz mountains, weaving oak crowns. Had I been a Körner, or could I have written German with sufficient ease, I should certainly have made a sonnet on the spot to the 'beautiful hero-crowner of the Hartz,' and deposited it at her feet.

Thus refreshed by birch-water, and the sight of beauty in a poetic action, I climbed to the summit of the mountain, and at the extreme edge of a narrow rock jutting out on one side of the gorge of the Bode, and overhanging it fantastically, I was shown the veritable Rosstrappe itself, or the perfect though magnified impress of a horse's hoof in the rock, with its rim, nails and projections. The legend concerning it is similar to the one before related; namely, that the Princess Bremhelda, pursued by a terrific giant, leaped her horse over the chasm of the Bode, and the mighty charger's hoof, striking upon the rock, sunk into its surface and left the wonderful dent now to be seen. In the agitation of this tremendous vault the crown dropped from the head of the Princess and fell into the stream below, where, when the sun shines brightly, the rayed glitter of its jewelled circle may be seen, as well as the flaming eyes of the demon dog who keeps eternal watch over it. Thus the Germans delight in what the people of other nations would regard as the most childish inventions and superstitions. They would visit and speculate fantastically upon the print of a spirit-steed's hoof in stone, and leave their own flesh-and-blood horses, as is often the case, wholly unshod, and thereby nearly unserviceable. The vivid fancy of the old Greeks, to people nature with mystery and with invisible life, seems to be theirs, without the excuse of any ideal religious necessity. I have sometimes thought, in reading the German poets, and in hearing educated Germans talk, that no persons ever desired more earnestly than they to have been born old Greek heathen. They mourn evermore for the 'Golden Age,' the green and woody age, the age of the naiads and the fauns, the age of nakedness, of reedy pipes, of frolic nature, of Pan and of grape-garlanded Bacchus. Their romance, even that of Schiller's, has something Greek, sensuous and pagan in it; something also, at times, too wild, baseless and ridiculous to be even the sportive creations of healthful minds. There is sometimes so much of earnestness in their most fantastic and most absurd gambollings of the imagination, that we are startled to find them warming and furiously feeling where we supposed they were but sporting in the sun-rays of fancy. The poet Goëthe, with all his mystical and grotesque spirit-world about him, must however be excepted from this charge of a childish self-slavedom of the imagination. 'The spirits he has raised' *obey* him; he sits above them like Merlin, calm, and waves them into life or into death. He plays with his spiritual offspring as a father plays with his own children: caressing, indulging, and sending them away. He is too sagacious to be ever overcome by the creatures of his own imagination; he is also too practical, and with all his unpardonable faults, too truly philosophical, thus to be consumed by the false fires he himself had kindled. How calm, and true, and



reposeful, and unlike Schiller, that speech he puts into the mouth of the wise and lovely Leonora d'Este, in Torquato Tasso :

'My friend, the Golden Age is long gone by;  
The Good alone can ever bring it back;  
And shall I truly tell you what I think?  
The Golden Age, with which the poet loves  
To flatter us, the perfect age, it was.  
So it appears to me, as little as it is;  
And were it really, it were only so  
As we can always have it now again.'

From Rosstrappe Rock to the Golden Age: really a mightier leap than the Princess Bremhelda's! But the rock itself should not thus leap away from our notice, being, even if it were unlegended, extremely imposing. The Rosstrappe precipice rises eight hundred feet sheer from the waters of the Bode, which brawl with a feeble voice at its base. It forms almost an isolated out-jutting point, and is approached by a narrow peninsula of rocks, which for greater security has been guarded by a bannister of ropes. Upon the opposite side of the abyss tower defyingly stern, naked, needle-pointed crags, while between lies the deep and darkly-wooded gorge of the river, whose shadowy and winding line may be traced by the eye far back into the troubled ocean of mountains, even to the dim Brocken, which hides its blue etherealized head in the clouds.

While sitting enjoying the wild magnificence of the prospect, as if the Prospero of the spot had commanded his spirits to shift the scene and reveal for a moment its more hidden and awful beauties, a heavy cloud, the gigantic offspring of the mists of the hills, passed between us and the sun, and as it moved slowly over our heads, its scowl visibly darkening upon rock and mountain, and a low growl of thunder rolled broken through the zigzag pass, little was wanting to complete a sublime picture. But the cloud soon vanished, and as the sun burst forth more dazzling than before, some young Germans who had joined me commenced singing in manly voices a hymn of the 'Lyre and Sword' poet to the praise of Fatherland. And well might they do so. Germany is assuredly a land to be proud of, strewn as it is with the worn monuments of a venerable age, opulent in the deathless recollections of the past, almost unparalleled in the triumphs of its heart and its intellect, and almost unequalled in the noble and varied features of its natural landscape, from the Hartz to the Alps, from the Rhine to the Danube. The young men next sang one or two German love-songs; songs which are equalled in no language for tenderness, simplicity and exquisite melody. A German love-song does not seem to have been artfully composed and set to music, but to have been born of a passionate sigh from the heart, and to have gone out on the air and been fashioned by wind and leaves and rain and waves into a melody of nature which the heart at once reclaims as her own.

Before we left the summit of the mountain the guide called our attention to a small cross engraved upon the edge of the precipice, where a poor maiden, crossed in love, Sappho-like, sprang upon a more terrific fate. When we had descended into the ravine the scenery grew still wilder and bolder. To look up from the base of a precipice causes

almost always a livelier and deeper impression of height and magnitude than to look down from its top; and the natural sensation of pride and superiority which we experience while standing upon a great elevation is converted into a feeling of humility and insignificance while standing beneath it. The gorge into which we had descended, itself scarcely five hundred yards wide, was shut in on either side by perpendicular walls of rock, which at their summit shot up into numberless slender, fantastic, and spire-shaped peaks, standing sharp and clear against the now blue sky, and having all the effect of a colossal line of artificial Gothic ruins.

Sometimes these crags toppled carelessly over the very edge of the chasms, sometimes they leaned upon, crossed and embraced each other, and sometimes they rose as straight and erect toward heaven, and almost as slim and tapering, as a mountain pine. Their fanciful forms had given rise to all fanciful names, such as 'The Cathedral,' 'The Bishop,' 'The Nun,' 'The Giraffe-Rock,' 'The Lion-Rock,' and 'The Gate of the Bode.' While following the noisy course of this mountain stream, which rushed along like a frightened child anxious to escape from so sombre a place, and to disport itself upon the broad and sunny plain, we came across an old soldier who had confronted the stern moustachoed faces of 'The Old Guard' at Dresden and Leipsic, and who now kept a cave to make echoes in and money out of. He had beside a little bird, which he had taught to come at his call and eat from his hand; and more than this, he had carved a sheep's-head from the knot of a tree, which was very like a sheep's-head:

'And so he played his part.'

The echo in the cave at the report of a pistol was at first stunning, then musical and softly ringing, like the dying tones of a great organ. One might almost conceive it to be the moan of some harmonious spirit shut up by an envious magic in the bowels of the mountain. Our walk was soon terminated, and my black ponies, refreshed by their rest at the good inn of the Blechütte, carried us swiftly over the plain to the old town of Blankenburg, where Henry the Fowler once lived, where Louis the Eighteenth spent his incognito, and where, in spite of the short uncomfortableness of a German bed, its feathery avalanche of coverlid, its central abyss and its alpine pillows, I slept until broad daylight streamed into the window, and the deep-toned clock struck half a score from the ducal palace of Brunswick.

After a ride of some three hours from Blankenburg we came to Rübeland, where are the famous 'Buls' and 'Baumans' caverns. I descended into the latter cave with a large party of tourists, encountered on the spot. Each person was furnished with a small tin lamp, suspended by a wire upon his thumb. Having never before dived so far below the surface of the earth, I was much interested in the appearance of this 'centre wild,' to whose 'lowest depth' there ever seemed 'a lower still.' The guide informed us that, the year before, an American traveller had spent twelve hours in exploring its mysteries. I might have told him of the Kentucky Cavern, where people had groped along almost as many days without reaching its termina-

tion. The stalactites were of a smooth, glossy, dull surface, cold as icicles, and continually dropping stony tears. Sometimes they resembled huge, leathery, elephant ears, but more generally were long, round, circled and tapering, like the fabled horn of the unicorn.

In the celebrated 'Sophien-höhle' which I afterward visited in the Franconian Switzerland, there was a stalactite which, without the exercise of fancy, wonderfully resembled the figure of Napoleon Bonaparte standing in the classical attitude with folded arms. When struck these petrified water-drops returned a harmonious sound. The effect of lights wandering around at different heights and depths in the opaque gloom of the cavern was singularly picturesque; and as we approached its mouth, the light of day, shining in, assumed a softened and silvery tint, and each person as he passed out appeared for a moment to be surrounded and etherealized in a mantle of white glory.

A few hours' ride from Rübeland, through the barren region of Elend, (Misery,) where the opening scene of the Mayday-night of Faust is laid, brought us to the pleasant village of Ilsenburg, situated upon the plain, and having the Brocken in full view. Here I discharged my coachman with a 'Trinkgeld.' Toward evening I hired a guide, and we started afoot for the mountain. We had several miles of plain to traverse before we reached its base, and we overtook many peasants with baskets upon their backs, who, my companion informed me, were carrying provisions and other articles to the Brocken-House. 'Yes,' said he, 'the old Brocken feeds many mouths!' I could not help noticing in this one of those indirect benefits conferred by the poet on his fellow mortals. Had Goëthe never written 'Faust,' the Brocken would probably have slumbered amid its woods as wild and as solitary as when the Doctor and the fiend climbed its sides. Now the poem makes the mountain renowned; its renown brings strangers from all lands to visit it; the wants accompanying their visit furnish an opportunity for many poor people to have employment. Yet how little did the rough guide think, when he said 'The old Brocken feeds many mouths,' that it was a tongue long since silenced which uttered the wondrous charm that makes Brocken a Mecca among mountains.

The ascent of the mountain itself, though not along an extremely difficult or savage path, yet had enough of wild picturesqueness about it to allow one to feel no disappointment. Every rock was covered with thick green moss, the trees were large and shadowy, and at times the traversing of a mountain ravine, overhung with curtains of thick birch-trees and toppling rocks, was through a highly poetical gloom. We saw and heard, however, nothing of the supernatural on our way. We were not guided, like Faust and Mephistophiles, by a brisk and talkative jack-o'-lantern; we did not hurry so fast that the trees waved and the rocks bowed their heads and blew noisily from their 'crag-snouts' to greet us; we met no salamanders with bloated paunches and long legs; we did not see 'Mammon glow within the mountain,' nor his palace bravely shining for spirit-guests; we were not forced to cling fast to 'the old ribs of the rock' when the witch-tempest rushed and crashed and roared through the 'green palaces' of Hartz, laying the kings of the forest low, nor did we hear the howling witch-chorus

as the unsanctified troop swept up to 'Lord Urian's' throne,\* nor see 'Mother Witch' on her farrowed sow, leading the frantic rout, astride of goats and broom-sticks, whirling and streaming 'over Ilsenstein,' and settling down with hissings and screechings and chatterings and fightings and blazings on the 'Tantzplatz' of Brocken. When we had clambered, however, above the trees, and were approaching the bald rocky crown of the mountain, a veritable and most furious tempest of wind and rain soaked us to the skin, and brought night and darkness suddenly upon us.

In the midst of this elemental war we suddenly groped into the rude stone-court of the Brocken-House, for we could not see twenty feet before us. I was ushered into a long room, where to my amazement were assembled nearly fifty persons; ladies, their husbands and brothers, students, musicians, guides, waiters, serving-maids, and soldiers. I soon detected a group of fashionable young misses, drawn up into one corner in dignified exclusiveness, who had come into mountain air to plant roses again in their pale city cheeks. A good fire crackled in the stove; and after getting thoroughly dried, I was thoroughly drenched again on accompanying the 'Herrschaft' out of doors to view, through wind and rain and a faint glimmer of light, the before-mentioned 'Tantzplatz' (Dancing-Place) of the witches, 'The Devil's Ball-Room,' 'The Witches' Hand-Basin,' Caldron, Altar, etc. These were fantastic fragments of granite rock, which like gray cairns encumber the little space of table-ground on the top of the mountain, to which very ancient traditions and the wild scene of the Mayday-Night in Goëthe's 'Faust' have given particularity and interest. Indeed this very region of the Brocken is the birth-place and cradle-ground of German superstition as well as of heroic legend; for the half-deified Hermann, or Arminius, who rolled back the wave of Varus' invasion, sprang among these mountains. This was the last Christianized spot in the whole land; and even in the reign of the Emperor Henry the Fourth heathenish fires glowed upon these peaks and in these valleys.

When evening had fairly set in we were summoned to a sumptuous repast, all things considered, and a perfectly German one. The invincible beef, salad and stewed prunes, and the many queer mixtures of fruit and flesh, of sour and sweet, with the fish of course after the beef, and the pudding of course before the salad. Rhine wine, beer and pipes, protracted the table-sitting indefinitely. The company did not at first seem to be a merry one. The Berliners held themselves aloof; the Hamburgers turned up their noses at the Berliners; the students were somewhat awed by the presence of proper ladies; and it was not until a horn and violoncello entered, and singing by the whole company was proposed, that any thing like sociability was seen. Then true German *clamor* began; for I have never seen (as well among the polite and the educated as among the lower classes of society) any thing like free and genial intercourse in Germany without its being accompanied by prodigious noise; all persons talking at once, and at

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\* 'LORD URIAN' a popular name for the arch-fiend in Germany.

the top of their lungs. The singing, which arose by fits and starts, like the storm without, was led by an immense and enthusiastic youth, a Göttingen 'Bursch,' in white linen coat and owl-eyed spectacles; and I must bear witness that the usual high tone of German music did not prevail upon this occasion, excepting perhaps in its most literal sense.

After the table was cleared (and this was thoroughly and handsomely done) the landlord, a hale little man of fifty, with cheeks like the summer side of a russet apple, regaled the company with witch-stories and legends of the mountain. He told us how on 'Walpurgis-night' from the region of the Tantzplatz unusual noises were heard in the air, as of wings, of strange instruments, of wild laughter, of shrieks and of hissing fire-bolts. All good people who valued their lives, property and souls, had better at this time be off the mountain and snugly housed; and perhaps it would be well, till the May-day dawned, to hang a Bible over the key-hole and nail a horse-shoe on the lintel. He also told us of the trouble and agitation experienced by a former landlord of the Brocken-House at having discovered the intention of two skeptical students to roll 'The Witches' Hand-Basin' down the mountain; how he ran to Count Stolberg, and with tears in his eyes complained that these wicked young men were about to destroy a wonderful natural phenomenon, a century-honored monument, a magnificent relic of ancient heathendom, a—something whose loss might lessen the popularity of the Brocken-House. 'Mine host' also related, with much pathos, the story of two lovers, who, not many years since, came as guests to the Brocken-House, stole out at midnight to a solitary part of the mountain, and shot each other through the head. It was afterward discovered that they were young people from Ham-burgh; that they belonged to Montague and Capulet families of that city, and that their 'course of true love,' from its feverish spring to its wild leap into darkness and oblivion, 'never did run smooth.'

After the ladies had retired the conversation became more general and still more noisy, and a song, every now and then roared out like mountain thunder, added yet more to its turbulent hilarity. As it crept toward the 'small hours,' and the company about the stove had begun to grow thin and drowsy, some one proposed to me to sleep in the long hall, upon a mattress laid on the floor; but the Silenus-spectacle of those who had already addressed (not *undressed*) themselves to repose was somewhat too much, even for my Germanized sensibilities. I at last succeeded in procuring a room with a heavy-faced young man, who, though excessively poetical when awake, I soon found, when asleep, snored very unpoetically. This fact, in connection with other smaller imaginary facts, kept me most of the time staringly awake, and I listened to the irregular noises of the tempest, thinking that in such a night as this

'BLACK spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray,'

caterwauling witches, horned monsters and sheeted ghosts, might delightedly hold their unanointed revels, and waltz to the whirl of the storm, and mingle their laughter with the sepulchral tongues of the mountain.

At four o'clock the next morning a sleepy summons sounded through hall and chamber, calling up their inmates to see the sun rise. My companion, who had labored all night valiantly with his obstructed 'organ,' immediately recovered his enthusiasm with his senses, and rushed out of the room with a most picturesque abandonment in the arrangement of his apparel. One might have conceived him a modern Orestes pursued by the furies in the shape of tailors' clerks. I soon followed, and ascended the wooden tower, erected as a belvedere, not far from the low stone Brocken-House. In a short time all the 'Herrschaft' had collected upon the tower; and had it not been for the real beauty and sublimity of the scene around, I should have been much amused with the appearance of the scene at hand. So blue a complexioned, pinched-nosed, diminutive-eyed, shivering set of mortals will rarely be seen at four o'clock of the morning, on the bald pate of a cold mountain, having left their uncomfortable beds to witness the sun rise. I am sure that the young ladies from Berlin would have lost all but their true lovers if seen often under such circumstances.

But turn we from the tower and its chattering company to the mountains and the sky. The day was not entirely clear, and a ponderous girdle of black clouds lay beneath us, belting the mountain, and shutting out the lesser hills and the lower world from view. By and by a slight tinge of the delicatest rosy light blushed around the upper borders of the thick clouds, and announced the coming of the sun. As if to lend more pomp to the morning-coronation of the powerful lord of day and light and heat, the winds began to swell and roar with a deep rushing sound, like the voice of the sea or the far-off thundering of Niagara; and when the sun at length appeared, his disc loomed above the curtains of the clouds, flaming like a thousand fires in one, and supernaturally magnified by the mists through which it majestically rose. I watched its mighty orb until, like a great and good name, it had separated itself from the fogs and obscurities of a base world, and had commenced its unclouded and transcendent career toward the meridian. I wonder not that the ancients, having fallen from God's worship, did next adore the sun.

But I was obliged to descend the mountain betimes, in order to take the diligence for Hartzburg. So, after breakfasting, I commenced the descent with my guide. Before we were half way down the mountain the belt of clouds in which we were enveloped unclasped and rolled slowly away on either hand, opening before, below, and around us, a magnificent panorama. Immediately at our feet heaved the rounded and greenly-wooded summits of the Hartz Mountains, and beyond them lay the vast plain of the Baltic, the vision stretching even to the twin towers of Magdeburg, dotted with cities and villages, all bright and glistening in the cheerful beams of morning. The sun's rays struck slantingwise into the thick woods which we traversed, making here and there long spots and streaks of golden light upon the leaning trees and the moss-covered rocks. How bright and how life-infusing the scene! Now the sprightly elf and fay Oberon, with his crown of dew-drops, Puck with his twinkling eyes, Titania with her minim maidens, might steal forth from the curled leaves and the hol-

low acorns, and form untterrified their tiny rings upon the grass. The terrors of 'Old Brocken' had fled; the scowl had passed from his forehead, and all unholy things had vanished with the storm and the clouds and the darkness. We passed over the mountain of Ilsestein (the way of the witches on Walpurgis-eve,) where an iron cross had been erected to the men who fell for Fatherland in the War of the Liberation, and we reached the good inn of the 'Rothe Florelle' (Red Trout) at Ilseberg just as the shrill bugle of the postillion announced the arrival of the diligence which was to convey me to Hartzburg and out of the Hartz.

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THE HEART AND THE WORLD.

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BY AUGUSTA BROWNE.

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HEART, with thy pulses lightly beating,  
 World, with thy pageants false as fleeting,  
 What concord can ye have?  
 Hushed shall thy pulse be, Heart! forever;  
 Soon shall thy reign, proud World! be over;  
 Thine an oblivious grave.

Heart, canst thou grasp thy hope's fruition?  
 World, dost thou yield the heart's petition,  
 Gushing in music's tone?  
 None e'er enjoyed his soul's best dreaming;  
 Still to the prayer most earnest seeming  
 Thou answerest back a moan.

Heart, hast thou found thy joys all sparkling?  
 World, then withhold thy shadows darkling;  
 Spare the untainted breast!  
 Trump-like I hear, 'midst scenes of pleasure,  
 A voice proclaim, in solemn measure,  
 Lo! *here* is not thy rest!

Heart, seek on high thy sphere of action;  
 World, I condemn thy vain attraction,  
 All baseless as the wind;  
 Let me so use my brief probation  
 As to secure in Heaven's duration  
 The pinions of the mind.

Heart, with affections rich and trusting,  
 World, crowned with gauds bemoulded, rusting,  
 Hence with thy specious rays!  
 Soul, up and strain thy best endeavor,  
 Relax th' momentous combat never,  
 Till mortal strength decays!

## LINES: TO KOSSUTH.

Thou exile on a foreign strand,  
 Thou gallant heart in bondage bleeding!  
 Thou last hope of a fallen land,  
 What eye can view thy wrongs unheeding?  
 KOSSUTH! oppression's arm of might  
 Hath laid in dust thy country's right,  
 And crushed the new-born hope that bloomed  
 A nation's hope and strong desire;  
 But Freedom is not thus entombed!  
 Like PHOENIX rising from the fire  
 She springs, undaunted by the strife,  
 Exulting in reviving life!  
 And we upon this western shore,  
 Who mourned a nation's glory o'er,  
 Shall yet behold her rising high,  
 And hear the loud victorious cry  
 Pealed forth by millions o'er the sea,  
 'Freedom to Hungary and thee!'

*Washington, Dec., 1849.*

C. E. HAMILTON.

## THE HERMIT OF UTICA.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

In our country few cities have been the slow growth of successive generations of men. The new settlement of a man's infancy becomes the village of his boyhood, and the city of his later life. It even becomes old before he is fully aware of his own senility, and he is sometimes startled at hearing it designated in fondness by the young as our good old city, when the whole period of its existence flits before him like a vision of yesterday. Utica is a city of this description, and several persons reside in it, and are in the vigor of life, who retain a vivid recollection of having often seen walking in the streets of Utica while yet a small village, a short, slender man, leaning on a stout rough cane or stick, himself almost bent double with age and rheumatism. His name was Pardee, but his christian name no one knew; and his surname was rarely applied to him, for he was usually spoken of as the old hermit. He seemed wholly abstracted from all surrounding objects, and his indistinct articulation, when he was occasionally compelled to speak, evinced an imbecility of intellect or a mind in ruins. A tradition existed that he came from Philadelphia, and was once in easy circumstances, though perhaps never very affluent; and a practised eye might easily detect, amid the tatters in which he was clad, that he had been a gentleman accustomed to the amenities of social refinement. His pecuniary fortune had been ruined by the bad conduct of a son, whose extraordinary adventures and mysterious death we are now to narrate



as they were currently spoken of in Philadelphia at the time of their occurrence; and a recollection of them still lingers in the memory of some of the old Philadelphians, especially among those of the Quaker denomination, which once numbered his mother among its members.

Young Pardee being an only child, was uniformly treated with great tenderness by his father, who was a widower, and perhaps always fond of seclusion, and thus peculiarly disposed to concentrate his affections and hopes on his motherless son. The father never refused any request for money that the son chose to make, and that the requests might not be unreasonable, the father frankly informed the son of the extent of his fortune, that the son should graduate his exactions by his own prudence rather than by the father's coercion. The young man, unsubdued by this kindness, was prodigal in his expenses from a very early period, and in the aggravated form of expending on credit; till the old man, becoming aware of these defects in his son, grew increasingly anxious that he should acquire a literary education, that he might possess something which could not be squandered.

The young man had obtained the ordinary rudiments of instruction, and having often heard that college was a clever place for enjoyment and frolic, he readily acceded to his father's wishes to become a student of Yale College at New-Haven, where he was speedily entered as a freshman. He commenced his collegiate course with some vague notions of acquiring college honors, not however, by hard study but by the force of native genius, which he knew he possessed abundantly, because he felt it; and that his genius might have fair play, he resolved on indulging only moderately in his former dissipations. But unfortunately his love of self-indulgence was too powerful for his intellectual restraints, and he soon gave full rein to his old habits of expenditure, augmented by the enlarged sphere in which he deemed himself situated.

He had been out late one night at an oyster supper with a party of his college companions, and he returned to his own room no little excited by the hilarity of the carousal, and the medley of things he had eaten and drunk. He undressed in a hurry and was speedily in bed; for he was desirous of losing as little as possible of the short period which yet remained for sleep. But sleep he could not. He thought involuntarily of the expenses to which he was subjecting the care-worn old man at Philadelphia, and of the grief with which he was afflicting him by dissipation. He tried to banish such reflections, and to substitute therefor a recollection of the pleasures in which he had just participated, and an anticipation of the enjoyments of a like supper that had been planned for the following night. But sleep would not be thus evoked, and he was more wakeful than ever. At length he became exceedingly irritated and kept feverishly turning his body from side to side, vainly mistaking his mental uneasiness for an uneasiness of his bed; while every moment that he lay awake abridged the short period that remained for repose, and rendered it still more necessary that he should speedily sleep. In the midst of this conflict of opposite feelings, he suddenly experienced a sensation as if some person was rocking his bedstead in the manner of a cradle. He tried to jump out, but on

which ever side he attempted to reach the floor, the bedstead became elevated, and he was rolled back again into the centre of the bed. He became horribly alarmed, and would have screamed for assistance, but before he could utter a syllable, something heavy and exceedingly hot sprang upon his breast; and while it effectually prevented his utterance it held him motionless and prostrate. He lay thus for some moments in a sort of speechless agony, when the body that was crushing him down extended itself slowly to his ear, and whispered therein, but with a voice so husky, and in accents so fierce and incoherent, that he could recognise no meaning to its communication; but after listening with all the self-possession he could command, he thought it told him that if he would resort to the elm-tree that stood opposite to his window in the public square, he would find a charmed purse, which would supply all his future pecuniary wants, how large soever they might happen to be; and that he should never be molested for the use he might make of the money unless he should contract therewith the three cardinal vices, when the owner of the purse would reclaim the gift, and as a penalty for its abuse, seize his body.

After this communication all became again silent. The body that was pressing on his breast shrank gradually from his ear, and gradually lifted itself from his chest. The burning sensation subsided slowly, the bed ceased from rocking, and the sufferer, relieved thus from constraint, bounded from the bed and stared wildly around the room. All things therein looked precisely as he had placed them, and the morning sun was pouring its cheerful beams in at his window. He began to suspect that what he had heard and felt was a dream; and on a little reflection he became sure it was nothing more. Thus consoled, he wet his parched lips and tongue with a draught of cold water, and dressed himself in haste, but being too late for morning prayers in the chapel, he hurried to recitation, though with an aching head and an ominous consciousness that he should receive many bad marks for his literary deficiencies.

In returning from recitation, where he had not failed from obtaining the deficient marks he had anticipated, his way led him past the elm-tree that he had been told of in his dream, if dream it was, and he could not forbear from looking down at the indicated spot; but his surprise was excessive when he saw among the grass, close to the trunk of the stately old tree, a curiously-wrought asbestos purse, which, he almost involuntarily picked up, and found it heavy with gold that glittered through its interstices.

The purse was ornamented on its surface with various characters that resembled Hebrew, although differing in some particulars; but prominent amid the ornaments was the device of a skull surrounded with flames, while a headless *Agnus Dei*, with its cross broken, seemed to clasp the mouth of the purse. He felt a nervous irresolution as to whether he should cast down the ominous purse to the place from whence he had taken it, or make himself master of the exhaustless treasure which its possession portended; for as so much of the night's vision had proved to be a reality, why might not the remainder be a reality, and he, by accepting a diabolical present, subject himself to be

seized by the terrific owner and carried he durst not name wither. But this contingency was to happen only on his contracting the three cardinal vices, and although he knew not distinctly what the services might be, yet as he was firmly resolved to contract no vices permanently, he certainly could incur no danger by availing himself of the means of enjoyment thus providentially cast in his path; especially as he should thereby relieve his father from the burden of his future expenses. This consideration he thought meritorious, and therefore, with the self-complacency of a man who feels he is acting from a worthy motive, he placed the purse in his pocket and walked home to breakfast, less to gratify any appetite that he possessed than to relieve, by a cup of strong coffee, the dull pain that oppressed his forehead.

He dozed at different intervals through the day in listless prostration of body and mind, but at the approach of night, his headache subsided, and his vivacity revived, until at the hour appointed for his evening rendezvous he became as brilliant and well as ever. He was even gayer than usual, for possessing the means of unstinted gratification, he was liberal in calling for wine at the tavern where the meeting was held, and in regaling his companions as well as himself. Cards were also resorted to, by way of varying the amusement, and as all the players were excited by deep drinking, bets and stakes soon became high, and the virtue of the purse was frequently tested by copious abstractions therefrom; but it suffered no diminution in bulk or weight, remaining continually full, with the gold gleaming through its interstices as brightly as ever. Assured thus of the efficacy of his purse, the owner dismissed all doubts of its inexhaustibility, and played recklessly and high, though losses seemed to fill him with rancor and stimulate him to revenge as much as though he owned no purse to supply his deficiencies. From the card-table the jovial companions concluded, by an easy transition, to pass the remainder of the night in such haunts as the excitement of wine and cards rendered congenial. They accordingly broke up in a tumult, upset upon the floor the tables with all their burden of decanters, tumblers and candles, and sallied forth to conclude in darkness an ill-spent evening with, if possible, a worse-spent night.

Thus passed the days and nights of young Pardee, but not without an episode in the form of a gentle acquaintance with a young lady of Baltimore, the only child of an old millionaire of that city. She was residing at a boarding-school in New-Haven, and was just at the dangerous period of womanhood when conduct is controlled by the feelings rather than by the intellect, and when the world with its dim future is viewed through the medium of our hopes rather than through the light of experience and observation. The parties had seen each other in the streets and laughed as they met in pure exuberance of youthful animation. They had met in various rambles about the suburbs of the city, and as the rules of her school forbade any authorized interviews with young men, unauthorized ones became in a manner sanctioned by necessity; and she eventually acquired an intimacy with Pardee, a prepossession in his favor and a fondness for his conversation and attentions. The physical excesses in which he indulged, and which blunted his sensibilities and rendered him as unsusceptible to her partiality as unworthy

of it, heightened his vivacity while in her company, and promoted his power over her. But he knew her pecuniary value, and often contemplated the possession of it by a clandestine marriage, when an incident interposed which ill-nature may attribute to the recklessness of his character, or charity may assign to a latent magnanimity and generosity that properly belong to youth, even when depraved. Among his classmates and friends was a poor young Englishman who was also acquainted with the heiress, and felt toward her an attachment as ardent as Pardee's was frigid. The Englishman was evidently not the favored admirer of the young Baltimorean, but the two young men knew each other's temperament; and Pardee one evening, in an outburst of conviviality, voluntarily vowed to relinquish to his friend the pursuit of the lady. He also kept his vow, and gradually abandoned her acquaintance, leaving the field open and undisturbed to his friend, who so well used the opportunity that before the young lady's term of scholarship expired she became his wife; and he after some involuntary repugnance on the part of her father, was received as a son, and lived subsequently at Baltimore in splendid leisure. He eventually became, by successive deaths in his wife's family, the possessor of several millions of property, which he, unexpectedly to the lady's friends and with no thanks to her prudence, long enjoyed and worthily graced.

Pardee having thus 'like the base Indian, cast away a pearl worth more than all his tribe,' continued in his downward course, though admonished by the tutors of his college, and threatened by the professors, till the cup of forbearance overflowed, and a letter from the president informed the father that his son must be removed, or he would be expelled. The old man received the communication with the regret and disappointment that are natural to a parent under such circumstances, and he forthwith recalled the wayward youth from New-Haven to his paternal home, where his moral habits might be corrected, though his literary prospects would be frustrated.

The young man was not wholly insensible to the degradation which he had suffered, and assured his father that he would in future conduct himself with greater circumspection; and that he was entirely willing to be regulated by his father's wishes, except in one particular, which happened to be the only one his father had much at heart, namely, his removal to another college. To that he felt an unconquerable aversion, and his father forbore from pressing it, and contented himself with accepting as a substitute, that the son should enter the law-office of Bragg and Twist in Chesnut-street, eminent counsellors at that period; where, after a clerkship of three years, he could be admitted to the Pennsylvania bar as an attorney.

During a few weeks after the consummation of this arrangement, young Pardee's attendance at the law-office was exemplary; but he gradually became weary of the dull routine of reading what he did not understand, and disgusted with copying papers about matters in which he felt no interest. The recollection of his inexhaustible purse revived in him as his relish for legal pursuits decayed; and he began again to hire horses and carriages for amusement by day, and to attend billiard and card-tables to pass agreeably his evenings. Nor was he

long without making acquaintances, who, like himself, were fond of regaling themselves at taverns, eating late and expensive suppers, drinking all manner of stimulating beverages, and ending the night with still more ruinous licentiousness.

From remaining out late, he gradually declined into the practice of staying out all night, and appearing at home at dinner only, or occasionally at tea. To the anxious inquiries of his father as to the manner in which he passed his time, he always named some reputable acquaintance with whom he pretended to have lodged the past night; and though his increasing irritability of temper, involuntary nervous shudders and glassy eyes gave unerring indications to most observers that his habits were becoming ruinous, yet his father, knowing of no means to prevent what he feared, endeavored to be ignorant of what he could not prevent, and to cherish the forlorn hope that persevering kindness and more mature reflections would eventually produce a favorable change in the young man's conduct.

The young man himself fully participated in the same hopes. He knew that his conduct was destructive, and he intended to reform it; but so long as he refrained from contracting the three cardinal vices, (and he was firmly resolved that he would not contract them, nor indeed any other permanently,) he might as well enjoy in his youth the pleasures of life, and use his purse freely. Distant visions of sober habits, marriage and domestic comforts, with respectability of character and public usefulness, were not absent from his sober contemplations; and the only question which seemed unsettled between him and his father was as to the time when the reformation was to commence.

Thus passed months, and even some years; but no change of conduct for the better seemed nearer, or so near, as at the beginning of the law-student's clerkship, except occasionally for increasingly brief periods. The pecuniary resources of the father began also to fail; he was continually paying bills for every conceivable extravagance of his son, until at length he deemed that a time was come when, if ever, he ought to have a solemn explanation with the young man, and inform him kindly but firmly that his extravagances must be abated, or they would abate themselves by the total extinction of the father's remaining little property. The son listened to the eclairsissement with amazement. He had never contracted any debts; he had always disbursed from his own purse all his expenses. The old man only shook his head mournfully, not doubting but the young prodigal had become distracted by dissipation, or so demoralized by vile associations as to persist in the avowal of a falsehood. That nothing, however, might be left undone to restore the culprit to reason, the father exhibited files of bills from tradesmen, tailors, livery-stables, tavern-keepers, and others, for money loaned, goods delivered, and expenses incurred by the son, and which the father had paid rather than destroy the son's remaining self-respect by a repudiation of his engagements.

The young man looked at the bills with as much amazement as the father looked at him. He acknowledged that the bills were correct, but he had paid them himself out of his own inexhaustible resources; and to still further convince the incredulous old man, he put his hand

in his pocket to pull out his purse. But the purse was gone. He searched his pockets, and re-searched, and searched again; but the purse was not found. He ran into his bed-chamber, thinking it might have fallen on the floor or been mislaid among his clothes; but all his efforts were fruitless; the purse had vanished. As a last resort, he hastened to the tradesmen, and asked them how they dared presume to send their bills to his father for payment, when he had already paid the bills himself. They all treated him at first as though they thought he was bantering them in jest; and some deemed the joke excellent, and laughed at it heartily; but finding he grew angry, a few of them became angry in return, and told him he had paid nothing at any time, though he had frequently pretended to pull out a purse which he had asserted was full of gold, and with which assertion they supposed he was amusing himself, as young gentlemen are occasionally wont to do in like circumstances.

The united testimony to the same effect of all the creditors to whom he applied staggered the young man's confidence, and he began to think, with Macbeth, that he had been paltered with in some double sense. Still, if he had been deceived in relation to the reality of a purse, he was doubtless equally deceived in relation to the penalty which was to be incurred on his contracting the three cardinal vices; but this was no equivalent for the loss of the reality of the purse, for he felt in no danger of contracting such vices, whatever they might be. To solace himself, therefore, for the mortifications of the day, he resolved to enjoy a countervailing frolic on the coming night. He accordingly went early to some of his usual haunts, and played incessantly until past midnight, drinking all the time to supply the necessary excitement for the due suppression of troublesome reflections. From the card-table he went to a tavern, where he met some old companions, and drank still more, that he might display his independence of public opinion, which he knew was now openly and loudly against him. From the tavern the party intended to adjourn to a haunt of still greater licentiousness; but Pardee had drank too much, and could not accompany them; and in a condition of entire prostration he was carried up stairs and placed in bed for the restoring influence of sleep and quiet. He lay thus quite insensible until nearly daylight, when his outcries alarmed some of the lodgers who were near him, and they rushed into his room. They found him sitting up in bed, and distorted with the most intense terror. He affirmed that he had seen Satan, who insisted that he had become a drunkard, a gambler and a libertine, and that these were the three cardinal vices; which being contracted, he must now surrender his body, according to agreement.

The lodgers listened, some with horror and some with ridicule, to this recital; and as they deemed it the effect of delirium tremens, produced by excessive dissipation, they endeavored to soothe his terrors by assuring him that nothing would harm him, and that he had better endeavor to compose himself until morning, when he would doubtless feel better. He seemed somewhat tranquillized by these assurances, though he earnestly prayed not to be again left alone. No one of them, however, liked to lose his rest for a stranger, whom they sup-

posed to be yet intoxicated, and all finally withdrew to their respective rooms, leaving on his table a lighted lamp, with which he was fain to be satisfied when he found they would do no more for him ; but scarcely had they returned to their chambers, when shrieks louder than the former, and more prolonged, recalled them to his bed-side ; but he was not there, nor could he be found any where. One of the windows of the room was open, but he had evidently not escaped thence, for they looked out and nothing of him could be seen, although day-light had begun to dawn. The lamp which had been left in the room was extinguished, but not from lack of oil, for it was almost full, and a strong odor of brimstone was very perceptible to many of the congregated persons. These circumstances were not much regarded at the time, but they were afterward, and with fearful interest, when all inquiries and researches failed to yield any clue to his disappearance. Some persons supposed he had jumped from the window and thrown himself into the Delaware, and that his exhaustless purse was nothing but a delusion of monomania, produced by too intently indulging his imagination in the amusive contemplation of such a purse ; and of this way of thinking was the celebrated Dr. Rush (see his 'Treatise on Madness,' where the incident is alluded to and explained philosophically) ; but as the young man's body was never found, though the river was dragged with great care, and cannon were fired over the deep parts which the drags could not fathom, public opinion gradually subsided into a full conviction, derived from an attentive consideration of all the circumstances, that he had literally and in solemn truth been flown away with by Satan.

Not thus, however, thought one warm heart, encased though it was in a very fragile female bosom, rendered still more fragile by the mysterious disappearance of the object toward which it yearned, despite the injuries he had inflicted on it in fame, family and health. Though a woman in ruins, yet with characteristic womanly faith, like the charity of Holy Writ (of which woman's faith must have been the apostle's archetype), she persisted in 'hoping all things,' as she had long persisted in 'enduring all things.' Denied by the stern and politic customs of society any sympathy in the sorrow that was hurrying her to an untimely grave, she was the more bowed in secret by its solitary potency, and clung the more pertinaciously to the desperate expectation that, sinner as she was, perjured as he was, and obnoxious as both were to the wrath of man, yet God is merciful, and might vouchsafe to her (who shall dare to say He will not ?) a future union with the lost youth, in whom she alone saw any good intentions ; a union in a world where sin and sorrow are to be excluded, and not in the present world, which, fool and ingrate that he was, he had rashly, like a froward infant with a precious gem, for some worthless gratifications, thrown away ; and all its domestic joys, health, purity, usefulness and love, that she could have enduringly given him, had he not poisoned their fountain at its source ?

Even the poor old father is supposed to have yielded to the general conviction in relation to his son's diabolical exit, for he never ceased to mourn ; which could not reasonably have been his conduct had his son died a natural death, the common lot of all. He long, however, resisted

the belief that the young man was dead, and would persist in leaving a lighted lamp in the hall at night, that the son might on his return home not be incommoded in retiring to his room. But when the sad reality was eventually forced upon his belief by lapse of time, he solemnly, one night, after sitting up late—as if struggling mortally against the conviction of his intellect until he could struggle no longer—extinguished the light, and with it all the hopes that bound him to life. The next day he clothed himself in mourning, which he never relinquished, and perhaps never replenished; for he persisted in discharging all the pecuniary liabilities that the son had contracted, and they proved sufficiently numerous to take from the poor old man all his remaining property. For some reasons that have never been ascertained, he ultimately wandered to Utica, where he resided for many years, knowing no person, and permitting no person to know him for any purposes of social intercourse; though the kind people of that pleasant place would gladly have administered to his wants. He continually moved his lips, as if in conversation with some one, and a popular belief existed that he was expostulating with his son for his unworthy conduct; and that the son, unseen by any eye but the father's, was condemned to expiate his unfilial conduct by thus wandering on earth to see and hear the paternal desolation he had created. The more discreet portion of the citizens of Utica were of course incredulous on this point; and the worthy clergyman of the village deemed the supposition so heretical, or contrary to the intelligence of the age, that he preached a sermon to disprove it; but the old man continued to move his lips as usual, either unconscious or regardless of the speculations which he was occasioning. He was entirely inoffensive in his conduct, troubling no one, and rarely troubled in return; walking quietly back and forth from his little hovel, which was situated somewhere near where Hopper-street now intersects Genesee, and which he had constructed himself with a few rough boards, and which was permitted, through sufferance of the land-owner, to retain its location. He gradually became increasingly infirm, until, one winter, after a heavy fall of snow, the neighbors became alarmed by not discovering at his door the usual marks of egress. They eventually knocked, and hearing no response, they forced open the board which constituted the door, when he was seen sitting on his broken and only chair, before an emberless fire-place, entirely dead, and frozen to the consistence of a statue. As all knew that he left no heir, the little room in which he had lived was searched to ascertain if any thing valuable could be found. Nothing was discovered except a large gold watch and chain, the relics of better days, and they were impressed with the initials of his son, whose property they once had been, and to that circumstance owed probably their preservation; for they contrasted strangely with the straw and tatters with which they were surrounded. The watch had fallen on the floor, as if it had slipped from the old man's grasp where he was found sitting, and its hands, which were stopped by the fall, indicated that the accident had occurred exactly at midnight; just at the hour he had some years before extinguished the light on the sad night when he became convinced of the actual death of his son. Conjecture



affirmed that the watch had fallen from his hand at the moment of his death, and that his death at that particular hour was caused by a poignant recollection which he always indulged on every recurrence of midnight. The watch and chain supplied the means of a decent burial to the poor old hermit, and to erect over his grave a simple monument, which is still capable of being seen by the curious, and on which (taking the hint from a sentence chalked up in several places on the inside of his cabin) was inscribed: 'Here lies a broken-hearted Father.' To which, however, some unknown ascetic philosopher, about nine years ago, unfeelingly and stealthily added:

'THE fool who spurned all present good  
Because he had not what he would :  
Be wiser thou, and come what may,  
God's will be done in conduct say.'

We are aware of the proverb which commands us to say nothing of the dead but what is good, and we are consequently reluctant to save from oblivion and transmit to posterity the above censorious doggerel in connection with the poor hermit's memory, and in a matter so important as the moral complexion of his whole system of conduct; but after great deliberation, and the advice of judicious literary and clerical friends, we have concluded to insert the lines, that our memorial may comprise all that is known of his life and death, and also place in curious contrast the opposite estimates which different intellects may honestly form of the same character. May his remains hereafter rest in peace!

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L I N E S :   A   P I C T U R E .

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BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

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YES! 't was the Picture of a MASTER-HAND,  
And each beholder some new beauty scanned :  
The morning light, voluptuous yet sublime,  
Streamed through a window of the Gothic time,  
And showed, with all a TITIAN's truth and feeling,  
A young Religiouse at an altar kneeling :  
Her hood flung back, her parted hair escaped  
Over a brow most exquisitely shaped,  
Whereon the beam in mellow softness fell,  
And shed a glory which became her well.  
Her hands were raised to Heaven ; her mild blue eye  
Looked to a crucifix that stood on high,  
And lighted up a countenance that stole  
Upon you as a something of the soul.  
Nor eyeless skull, nor glass of time was there,  
To break the beauty of a thing so fair ;  
But all that you could see, or seek around,  
Was such as in a palace might be found ;  
And from a censer of unsullied gold  
The smoke of incense in blue circles rolled,  
Soft as the sky of Italy, and blended  
With the rich light that on the floor descended.

## A COLLEGIATE POETICAL ADDRESS.

BY CHARLES C. NUTTER.

BRINGING to-day no garland twined with flowers,  
 Faint with the fragrance of Arcadian bowers,  
 With wing unmoistened by Castalian dews,  
 Half bold, half timid, comes the bidden Muse:  
 Bold in the cheering smiles her steps that greet,  
 Timid to lay her offerings at your feet.  
 She bears no relics dragged from classic shores,  
 The annual outrage of scholastic bores,  
 Whose trite laudations of the outworn Greek  
 Show fools pedantic and confound the weak;  
 No memories, prompted by the spot or hour,  
 Of days when fled the perfume from youth's flower;  
 No raptures kindled at the sight of places  
 Where pendent boards frowned down on frowning faces,  
 Where Sophomoric wits on 'sets' grew sharp,  
 Or sorrowing seniors heard of 'POLYCARP';  
 Nor of some sad, though now illumined walls,  
 This dreary plain to memory recalls,  
 Where many a soul, soliciting life's staff,  
 Was proffered stones and entertained with chaff;  
 Where some, with frosty heart and flinty face,  
 Had for youth's mirth no mercy and no grace;  
 Who studied how to give th' o'erhanging air  
 A gloomier frown than Arctic tempests wear;  
 Whom Dulness, linked with Bigotry's foul lies,  
 Had doubly steeled to life's amenities:  
 She brings no satire-pregnant themes like these,  
 The HERACLITUS of this age to please;  
 But hers the hour didactic, to rehearse  
 Prosaic precepts labored into verse,  
 What things the floods and streams have taught at times;  
 The song is of the waters; and the rhymes  
 Are cast upon the waters, though the bays  
 Are neither sought nor found in many days.

The anodynes for weariness and care  
 That friendly streams to fainting spirits bear;  
 The hallowing fame of deeds of glory done,  
 Or the great majesty of ages gone;  
 The rose-hued air of old romances past,  
 Or living beauty, brightest at the last,  
 Wherewith a many-storied strand and river  
 Abide in glory's golden light forever:  
 Such were the promised themes and teeming strain  
 The summer days sought leisure to address;  
 Alas! the weary days came back again  
 With the old burden of their listlessness;  
 The same sad chimes on each tired midnight fall,  
 The same dull task the waking morn renews;  
 Familiar foes still to the struggle call,

The exacting and the treacherous time subdues  
 The kindling impulse and the songful dream,  
 Derides the attempt and clouds the passing gleam,  
 Till the hope fades and looked-for triumphs fail,  
 And the untuneful chords disdainful ears assail.

Mid-summer — and her fierce solstitial heats  
 Unquenched by night, oppress the city's streets,  
 And through her palaced avenues of pride  
 With languid current flows her lessened tide :  
 The queen of our half globe, a world compressed,  
 Spreading all opulence to her wondering guest ;  
 To every people, and each various taste,  
 Proffering abundance ; with all richness graced,  
 Arrayed in beauty and adorned with art,  
 Pleasure's profusion, Traffic's throbbing heart ;  
 Why should the charm forsake her endless store,  
 Where Luxury lives and looks in vain for more ?  
 And why should he, whose each fastidious sense  
 Feeds its full will in her munificence,  
 And finds all treasures in that lavish land  
 Flung at his feet, like sea-shells on the strand,  
 Why with a listless footstep should he roam,  
 Heedless what spot he finds, so that it be not home ?

Are there not times when all the spells of art  
 Cling with a feeble grasp around the heart,  
 And the tired spirit, vexed with passion's wars,  
 Goes out amid the calm of night and stars  
 And seeks the scenes which Nature's glories crown,  
 Far from the glare, the tinsel of the town ?  
 From far-off mountain springs,  
 And infant rivulets, whose murmurings  
 Blend with the soft and soothing symphonies  
 Born of the forest and the evening breeze,  
 Through the unvisited dell and dismal wood  
 And wildness of unclimbed acclivities,  
 The dark, untravelled solitude,  
 Along by parks where art an Eden makes,  
 Now with expanding bosom broadening into lakes  
 Where islets flushed with beauty brightly lie,  
 Like stars sown thickly in a summer's sky ;  
 Now, white with foam flakes, hurrying by the slopes  
 Of sward and upland and fawn-feeding glades,  
 Now bathed in golden light radiant as Hope's,  
 Flowing 'neath Nature's mighty Palisades  
 And cloud-crowned Catskill, whose enshadowed height  
 Grows dim in heaven to the boatman's sight ;  
 Coiling around awe-fronted promontories,  
 Through fields that live in song with deathless glories,  
 By heights immortal made in fireside-listened stories,  
 In bounty and in beauty bearing down  
 Her tribute-blessing to her island-town,  
 Flows the rejoicing Hudson to the sea ;  
 Of myriad streams that seaward run  
 Beneath the all-visiting sun,  
 The loveliest, she.

And through the summer radiance that sleeps  
 In changeless sunshine o'er the fields and steeps,

The rippling shallows and the noiseless deeps,  
Through present blissful calm the fancy wings  
Her flight to other founts and stream-side wanderings.

Who hath not felt, when happiest skies at home  
Suffice him not, and the sea's seething foam  
    Leaps to the gleeful gale,  
And prows point outward 'neath the straining sail,  
How it were sweet to urge the guiding oar  
By many a strand of old familiar fame  
    And story-haunted stream,  
Bound up with childhood's unforgotten lore,  
With dim traditions and old fables fed,  
    By our antiquity inherited ?

So hath he heard from stern Abydos' height  
The Sestian seas in sullen surges sweep,  
Where the lone beacon of Love's vestal light  
    A star from heaven's dark chambers rayed the deep,  
Seen the scourged waves climb to her leaning form,  
Whose night-dyed tresses streamed upon the storm ;  
For she from throbbing visions of delight  
That brought through briny toils th' expected night  
Of bridal raptures, painted passion-bright,  
Through blinding torrents from the wrathful skies  
And the hoarse thunders of the angered wave,  
Almost outwatches hope : and her mocked eyes  
His gleaming form from swallowing surges save  
But to be mocked anew ; while he with vain  
And desperate hope contending with the main,  
Through boiling chasms of the black abyss  
Struggling with feebler arm, hears the death-hiss  
Of the triumphant wave, and feels its ' icy kiss.'

On to the East the beckoning fancy leads,  
Still toward the dawn the eager traveller speeds,  
And seeking the far-fountains of the Nile,  
Old memories flowed upon his heart the while.

Where the dread shadow of undated things  
Falls from the cenotaphs of Coptic kings,  
O'er Thebes and Memphis, and around them rise  
The solemn airs of ancient mysteries,  
As if the lips of MEMNON, voiceful still,  
Murmured in music at the morning's thrill.

They piled their granite tombs till the earth groaned,  
As toward the stars the towering mountains coned,  
Lifting their peaks, like Pelion's, tempest-zoned,  
    Up to the home of the Olympian thunder ;  
And our keen-sighted and most boastful time,  
Pregnant with miracles in her teeming prime,  
    Stands blinded at the sight, and dumb with wonder.

And they have seen the countless ages wane,  
And kingdoms perish and be born again ;  
The death of dynasties, the eclipse of stars,

Unchronicled eras of forgotten wars,  
The periods of an unremembered world,  
And histories into dense oblivion hurled.

But more than all, most awful and most grand,  
With frightful mien emerging from the land,  
And brows that time and heaven themselves defy,  
O'er the lone wastes where buried empires lie,  
Watches the Sphynx with mocking mystery.

Yet not for that this stream of hoary Eld  
The gathered nations toiling here beheld,  
Not that the wisdom of her empire gave  
The past more glory than last ages have,  
Nor that her kindly waters guarded well  
The cradled guide of captive Israel,  
Is she most dear: these are the waves that bore  
Her barge who conquered the earth's conqueror!

Go and admire what war-famed fields ye will,  
Beauty's bright trophies beam above them still;  
And here the light of learning, arts and arms  
Pales in the blaze of CLEOPATRA'S charms.

Honor and song and glory then, forever,  
And a deep health to Egypt's ancient river;  
For she is fresh with the bright fame of her  
Who saw a subject world her worshipper.  
The light that shone from her imperial brow  
Flushed the broad ages, and is radiant now;  
As if on Egypt's daughter prodigal Jove  
Had showered the graces of the Queen of Love,  
And gifts transcendant, such as never shone  
Before on mortals, gave to her alone.  
And captive kings and CÆSARS knelt to make  
Her lips their worship, and for her smiles' sake  
Held empire poor and victory nothing worth:  
So wooing Fortune flung the glittering earth  
Within the Roman's grasp, who madly hurled  
Even from his palm this bauble of a world,  
And saw his golden kingdoms and great throne  
Forfeit and lost, and mourned her loss alone!

But first among the fountains of old fame,  
The illustrious river of Eternal name,  
Since first she bore fallen Ilium's household gods,  
Hath flowed by Glory's unobscured abodes;  
And ever burn in her immortal skies,  
The golden fires of countless galaxies.  
Yet none of all that lustrous starred array,  
O'ershine her crowning honors of to-day.  
Her royal city spurns a rule outworn,  
And breaks millennial bondage it had borne,  
Worthy the deeds of her ancestral pride,  
The land where BRUTUS lived and CÆSO died.

Behold here exiled from the Latian Gates  
The crownless heir of mightiest potentates;

From his earth-shadowing throne unmitred driven,  
 Who claimed the delegated power of heaven,  
 Whose Jove-like arm so long its thunders hurled  
 O'er cringing empires and a cowering world !  
 Then Freedom's pulses thrilled with glad surprise,  
 And the world's psalm shook the echoing skies,  
 As a new morning broke on centuried night,  
 And they who sat in darkness saw the light !  
 What though besotted France, in maniac mood,  
 The Bacchanal of nations, drunk with blood,  
 With war's dūn clouds put out the rising ray,  
 'Tis but the tempest struggling with the day.  
 Oh ! when from holy Tiber and old Rome,  
 The wails of Freedom's baffled conflict come,  
 'T were treason to our altars to be dumb ;  
 Nor join earth's cry and curse denouncing wo  
 Upon the land that struck the dastard blow !

A land whose scenes in wild succession pass  
 From bloodiest tragedy to basest farce,  
 With crime enamored, emulous of shame,  
 Stained with this last, worst blot upon her fame,  
 Shall try a thousand drunken freaks at home,  
 Nor reach the infamy she reaped at Rome ;  
 The world's abhorrence, and the nation's hiss,  
 Time's curse and oath shall be her doom for this !  
 But since the fratricidal deed is done,  
 And there no more damnation may be won,  
 Now let her join, fit ally of the Czar,  
 Fraternal Vandals in the Austrian war !

But they who rather covet shame than wo,  
 Nor have forgot the deeds at Waterloo,  
 Might well forbear to league in blood with those,  
 Who in the death-strife with the Magyars close,  
 Their barricades are mountains, and their wars  
 More than a three days' frenzy ; and the cause,  
 Wherein they bleed, sacred as theirs who won  
 At Salamis and glorious Marathon.

Ay, the brave Magyars, battling for the right,  
 With whom all hearts and prayers of patriots fight,  
 Though reeking carnage their fair valleys fills,  
 And the war's echoing thunders shake the hills  
 Carpathian ; and Danube's currents glide  
 By desolated shores with crimson tide,  
 Shall rout the invading despot's banded slaves,  
 And welcome host on host to ample graves,  
 And tread through fields of fire in triumph on,  
 Till Tyranny's last citadel is won,  
 And the star-blazoned banners of the Free  
 Float o'er the rescued hills of Hungary !

And so in God's good time shall triumph all  
 Who war for Right and Freedom ; not alone,  
 The slave-built splendors of the despot's throne,  
 But Error's principalities shall fall ;  
 And they who lord it with unjust dominion

O'er conscience, social habits and opinion,  
 The oligarchs of morals, these shall fail :  
 For Reason, armed and panoplied in mail,  
 With the swift fallings of its ponderous stroke,  
 Breaks Priestcraft's sceptre and Oppression's yoke,  
 Assails each moral tyrant's grim abode,  
 All altars builded to the ' Unknown God,'  
 And Superstition's temples, stone by stone,  
 To the cowled Priest's dismay shall topple down :  
 Fanes revered with hereditary fear,  
 Reel, rent from dome to base, and disappear ;  
 So comes the welcome time when soul's are freed  
 From spiritual thrall of church and creed,  
 Kindleth the glowing dawn, the perfect day  
 God speed !

Again across the waters to a shore  
 Beyond the circling seas, whose ceaseless roar  
 From cavernous cliffs and shadowy beaches drear,  
 In midnight's hush, the midland mountains hear,  
 Green England's midland hills ; our feet delay  
 Awhile in homeward wanderings to stray  
 By waters hallowed by a nearer tie,  
 Than lures to alien shores and dim antiquity.  
 Her streams have native sounds and household names ;  
 The great renown and loveliness of Thames,  
 Rural and urban ; Avon's winding shore,  
 Where the awed soul loves mutely to adore  
 The heaven-throned monarch of Thought's wide domain,  
 Who holds o'er realms immortal endless reign,  
 Mid laurelled crowds yet ' bears the palm alone,'  
 No brother and no second near his throne.

Here Cam and Isis mantle in the glow  
 Of sunset memories of long ago,  
 And here the shores of Rydal's placid lake  
 Shall still with WORDSWORTH'S living lyre awake.  
 But most some humbler streams for his sweet sake,  
 Who once was Angler there, I would recall,  
 For his mild memory clothes and shallows all ;  
 And something of his epitaph of praise,  
 Waft on all quiet hearts, my song essays  
 To make articulate ; though with WALTON'S name,  
 Have holiest harps been vocal, and his fame  
 Seems in the wandering winds and streams to stir,  
 And make all happy shores his sepulchre :  
 How many a spired dome and finished fane  
 Shall wait for healing words like his in vain !  
 How many reverend lips from year to year,  
 To hungered hearts dispense their weekly dole,  
 (Who throng to listen with assiduous ear,)  
 Whose vapory sermons fail to feed the soul  
 With one sweet tithe of spiritual good,  
 The gentle Angler gave us in the wood,  
 What time with rod and cheerful heart he bent  
 His morning footsteps to the banks of Trent,  
 And cured the worldly heart of discontent,  
 Of thanklessness, and the remorseless vice,  
 That most makes earth a hell, heart-eating avarice !

At twilight time returned from honest toils,  
With braces laden of his watery spoils,  
He trolled with friends the evening roundelay,  
And crowned with barley cups the sportful day;  
With temperate draughts; for this his earnest speech,  
And this his brooks and rivers kindly teach.  
The warning waters, like his word and deed,  
Bid them who toy with luxury take heed,  
And words of kind admonishment address  
To such as mourn the havoc of excess,  
And sloth-born ills, or who, the Senses' slaves,  
Stagger through surfeits to untimely graves;  
Avoid the banquet, and abhor the wine,  
Though crushed from clusters of the purplest vine,  
By fair FALERNA fed or sunniest Rhine;  
Abjure the revel and its cup refuse,  
Though the fair fingers of the Classic Muse  
Have graven it with BACCHUS pledged by Jove,  
And glowing pictures from the Paphian grove,  
And garlanded its purple lip with flowers  
Drenched with the dews of Hybla's thymiest bowers!

Nor needs there pilgrimage to the holy wave,  
Where ISRAEL's prophet bade the Syrian lave,  
Jordan shall cleanse the leprous yet, and still  
The rivers of Damascus heal as well,  
The sacred pool its primal virtue keeps,  
Though angel's stir no more Bethesda's deeps.

Such are the humble streams our memories love,  
The shadowed banks of Avon, Trent and Dove;  
From sultry noons and stifling crowds and streets,  
The toil-tired spirit seeks their green retreats.  
Why should we ever strive with ceaseless cares,  
And darken life's brief pages with despairs;  
Perplex our souls with baffling mysteries,  
Whose issue in Eternal Wisdom lies;  
Or vex our hearts that Death, with blind caprice,  
Makes all confusion where we looked for peace;  
That the rare blooms of beauty's lustrous ray  
Win, but to mock us with their swift decay;  
Or ever murmur at these half-delights,  
And hints of joy, and evanescent sights  
Of the forbidden fields of that lost land,  
The sleepless angel guards with flaming brand;  
Though fed with tainted pleasures which at best  
But taunt us with the beauty they suggest;  
To see to some transunary sphere removed  
The phantoms by our earliest instincts loved,  
When homes like these of never-failing gladness,  
Breathe airs of balm and hallow every sadness!

So, peace and wisdom to the streams resort,  
By them the wisest teach, by them are taught;  
By them HYGEIA builds her chosen seats,  
Whom cities win not, nor care-trodden streets;  
Still by the waves the fabled Naiads roam,  
And APHRODITE rises from the foam.  
So shall these ways to brighter visions lead.  
And o'er a life to come their holy radiance shed.



So have cleansed spirits freer heights ascended,  
 Their mountain-footsteps in the morning wended  
 To summits rich with sunrise and the glow  
 Auroral, seen not by the world below,  
 Mantled with shadows, while the morning star  
 Looked down the vales through light crepuscular.

So hath Faith, welcoming these heights sublime,  
 These sun-touched hills of Time,  
 Caught the remembered tones of the departed,  
 The living love of those who died true-hearted,  
 And heard the flow of purer streams than ours,  
 That feed fair pastures and perennial flowers ;  
 Rivers of joy, that o'er the Stygian strand,  
 Make green the hill-sides of a griefless land.

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## RENDERINGS INTO OUR VERNACULAR.

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FROM THE SPANISH OF BERMUDEZ DE CASTRO.

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### THE TWO ARTISTS.

IN a dirty and obscure alley of Seville was situated a house, the front and arrangement whereof, from foundation to roof, had been altered by additions, demolitions and repairs, so that the poor mason, who, with the pride of an architect, planned the original structure, and laid the first stone many years previous to the year of Grace, 1616, when we thus introduce it to our readers, would not have recognised his old creation.

The house was composed of two stories, if a species of garret with an earthen floor and low roof, which covered two-thirds of the room, and to which you ascended by a step-ladder, may be called one. It is with this garret that we are to be made acquainted ; but to gratify the curiosity of some reader who may be seduced from the track of our story by a wish to know something of the other parts of the house, we say that it was made up of a room, a large square court-yard, a small kitchen on one side, and a confined stable on the other. The stable was for the time vacant, and to this we allude so as not to be obliged to pay it another visit.

There were two windows to the garret, one looking out upon the alley, and the other on the court-yard we have mentioned : when you raised your head, on mounting the last step of the ladder, and looked through a kind of trap-door which gave you entrance, you might observe several frames and pieces of canvass ready for the brush, suspended on the walls, and at the same time discover that no idea of order had entered the brain of the owner ; some suspended one way and some another, all carelessly and without symmetry, inclining at random from the perpendicular, according as the nail upon which they were balanced was more or less removed from the centre of the frame.

Several unfinished paintings, several sketches sparkling with imagination and life, ornamented the large portion of the chamber, chiming well with those that were completed in beauty and symmetry.

Two or three shelves suspended by cords, and resting against one side of the wall, supported and bent under the weight of fifteen or twenty volumes of poetry and scholastic philosophy; among them the 'Symmetry of the Human Frame,' by Albert Durer, 'The Anatomy of Bexalio,' 'Perspective,' by Daniel Barbaro, 'Euclid's Geometry,' and various other works on mathematics and painting.

A pile of drawings, human studies, a painter's oddities, landscapes carelessly sketched and yet unfinished, were scattered about near at hand, in promiscuous confusion on the floor. Upon an oaken arm-chair and two benches were thrown other papers, mixed with a cap, torn drawers, a tolerably clean collar, and a silk doublet, which hung from the seat, one sleeve dragged in a large basin, filled with dirty and oily water to keep moist and protect against the action of the air four or five brushes.

A stone, its muller yet moist with white lead, was placed on a walnut table; a large easel and canvass stretched upon it occupied the centre of the room near a window, and a fine north light penetrated on the left. The window skilfully covered with canvass and blackened paper gave but small ingress to the light which came in with a bright ray, falling upon the face of a ruddy and stalwart peasant, who in a grotesque attitude, exhibited two ranges of teeth, broad, white and sharpened beyond doubt by the bread of 'Telera,' feigning a most extravagant and violent fit of laughter that would have infected the most melancholy spectator. But the only other person in the room shared not in it. A youth, apparently about eighteen or twenty years of age, of a grave and silent demeanor, of a dark complexion, with bright eyes and steady glance, stood before the easel, a palette in one hand and a brush in the other, embodying as it were that extravagant and feigned laughter of the peasant. And he could not be aught else than ill-satisfied with his work; for his contracted brow, compressed lip and sudden, quick motions, convulsive with dissatisfaction, left not a doubt but that he was worried and disappointed.

Twice or thrice he stood back to survey his work; his eye travelled rapidly from the original to the copy; then gave a touch, effaced it, touched again, stepped back, compared again; the result of all this was, 'Voto à;,' and here he stopped like a good christian, searching by whom he should swear; at length better thoughts came over him; God help me! who can imitate such tints? And much as he strived after self-control, after a moment's struggle, an attempt to restrain his anger, he raised his hand, drew the brush over the canvass, mixing the colors with the motion and tracing a curve, varied with all the tints of a rainbow; and not even yet content, he threw aside colors, palet and brushes, struck the canvass with his clenched fist, and exclaimed violently and in a rage, 'I swear to God! these are tints which no man may hope to copy!' And he cast himself desperately into the arm-chair, upon papers and doublet, and with his forehead resting on his hand lapsed into a prostration as if a fainting fit had seized him; the prostration,

the despair of genius which looks in on Heaven and yet cannot attain it.

The peasant who served as model, without a single word, without seeming to be at all surprised at this outbreak, and seeing his master thus immovable, shut his mouth, seated himself on the floor, and took from the corner of his bosom, from beneath a ragged and dirty shirt, a piece of brown bread, and began to gnaw it with such an appetite that it might be reasonably inferred he would have been pleased to get to work long before he did.

He finished his breakfast or repast, tasting deliberately and with prolonged enjoyments, every one of the concluding morsels; then risked a timid glance at his master, still immovable, still fixed in the same attitude. He waited, and waiting, the time passed by, until seeing it was nightfall, he glided from the room without the least movement on the part of the painter.

Thus he remained depressed and pensive, giving signs of being still awake by some convulsive motion; once he raised his head, looked around, covered his eyes, doubling his fist, and striking his forehead fiercely.

Thus sped on the hours, and he tasted not of food; thus night found him and he slept not; and the next morning at day-break he sallied forth, exceedingly exhausted and overcome; but rather with an expression of sadness than of his first fit of despair. He donned the cap with the broken feather, and enveloped himself in a long cloak. By a natural and involuntary motion he twisted and caressed his budding mustachios; and bearing with him proofs of his recent excitement in his hollow eye and pallid complexion, he descended the steps, and having crossed himself devoutly, emerged into the street.

## II.

- He was a good christian and a christian of the sixteenth century; the seventeenth had just commenced; so his first act was to go to the nearest church; he there heard mass, waited awhile, and grown more composed was about leaving, when a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder, and a familiar voice exclaimed: 'God be with you, Signor Don Diego!'

He who thus spoke was a man of somewhat over sixty years of age, well made and of a pleasant countenance, and olive complexion, with proofs of having been good-looking, quick and black eyes, eyes of genius which told of wars and arts with all the ardor of a soldier and enthusiasm of an artist. His mouth was small and furnished with only two or three straggling teeth; but in person he was active, in appearance cheerful and genteel. He wore a black camblet-cloak, old and thread-bare, doublet the same, with handsome flowers and slashed, but in no better plight than its companion; he wore knightly hose, or 'pedoweras' as they were then called, with colored lacing, a long and shining sword, a cap set on one side in a martial and soldier-like style, much worn and thread-bare, evidencing poverty from afar, but clean and brushed most carefully.

Oh! it was a scene worth observing, the meeting of those two men, one entering upon life the other leaving it; one all hope, the other memory, and both battling it with Destiny, both looking at each other with eyes that betrayed a fiery soul, a genius of flame, a volcanic imagination, a life which enthusiasm wasted as with a file; and this athwart the prism of the future of youth and the veil of the past, of old age. Ah! whoever had seen them thus would not have confounded them with common souls, but would have exclaimed, much is there of good and evil within those fleshy prisons; a heaven or a hell! glory or suicide awaited the one; the other — The other had braved and overcome a hundred combats throughout life against a hard and unmanageable fate.

And so it was; the old man was a great poet; but unknown, obscure, known and respected only by some artists of fine enthusiastic genius, who in that age could alone appreciate the florid and ardent genius of that aged man.

Our young painter knew, loved and revered him as a profound philosopher, philanthropist and brave soldier; he knew his verses by heart; and the learned youth of Seville repeated enthusiastically every sonnet which revealed him as its author.

He exclaimed — ‘But this paleness! those red and wearied and hollow eyes! Do not waste a life which may be so glorious! waste not thy heart, boy! this —’

‘It means,’ said the painter, interrupting him even rudely, ‘a night of watchfulness, sorrow and torment, of rage and despair!’ And he grasped his companion’s arm roughly and checked a convulsive sigh.

‘What? a youthful love?’ exclaimed the old man with interest. ‘But no! I see another fire than that of love shining in those eyes. No, it cannot be! Young man, tell me what has happened?’

‘What has happened? To lose my hopes of glory, to scorch my wings! To fall!’

‘Thou hast undertaken more than thou shouldst. Thou hast not chosen the moment of inspiration!’

‘I could not advance one line, one inch; and there must I remain, there be confounded with the crowd!’

‘No, young man; thou hast not been born for such a fate. No; raise thy head; elevate it, thinking upon glory!’

‘Glory? Yes! I dreamed of glory, and to you owe I those dreams which are my despair! I wished to live admired or to die; not a common existence, one of those which cower in the mud; and now how may I soar aloft?’

‘Had I thy touch, brush and imagination!’ exclaimed the other with a look of enthusiasm, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, animated with genius and poetry. ‘Thou knowest not the treasury that is thine; work and I promise thee fame.’

‘It is all in vain. Already does it lose its charm for me. I will exhaust myself before emerging from the cloud,’ answered the youth, with apparent apathy. Then came a moment of silence; and he continued: ‘You too have dreamed of glory; you too have composed verses, comedies, and what, what has been the result? Your glory is in this cloak, in this doublet.’

'True,' said the old man sorrowfully: 'True; I am poor, forgotten, infirm, persecuted; behold my glory! The ungrateful goddess I have worshipped, caressed and so much admired! What a return, oh God!' and he bowed his head, but only for a moment. 'I am poor it is true,' he resumed, with the bold and martial air of a poet and soldier; 'I am poor, but honored; and those dreams of love and happiness, and those characters I have created as if a God with their virtues, qualities and passions, good or bad, at will; those characters I love as my creatures; those works which are my children; those moments of illusion and delirium; those celestial delights; that delicious volition, vague, free as the air; those worlds I lived in: tell me, do not they compensate for all those troubles, all the misfortunes of my life? Tell me who shall take them from me? What avails the glory of man in comparison with the creations, the pleasures of a God?'

The deep furrows in his brow had disappeared, his eyes shone with the double light of youth and enthusiasm; his head noble and erect; his disdainful glance, seeming to measure the earth with the sceptre of heaven; it was not a man — no! it was a Genius — a God! more than this he was the poet, the true, inspired Poet!

The young painter felt controlled by the eagle eye and fascinating glance of the old man. He drooped his eyes, ashamed of his weakness, and when the other exclaimed: 'Let us go to your room — come!' he allowed himself to be led as if he were a lamb.

### Outlaws.

#### NUMBER ONE: THE COMET.

I.

HEAVILY drave the planets down the causeways of the deep,  
Up from humming caverns rose the cavalcade of sleep;  
Angels on the world's vast walls stood to their nightly stations,  
All bright with armor, as they watched the sleeping constellations.

II.

A prowling comet steamed along the outer seas of Night,  
An ancient pilot grasped the wheel, and guided its frantic flight:  
A grim, gigantic engineer stood by the furnace door,  
And red fire shone through many grates, those vast black empires o'er.

III.

The universe lay glimmering, far on the silent lee,  
Like a great lamp-lit city beyond a midnight sea;  
The pilot, said 'Our mighty king shall man his flaming fleets,  
And sailing across the Gulf shall sack those planetary streets.

IV.

Comets he hath, with engines made in the iron-shops of hell,  
Admirals and dusky hosts, cannon and shot and shell;  
O! 't will be sweet to batter those walls which angels now are guarding,  
And sweet to shatter those golden globes with shot-storms and bombarding.

## v.

O! sweet for Night's black pirates, ye dingy cloud-girt peers,  
 To bathe in that crystal ocean, where swim the hollow spheres;  
 O! 't will be rare to freight our fleets with planetary plunder  
 And frighten the tall archangels with bolts of Stygian thunder!

## vi.

The engines jarred, the funnel roared, shone the red furnace flames,  
 The beams of iron trampled, grated the rods and chains;  
 Those pirates all applauded; the pilot ported the helm:  
 The comet curved toward the dusky cliffs of that far distant realm,  
 Where thunders rumble through the iron towers of Demigorgon,  
 Like the roll of a heavy and jarring bass thro' the pipes of a growling organ!

## NUMBER TWO: THE TEMPLE BY THE NILE.

It was midnight; dimmer and dimmer  
 Shone the distant tent-fire's glimmer;  
 Mournfully murmured ancient Nilus  
 Along the piers of Hecatompyles.  
 While the still and sacred starlight  
 Mingling with the full moon's far light,  
 Rested on many strange inscriptions  
 Chiselled by the dead Egyptians.

Then arose a muffled Magus  
 From a granite sarcophagus,  
 Down in a burial crypt abysmal,  
 Unrummaged by the sons of ISHMAEL.  
 With a solemn tread, as whilom  
 Thrice he paced the long propylon,  
 Muttering syllables deep and mystic,  
 Hexameters harsh and cabalistic.  
 Now came forth a file of wizards,  
 Who kept of old the sacred lizards;  
 Scaly crocodiles that nibbled  
 Lotus, while the Hierarchs scribbled  
 Those strong staves and incantations  
 That vexed the peaceful constellations.  
 Them, from tombs by Hebrews hollowed,  
 Buried kings an hundred followed;  
 Frowning PHAROAH, AMENOPHIS,  
 SHISHAK, girt with Syrian trophies.

But now the stars of morning faded.  
 Daybreak's merry dæmons braided  
 The net of a fantastic tent  
 Far in the glimmering Orient.  
 A slow, long line of dromedaries  
 Toiled across the sandy prairies:  
 From the river's rushy margins  
 Moved a fleet of splashing barges,  
 While, with his waving plume of horse-hair,  
 Galloped away the desert Corsair;  
 Away on his barb than the west wind fleetier,  
 Singing some wild Arabian metre;  
 And seven Franks rode by to scramble  
 Up the cliffs of Abousamboul.

## DO NOT STRAIN YOUR PUNCH.

ONE of my friends, whom I am proud to consider such; a Gentleman, blest with all the appliances of Fortune, and the heart to dispense and to enjoy them; of sound discretion coupled with an enlightened generosity; of decided taste and nice discernment in all other respects than the one to which I shall presently advert; successful beyond hope in his cellar; almost beyond example rich in his wine chamber; and last, not least, felicitous to say no more in his closet of Rums — this Gentleman, thus endowed, thus favoured, thus distinguished, has fallen, can I write it? into the habit of — straining his PUNCH!

When I speak of Rums my masters, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I make not the remotest allusion to that unhappy distillation from molasses which alone is manufactured at the present day throughout the West Indies since the emancipation of the Blacks; who desire nothing but to drink, as they brutally express it, 'to make drunk come' — but to that ethereal extract of the sugar-cane, that Ariel of liquors, that astral spirit of the nerves, which, in the days when planters were born Gentlemen, received every year some share of their attention, every year some precious accession, and formed by degrees those stocks of RUM, the last reliques of which are now fast disappearing from the face of Earth.

And when I discourse on PUNCH, I would fain do so with becoming veneration both for the concoction itself, and, more especially, for the memory of the profound and original, but alas! *unknown* inventive Genius by whom this sublime compound was first imagined, and brewed — by whose Promethean talent and touch and Shaksperian inspiration, the discordant elements of Water, Fire, Acidity, and Sweetness, were first combined and harmonized into a beverage of satisfying blessedness, or of overwhelming Joy!

My friend then — to revert to him — after having brewed his Punch according to the most approved method, passes the fragrant compound through a linen-cambric sieve, and it appears upon his hospitable board in a refined and clarified state, beautiful to the eye perhaps, but deprived and dispossessed by this process of those few lobes and cellular integuments, those little gushes of unexpected piquancy, furnished by the bosom of the lemon; and that, when pressed upon the palate and immediately dulcified by the other ingredients, so wonderfully heighten the zest, and go so far to give the nameless entertainment and exhilaration, the unimaginable pleasure, that belong to PUNCH!

PUNCH! — I cannot articulate the emphatick word without remarking, that it is a liquor that a man might 'moralize into a thousand similes!' It is an epitome of human life! Water representing the physical existence and basis of the mixture: Sugar its sweetness: Acidity its animating trials: and Rum, the aspiring hope, the vaulting ambition, the gay and the beautiful of Spiritual Force!

Examine these ingredients separately. What is Water by itself

in the way of Joy, except for bathing purposes? or Sugar, what is it, but to infants, when alone? or Lemon-juice, that, unless diluted, makes the very nerves revolt and shrink into themselves? or Rum, that in its abstract and proper state can hardly be received and entertained upon the palate of a Gentleman? and yet combine them all, and you have the full harmony, the heroism of existence, the diapason of human life!

Let us not then abridge our Water lest we diminish our animal being. Nor change the quantum of our Rum, lest wit and animation cease from among us. Nor our Sugar, lest we find by sad experience that 'it is not good for man to live alone.' And, when they occur, let us take those minor acids in the natural cells in which the Lemon nourished them for our use, and as they may have chanced to fall into the pitcher of our destiny. In short let us not refine too much. My dear Sirs, let us not strain our PUNCH!

When I look around me on the fashionable world, in which I occasionally mingle, with the experience and observation of an old man, it strikes me to be the prevailing characteristick of the age that people have departed from the simpler and I think the healthier pleasures of their Fathers. Parties, balls, soirées, dinners, morning calls, and recreations of all sorts are, by a forced and unnatural attempt at over-refinement, deprived of much of their enjoyment. Young men and maidens, old men and Widows, either give up their Pitchers in despair, or, venturing upon the compound — strain their PUNCH.

Suppose yourself for the moment transported into a Ball-room in a blaze of light, enlivened by the most animating musick, and with not one square foot of space that is not occupied by the beauty and fashion of the day. The only individuals that have the power, except by the slowest imaginable sidelong movement, of penetrating this tide of enchantment, are the Redowa-Waltzers; before whom every person recedes for a few inches at each moment, then to resume his stand as wave after wave goes by.

You can catch only the half-length portraits of the dancers; but these are quite near enough to enable you to gain by glimpses their full characteristick developements of countenance. Read them; for every conventional arrangement of the features has been jostled out of place by the inspiriting bob-a-bob movement of the dance.

Look before you — a woman's hand, exquisitely formed, exquisitely gloved in white and braceleted, with a wrist 'round as the circle of Giotto,' rests upon the black-cloth dress of her partner's shoulder; as light, as airy, and as pure, as a waif of driven snow upon a cleft of mountain rock, borne thither in some relenting lull or wandering of the tempest; and beautiful! too beautiful it seems for any lower region of the Earth.

She turns toward you in the revolving movement, and you behold a face that a celestial inhabitant of some superior star might descend to us to love and hope to be forgiven! Now listen, for this is the expression of that face:

'Upon my word this partner of mine is really a nice person! how charmingly exact his time is! what a sustaining arm he has, and how admirably, by his good management, he has protected my beautiful



little feet against all the maladroit waltzers of the set ! I have not had a single bruise notwithstanding the dense crowd ; and my feet will slide out of bed to-morrow morning as white and spotless as the bleached and balmy linen between which I shall repose. Ah ! if he could only steer us both through life as safely and as well ! but poor fellow ! it would never do. They say he has no fortune, and for my part all that I could possibly expect from papa would be to furnish the house. How then should we be ever able to——strain our PUNCH !'

And he—the partner in this Waltz—instead of growing buoyant and elastick, at the thoughts that belong to his condition of youth and glowing health ;—at the recollection of the ground over which he moves ;—of the Government of his own choice, the noblest because the freest in the world, that rules it ;—of the fourteen hundred millions of unoccupied acres of fertile soil, wooing him to make his choice of climate, that belong to it ;—of the deep blue sky of Joy and health that hangs above it ;—of the God that watches over and protects us all ;—and, lastly, of this precious being as the Wife that might make any destiny one of happiness by sharing it——what are the ideas that occupy *his* soul ?

He muses over the approaching hour of supper, speculates upon his probable share of Steinberger Cabinet Wein, and doubts whether the Restaurateur who provides may or may not have had consideration enough to——strain the PUNCH.

Bear with me once more, gentle Reader, while I recite the title of this Essay : 'Do not strain your PUNCH.'

JOHN WATERS.

# THEY WILL RETURN NO MORE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

I TOIL where, able-bodied,  
Toiled men of other years,  
Whose graves are old and sodded,  
Made long ago in tears ;  
And every flower decaying  
In fields my feet explore,  
In dying tones seem saying :  
'They will return no more !'

In fancy 'neath the billows  
I gaze, at times, oppressed,  
Counting on sea-weed pillows  
The millions there at rest ;  
And soft as spent waves dying  
Along the sandy shore,  
I hear a low voice sighing :  
'They will return no more !'

My footsteps often wander  
Where cherished friends are laid,  
And while I silent ponder  
On hopes and joys decayed,  
Humbled and heavy-hearted,  
I learn the grave's sad lore :  
'Look not for the departed :  
They will return no more !'

The fading years betoken  
Our toils will soon be o'er,  
'The golden bowl be broken,'  
And we return no more :  
Then be the faith we cherish  
Like theirs, the gone-before,  
And grief and fear will perish  
Where they return no more.

*Buffalo, November, 1849.*

## L I N E S :   T H E   C A R O U S A L .

BY S. A. BLANCHARD.

## I.

NIGHT had set her gloomy watches,  
 Dark and fearful,  
 Wet and tearful,  
 Round a mountain forest cave,  
 When a hollow moaning music,  
 As the speaking  
 Or the shrieking  
 O'er an echo-answering grave,  
 Rose vibrating and dilating,  
 Like the panting funeral chanting  
 Through an old cathedral nave.

## II.

Suddenly a blue-light burning  
 Was disclosing  
 An imposing,  
 Yet a hideous spectral throng;  
 For there stood the King of Evil,  
 And the scowling,  
 Muttering, howling  
 Subjects that to him belong:  
 Such a trooping, horrid grouping,  
 Never muttered, never uttered  
 Such a chorus or a song.

## III.

Round their King the fumes were rising,  
 Round them higher  
 Sulphurous fire  
 Leaping, licked away the shade;  
 Hags and witches without number  
 There were thrumming,  
 DEATH too drumming  
 On a coffin with his spade;  
 And this swelling, gloomy knelling,  
 Song was pealing and was stealing  
 Back each sound the echoes made.

## IV.

DEVIL. Now be merry, and do quickly;  
 For no mortal  
 Dares my portal  
 While we dance this roundelay:  
 Short respite, they do not know it,  
 While with greeting  
 We are meeting,

Boasting what we do with clay :  
Men are sinning, we are winning,  
And renewing wicked doing  
In the darkness or the day.

v.

DISEASE. How they dread my silent foot-steps,  
Undermining,  
As with pining  
Soon they sink away and die !  
How I feed upon their vitals,  
Ever gnawing,  
Ever mawing,  
When they little think me nigh :  
Ever rapping, we are sapping,  
Ever dooming all the blooming ;  
Oh, they little think us by !

vi.

DEATH. And I laugh until my shaking  
Bones do rattle,  
At my battle  
With the children of the earth ;  
And the proud, the rich, the humble, <sup>in</sup>  
All defying,  
Still are dying,  
Whether men of wo or worth :  
And we greet them as we meet them  
At the passes with our glasses,  
Wishing them a merry birth.

vii.

DECAY. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I 'm tired of eating,  
And of feeding  
On the breeding  
Work-upbuilding things that rust :  
Noble structures, man and woman,  
Ever toiling,  
I am spoiling,  
With a never-ending lust :  
On his coffin DEATH is laughing  
At the palling ever falling :  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! they soon are dust !

viii.

ALL. What a frolic with earth's children,  
Gnome deforming,  
Devil storming,  
From so many we may cull ;  
What a feasting on the people,  
All belying  
They are dying,  
Though DECAY is nearly full :  
DEATH is biering, witches searing,  
Spectres warring, TIME is sparring,  
Dancing, bowling with a skull.

## IX.

Now they clapped their bony fingers,  
 As with yelling  
 They were spelling  
 This unearthly fiendish tone ;  
 Oh, such pallid, hueless faces  
 As the flaming  
 Fire, unblaming,  
 Gloating on each visage shone :  
 Swiftly bounding to the sounding,  
 In the shading they were fading  
 To a flash, and they were gone.

## TWO CHARACTERS.

‘WILL you lend me your light, Kate, for a moment?’ said a young man whom we shall call Harry Eaton, groping in the dusk around a door, from which there streamed through the key-hole a faint tantalizing beam.

The wind was sweeping with a hollow dreary sound through the corridors of the vast deserted building, rattling every window-pane and moaning through every chink.

‘I am sorry to disturb you,’ continued the young man timidly.

As he spoke the door was thrown wide open, and Kate stepped forth into the passage-way, shading her eyes with one hand, and holding her light aloft.

‘I thought you would be charitable,’ he said, confronting her with a look of involuntary admiration ‘Do you know that you should stand for a picture in precisely the attitude which you have taken. The light from that candle sparkles on your forehead like the glory round the head of a Madonna, and your eyes shine like coals of fire in the shadow of your hand. You seem just now to be something between a lady-saint and Lucifer.’

Indeed, the girl’s beauty was so fresh and brilliant that it startled one, as it burst suddenly upon the darkness, and filled the empty space with a glorious presence of youth and vigor and maidenhood.

‘The fresh air out of doors,’ she answered coldly, ‘has given you high spirits, and made you impertinent. Here is the light, Sir ; I will leave it on the chair for you.’ She turned contemptuously away, without, however, closing the door.

The young man keenly watched her elastic tread and the flexible sway in her slight form, as she moved toward the little table in the room to resume her work.

He leaned feebly against the door-post, and seemed to be struggling for energy to tear himself from the spot, and break the toils of a deadly fascination, which was winding itself, thread by thread, about him. The girl, who had seated herself, remained for a few moments idle, her bare arms stretched gracefully upon the shining oaken board, her head

thrown scornfully back, and a vacant look in her large black eyes, as though utterly unconscious of the intense gaze which the young man fixed upon her. There was a strange contrast between the two. He was pale and listless, and stood humbly at the door; all his energies of soul and body seemed absorbed to feed that burning look. She was in the very flush and freshness of maidenhood, and reposed before him like one basking luxuriously in her warm, glad existence. Every pulse thrilled with vigor; her whole form was glowing with strength and buoyant life. Her arms were bathed in the ruddy firelight, which half revealed their exquisite swell, and marked with faint shadows the sinews knitting strongly at the wrist. Her black hair glanced with a purple sheen to the flickering blaze, and the color in her cheek shone vividly, or turned to a dusky glow, at every change of the uncertain flame.

'Come in, Harry, and shut the door,' she said, abruptly rousing herself. 'You can fill that great German pipe of yours over my hearth; I am very lonely to-night, and want something to make sport of.'

Harry crept into the room with a noiseless step, and drawing a chair toward the wood fire, now crumbling fast away to a bed of glowing embers, began slowly to replenish the bowl of a huge meerschaum, grotesquely carved, which he supported between his knees. The exhilaration produced by the frosty air had passed away, and left him careworn and almost dejected.

'Are you angry with me, Kate?' he asked at length in a low voice.

'Yes, I am,' retorted the girl, 'I cannot bear to be flattered; and you talk to me sometimes of my own face and figure as if I had no more feeling or sense than the little images in your painting room. I was not made to be a plaything for gentlemen.'

'I do not pretend to be a gentleman—in your sense of the word,' said Harry. 'I work day and night wearily enough to earn a living. I say day and night; for when I have been engraving or designing all day I lie awake half the night, imagining some new combination, and building castles in the air, which must be substantial enough to be turned to account. It is a business which withers away body and soul. Even my imagination begins to have a sickly hue; but there is a battle before me, in which I must win or die. The world gives no quarter to a man once down, who is fighting with it for life.'

'Still you are a gentleman,' persisted the girl, rising and advancing toward the fire. 'Your hand is softer than my own. It is only fit to carry a pencil or a brush. I am a girl; yet there is more strength in my arm than yours.'

She took his hand as she spoke and placed it where he might feel that her slender arm would scarcely dimple to the touch, but seemed, in its marble firmness, like the flesh of the statue in the old story, when it was just softening into life at the sculptor's prayer. There was a contemptuous familiarity about this action; she did not seem to look upon him as a man.

'You are so quiet,' she continued impatiently, tossing his hand aside; 'you walk about as if you were afraid of crushing a flower at every step. You never speak above your breath. You seem always to have

something which you keep to yourself. There is no life about you. I do not understand it, and it provokes me.'

Harry made no answer, for he had long despaired of being comprehended. The twilight deepened in the room, and shadowy phantoms, exulting over the dying fire, stole up the wall and darted in stealthy frolic across the ceiling. The clock ticked loudly from its corner, as though it parted reluctantly with the midnight moments, and meant to lay an emphasis on every one.

'Do you ever dream in the daytime, Kate?' said Harry; 'I mean when you are wide awake?'

'Not often; I am too busy living. Sometimes, on a long summer day, when the air comes through the window on my cheek, I sit and forget my sewing for a long while, thinking of nothing, but just feeling happy. All manner of pleasant images pass through my mind then, like the sparkling things in the sunbeam.'

'But you are forced to gain a subsistence, and toil for it, like myself,' said Harry. 'Now have you never made a picture of yourself in some different situation; as a lady, for instance, who was rich and had servants to wait upon her, lived in a fine house, and so on?'

'Never!' she answered emphatically; 'I would not be a lady if I had the choice. They are poor weak, sickly things. A draught of cold air kills them, like a geranium. They are helpless creatures, and must have some one to lean upon always; some one to look after their health and take care of their characters. Now I have neither father nor mother, nor friends in the world; yet I would not quit this little room, and give up the feeling that I need thank no one for help or protection — no, not for a fortune!'

'I am an orphan and friendless, like you, Kate,' said the young man, speaking more to himself than to her, 'and I am glad of it. There is a grim pleasure in plodding on doggedly, with starvation at your back and fame a great way before you in the distance. I am getting a name, you must know, as an artist. They come to me now to design the illustrations for the novels of the day. It is absolute drudgery, however, to extract the characters from some of these books, and harder still to fit a face and body to them.'

He sighed, but there was an intense gleam of pride deep in his eye.

'Could I help you in any way?' said the girl, earnestly and kindly.

'The best help you could give,' he replied, startled by her change of manner, 'would be merely to sit still now and then, and let me draw from your face and copy your figure. You are the most perfect model of girlhood that could be found, and your complexion is the clear brunette, with which a painter seldom meets.'

Kate's eye flashed, and she seemed disposed to quarrel again with his language.

'I should paint you as Esmeralda, the dancing girl, in Victor Hugo's novel,' continued he, musing aloud, 'and I should be the student, who loved so madly.'

'You mean in *'Our Lady of Paris,'*' answered Kate, quickly; 'I have read that book. It kept me up all night, and came to a miserable end at last. But I am not like Esmeralda. She was only a pretty

fool, and the student was almost an idiot. He should have joined the army and put on uniform, to take her fancy, instead of talking Greek to her, and making love with a dictionary. I hope that I am not like Esmeralda.'

Harry was astonished; for he had no idea that she ever read any thing; and he was always under the impression that even his ordinary language was often unintelligible to her. Her engrossing beauty, her animal vigor, had been to him all the soul in her form; he did not care to look for a deeper intelligence. It was her physical excellence which domineered over his feebleness with a wild fascination.

'You are the student in the novel,' said Kate, thoughtfully.

'But not exactly, for you move around quietly and mope in corners, looking miserable, like the cat there; but all the while you have set your mind upon something, just as she has, and will pass through fire for it when you think it time to make the spring. I see into you a little way. But that student had nothing in him. Love made him crazy, to be sure, but he was always weaker than a child. He seems to me like a man delirious with fever, who needs to be held down in his bed but could not walk one step alone.'

'I will sit to you, Harry, if it will be any assistance. You must not of course make a portrait.'

'I will try to avoid it,' said the bewildered young man. 'It will be difficult, since even now in your absence, all my designs of the female face turn to your likeness.'

'Nonsense, Harry!' exclaimed Kate, haughtily; instantly resuming her ineffable air of disgust and indifference. Then she began to torment him with a girlish wantonness of cruelty which is the very instinct of the sex. She revelled before him in her beautiful being, with a mocking, luxurious triumph which maddened him.'

'This would make a picture, Harry,' she said, loosing the fastening of her hair which poured down at once in black shining waves over her neck and shoulders even to her feet. Then assuming in an instant the frank, half sisterly manner which was hardest of all to bear, she compelled the miserable slave with throbbing pulse, to assist her in restoring the thick tresses to their place. Again she was all sympathy; and thus she racked his soul, binding it down to the torture by her wonderful beauty, while every word and gesture made more bitter the despair already cankering in his heart. He could bear it no longer. He rose from the chair like one uplifting a great weight, and strode hastily toward the door. He was arrested by the girl's hand laid gently on his shoulder.

'Will you not bid me good night, Harry, and confess that I am not like Esmeralda?'

He bowed in silence, and shuddering under her touch, passed out.

#### CHAPTER SECOND.

IN the solitude of his own room, Harry threw himself upon the bed, with a delicious feeling of coming rest. He had now about him a world

of his own, whose scenery and inhabitants were all at his command. The feverish misery, the continual humiliation of his strange passion faded from his remembrance as, disposing the coverings around him so as to defy the frosty night, he sat still dressed, half upright on his couch, gazing at the little pool of moonlight on the floor.

Careering about the huge building, the fitful autumn wind roared like a distant lion in a desert, or trailed with a ghostly, rushing sound, along the passage-ways, and went forth moaning and wandering far away into the empty night. Still, as Harry sat listening and dreaming, one form would return again and again, wavering dimly in the smoke of the meerschauum. It would be dispersed for a little while by the force of his strong will, and break away into the features of ideal women, only to come on him unawares, with a reproachful look, and a presence more exacting than before.

'She is a glorious specimen of physical beauty, an embodiment of the sex in all its attributes;' he thought to himself, regarding Kate, in his reverie, with comparative coolness. 'She is a finer animal than a deer or a leopard. Would that I might for an instant feel the blood bound through my veins as it must bound through hers; that I might know the ecstasy of mere existence, in which she seems so to delight; that I might look through her eyes at the sky and earth; and that my soul might live and sleep and dream, wrapped up in so beautiful a body.'

He pondered long upon this odd conceit.

'I suppose,' he thought on more dreamily, 'that this is the lesson taught by the old allegory of Cupid and Psyche, where the winged soul is imploring an embrace from the laughing boy, who is a veritable child of earth. I have learned to-night that Kate has unusual intelligence; but the discovery gives me no pleasure. It seems to mar the idea of her upon which I dwell most fondly. My soul seems yearning, like Psyche, not for communion with another soul, ethereal as itself, but for intimacy with a material thing, in whose fresh and heathful atmosphere it may revive and rest. That is the metaphysics of this affair.'

And now, despite of his philosophy, feeling an approaching fit of wretchedness, and exerting his peculiar dogged strength of will, for his timidity was only physical, he drove away the subject and turned to his art.

But undefined, dilating images began to fill the moonlit chamber; the wind whispered mysteriously and ceased altogether; he lapsed into a dream; roused up and sank again; then determined to remain awake, and in the peaceful consciousness of a good resolution, fell fast asleep.

It was the sudden, deep oblivion which comes upon youth when melancholy and overtaken. A wreath of smoke was curling upward from the great meerschauum at the moment. As the stem dropped from his parting lips, and the grasp of his hand relaxed, the capacious bowl turned over in the bed and the silver-lid flew open, sliding over its heated brim came a shower of grey ashes, followed by a sodden, glowing coal which began to sink into the sleeper's couch, gnawing through one covering after another, and sending up a thin vapor as it burned its way.

Harry stirred uneasily from time to time, and the coverings, which



had been wrapped around him, slipped by degrees away, and lay presently, a smouldering heap upon the floor. There was no outlet for the increasing smoke, and the air soon began to grow thick and stifling, until the moonbeams streamed through a ghastly haze, which became each moment more palpable. Still he slept on; but his sleep was like that of a man struggling with some hideous night-mare. As time passed, his breathing began to labor painfully, and his features were sharpened with a look of helplessness and great misery. It was curious to watch the slow progress of the fire, which, without breaking into flame, was beginning to extend its glimmering rings, as if it were searching for a wider foothold. The deadly vapor rising from it, gently approached the sleeper, hovering over him with stupifying wings like a vampyre, and draining imperceptibly the energies of life, so that at last in his weakness and the confusion of awaking, one suffocating pang might perhaps disable him altogether. It is strange that a man should permit himself to be strangled by inches in his sleep; but it is certain that men sometimes *do* permit it.

There was a stir in the silent house, and a hurrying footfall. In the twinkling of an eye the door of the room was dashed open from without, the night wind rushed in, eddying amid the gloom, and Kate stood at the threshold, with dishevelled hair and a look of unspeakable horror in her face. It was but an instant ere she sprang fearlessly into the dusky chamber, calling Harry by name in a tone so clear and piercing, that the whole building rang and reëchoed. He murmured something inarticulately, but the sound served to guide her in the haze, and she was by his side at a single bound. He was lying completely dressed, as he had fallen asleep. She first touched his hand; it was cold and clammy. She drew back shuddering, then calling to her help the great vigor concealed in her slight form and rounded limbs, she threw her arms about him and dragged him at one effort unceremoniously from the bed. He had the ill grace to groan, as if uneasy at the fall, but the resolute girl gave him no time to remonstrate. Exerting all her strength, she drew him, now feebly struggling, forth into the passage-way, and without pausing in her activity, threw open the window, and dashed water in his face, which was distorted by that poisonous sleep. With pain and bewilderment his senses gradually collected, but his throat was parched by an intolerable thirst, and he was benumbed and giddy. Kate strained him to her bosom in one impetuous embrace, and hurried to extinguish the fire. She returned, flushed and anxious. She crouched down beside Harry, who had gained a sitting posture, but was still very weak, and drew his head upon her shoulder, with her warm young arms around his neck.

‘What has happened, Kate?’ he whispered huskily; ‘I feel as if I had passed through a long illness.’

‘Do not speak to me, Harry, just yet!’

He felt her bosom heave with a passionate sob, and a tear-drop fell upon his forehead. The blood shot tingling through his frame.

‘Oh, Harry!’ she answered, ‘in a little while you would have been strangled in the smoke. If I had not been awake, the room itself would soon have taken fire, and, by that time you would have lost all strength

to help yourself. It is all the fault of that wretched German pipe of yours. What a pain in the heart you have caused me ;' and she sobbed like a child.

At these words a wild panorama swept before Harry's mind.

'Was I in actual danger of death?' he asked, with a strange tone and manner.

'I think that you must soon have perished in that smoke ; the room is reeking yet with it,' she answered, drawing him more closely to her. All the bright color had left her cheek ; she was pale and haggard now.

'Then why did you wake me?' said the young man, bitterly. It would have been such an easy way out of a miserable world.'

'Do you mean that you really wish to die!' she replied, in a low, horror-stricken voice ; 'to leave the fresh air, the blue sky, the sunshine ; to be stretched out stiff and cold ; to be closed up in the earth, and moulder away among the darkness forever ? What a horrible thought ! Is there nothing which you care for in the world ?'

'Nothing,' said the young man, gently loosing himself from her embrace.

'Not even for me ?'

'For you — *you* !' he exclaimed. 'It is to escape from you and be at rest anywhere ; it is to rid myself of your presence, and blot out your very recollection, that I would go even into the grave, though a feverish dream of you would, I believe, haunt me there, and strew that narrow bed itself with ashes !'

The girl bowed her head upon her hands, but seemed not to listen to this frank outburst of romance and bitterness.

'You have caused me such a pain at the heart,' she repeated ; 'it has not passed away since it fell upon me, like ice, when I looked into that room, and thought that you might be suffocating there. Even now I am faint with it. If any ill had befallen you, what would have become of me ?'

She fell into deep thought ; he wondered silently. The increasing oppression of the stillness, falling more swiftly than snow flakes, weighed heavily upon them both, shutting out the world, and closing them in alone with each other. The moon was shining placidly on their motionless forms, pouring a silver flood over the girl's long hair, and giving an unearthly look of apathy to Harry's pale, stern face.

'Do not heed the reckless words of a desperate man,' he whispered, feeling his senses slowly reviving to the charm of Kate's near neighborhood. 'That speech of mine was silly enough in itself, and was ill-timed when you had just been doing me so great a service. But you have hunted me fairly down. You brought me for an instant to bay, like a stag ; yet I feel myself the same coward at heart as ever.'

Kate's cheek began to flush, until the crimson glow dyed the full throat, and faintly tinged her bosom.

'Do not draw away from me, Harry,' she answered softly, burying her face more deeply in her hands ; 'come closer to my side ; closer than before. I believe that you love me better than life ; but not better than I love you.' The words were distinct ; the breath which uttered them was warm upon his cheek. 'But for to-night I should never have

known this,' she went on, in broken sentences, gasping for breath. How shamefully I have treated you. It is right that I should humble myself to tell you this. You may cast me off in scorn now, but not in anger. How could I know that, when the thought of you would come into my mind all day, tormenting and vexing me from morning until night; and when I was always trying to understand your quiet ways, and always angry because I could not do so; when all this was going on, how could I know that it was love?

Her cheeks burned, and her eyes swam in a liquid light, as she looked up into his face imploringly, half offering her lips, as if to buy with them a pardon.

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CHAPTER THIRD.

HARRY's life seemed in that hour to begin afresh. The pale moon which waned from the sky during their vigil, before the golden dawn of Indian summer, was a type of the sickly light that was at the same time leaving the artist's soul forever. The influence of Kate, with her buoyant spirits and practical energies, came over his jaded mind as vigorous and healthful as the breath of morning after a feverish dream. His genius began to tread greener paths in search of the ideal, hand in hand with a creature so thoroughly beautiful and thoroughly real. He faced the world now doggedly as ever, but with a happier audacity, while Kate grew gentler and more shrinking every day, and seemed to have changed characters with him; putting on in some respects his former self. The impetuous maiden was true to her sex, and only avowed her passionate attachment by laboring, frankly enough, but after a womanly fashion, for his good.

One day they were together in the painting-room; Kate was leaning on Harry's shoulder, her bright, clear eyes fixed earnestly upon a picture at which he had been a long while occupied. It represented a nun-like figure, whose folded hands and upward look seemed to indicate that she was engaged in religious contemplation, or in some act of penitence or prayer. Kate turned her eyes away, and began to play with Harry's hair; sending thrill after thrill along his nerves at every touch of her light hand, in its unusual familiarity. At last she said, hesitating, and glancing at the picture, 'Why have you made her so pale, Harry?

'Because,' he answered, 'I do not mean to represent her, exactly, as belonging to the earth. She is a kind of allegory of the Spirit of Devotion.'

'But,' said Kate, smiling, 'she seems to be in a decline. There is no merit in piety when earthly things are about to be taken by force away from us. Her cheeks do not look warm and full, like real flesh and blood.'

'Why, you must know,' replied Harry, 'I did not intend to clothe her, or rather to clothe the idea, in real flesh and blood; that would make the subject too material. I wished to etherealize her face and form, and to approach, as far as possible, toward what we call the ideal.'

'Well, but, after all, call it what you like, it is a woman; and quite a pretty woman, too.'

'She is not altogether a woman, Kate,' returned the artist, much perplexed; 'I tell you she is an embodiment of the Spirit of Piety.'

'Yet, if you are going to embody the Spirit of Piety,' she persisted, 'must you not put it in a real body? The picture, dearest, seems to me like yourself; almost too dreamy, too unearthly.' She placed her arm about his neck, as if to soothe him and confine his attention. 'For my part,' she continued, 'I would rather look upon a mere, downright woman, honestly praying with all her heart, than puzzle myself over any Allegory of Devotion that can be contrived. I think that these allegories are only painted riddles. When you have put the clasped hands, the eyes turned upward, the nun's dress, and all, together in your mind, you guess that it means Devotion, and once guessed, there is an end of the picture; for it is not a woman, and it certainly is not a spirit. You ought to paint more that you see, dear Harry, and less that you think. Is this very foolish talk of mine?'

Kate's position would of itself have quelled Harry's pride of art; but he had studied moreover in a rough school, and his artistic feelings were not easily hurt. He had good sense, too, and was assured that, right or wrong, she was absolutely in his interest. So he pondered calmly on her words.

'You see, Harry,' she resumed, timidly, 'people do not care to look at ideal women, as you call them, who are only half flesh and blood, and the rest spirit. I know that such pictures do not generally please, because they do not give *me* pleasure, and I am one of the people. I believe that we all prefer to meet, in such a painting, with the face of a real woman, and to be sure from her expression that she is very innocent and very much in earnest in her prayer. We can enter into the picture and feel solemn before it, because she belongs to the same world, and has the same wants and troubles as ourselves.'

'You mean, I suppose, that the art of painting cannot reach, or has nothing to do with, a general abstract idea,' said Harry, thoughtfully.

'I do not quite understand those words,' she answered, 'but I will show you what I mean. I am going to represent the Spirit of Love; and you are not worth loving if you do not think me prettier than an allegory.'

Laughing merrily at the thought, she proceeded to place a cushion near the centre of the room; then, turning toward him, she knelt down, and letting her hands fall into her lap, gazed up steadfastly into his face. The noonday sun poured through the window over head in a shower of golden motes around her. It gleamed warmly down her shoulders and flashed from her black hair like a diamond crown. Her form was indistinct amid the shining haze. 'I cannot describe her look, half mirthful and half earnest; for the refining influence of love had given her features an expression of nobility, and had wonderfully softened her dazzling beauty. As she sat, blushing in her conscious loveliness, Harry leaned toward her, as if drawn by an irresistible influence; she waved him back with something of her old imperious manner:

'Go on with your painting,' she said. 'You cannot afford to be idle. Put my face instead of the nun's.'

Harry began to make a sketch of her. There were many interrup-

tions, and the subject was in intervals of leisure often resumed, until at last the form came out visibly on canvass. It was a very human face; for he could not fail to catch some traits of the bold and vivid beauty before his eyes; and the second nun stood forth, glowing in all the strange fascination which haunts the old pictures of the Magdalen. It was a creature so fiery in spirit and overflowing with maidenhood, yet so saintly. But when, at Kate's suggestion, he finally removed the unnatural trappings of the convent and left her, merely a young girl, thoughtful and loving, looking up toward the sky, that ambiguous charm of the Magdalen disappeared. Then it was an absolute woman, the holy presence of whose purity made the beholder, by sympathy, more pure.

I suspect that Kate was partly right in her contempt for the allegorical; but at all events, day after day she strove to make her lover more fit to live on the earth as it is, and less apt to wander into dream-land; herself meanwhile, like a true woman, reflecting his refinement. Thus she came to his help, a glorious ally in the battle of life; always a woman to his sorrows and a friend in his triumphs. And when in after days he gained the vantage-ground of the world, and she became his wife, I can imagine that her companionship might illuminate even the valley of the shadow of matrimony, at whose portals the novelist pauses and turns away with a sigh.

M. W.

## V I S I O N S .

BY GRETIA.

Visions, visions of the night,  
Wherefore are ye given?  
Lovely is your fleeting light  
As a glimpse of heaven:  
Lovely, but too brief your smile,  
Angels of my vision,  
Linger, linger then awhile,  
Make my heart Elysium.

Spirits in your silent flight,  
Tell what are ye teaching?  
Priesthood of the starry night,  
Say what are ye preaching?  
What this music? who are these  
Looming now before me,  
Borne upon the wandering breeze,  
Whispering softly o'er me.

Know ye darling MADELINE,  
Peerless queen of daughters?  
Sings she now the songs divine  
O'er the living waters?

Baltimore, 1858.

Where the bright ones stoop to lave  
In the crystal river,  
In the iris-crested wave,  
Flowing on and ever!

'T was when spring had snatched the  
From the winter hoary, [crown  
(Star-eyed twilight looking down  
On her budding glory,  
Vocal then the balmy air,  
And this bud of ours,  
Little snow-drop, fresh and fair,  
Bloomed in heavenly bowers.

Visions, visions of the night,  
We would hear her story;  
Bring her in your silent flight,  
Waft her back in glory.  
Bring her with her songs divine  
From the living waters,  
Little laughing MADELINE  
Sweetest, best of daughters.

## D I S U N I O N .

Ay, shout ! 't is the day of your pride,  
 Ye despots and lords of the earth !  
 Teach your serfs the American name to deride,  
 And to rattle their fetters in mirth.  
 Ay, shout ! for the League of the Free  
 Is about to be shivered to dust,  
 And the torn branches fall from the vigorous tree,  
 Wherein Liberty placed her last trust.  
 Shout, shout ! for more firmly established will be  
 Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue sea.

Laugh on ! for such folly supreme  
 The world has yet never beheld ;  
 And ages to come will the wild story seem  
 A tale by antiquity swelled.  
 For nothing that Time has up-built,  
 And set in the annals of crime,  
 So stupid in folly, so wretched in guilt,  
 Darkens sober tradition or rhyme.  
 It will be like the fable of Esau's fall,  
 A by-word of mocking and horror to all.

Ye mad ! who would 'rase out your name  
 From the league of the proud and the free,  
 And a separate, ideal sovereignty claim,  
 Like a lone wave flung off from the sea ;  
 Oh, pause ! ere you plunge in the chasm  
 That yawns in your dangerous way ;  
 Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,  
 Desert you forever and aye !  
 Pause ! think ! ere the earthquake astonish your souls,  
 And the thunder of war through your green valleys rolls !

Good God ! what a title, what name  
 Will history give to your crime !  
 In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame  
 Ye will writhe till the last hour of Time.  
 As braggarts who forged their own chains,  
 Pulled down what their forefathers built,  
 And tainted the blood in their children's young veins  
 With the poison of slavery and guilt :  
 And Freedom's bright heart be hereafter ten-fold,  
 For your folly and fall, more discouraged and cold.

What flag shall float over the fires,  
 And the smoke of your patricide war,  
 Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your sires ?  
 A lone, pale, dim, mist-covered star,  
 With the treason-cloud hiding its glow,  
 And its waning crest close to the sea :  
 Will the Eagle's wing shelter and shield you ? ah, no !  
 That wing shelters only the Free.  
 Miscall it, disguise it, boast, brag as ye will,  
 Ye are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still.

Turn, turn men ! Cast down in your might  
 The Anarchs that sit at the helm !  
 Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which the night  
 Of treason and terror o'erwhelms.  
 Turn back ! From your mountains and glens,  
 From your lakes, from the rivers and sea,  
 From forest and precipice, cavern and den,  
 Where your forefathers bled to be free,  
 From the graves where those glorious forefathers lie,  
 The warning reëchoes : ' Turn back, ere ye die !'

*Little Rock, (Arkansas.)*

ALBERT PIER.

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S T R A T F O R D - O N - A V O N .

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FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

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It was a pleasant afternoon in the summer of 1849, that in company with two other Americans I left Warwick on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, distant about nine or ten miles. Midway the road passes along on ground slightly descending to the river Avon ; and here we were fortunate in seeing one of those beautiful sunsets which artists have seized upon and sketched with such surpassing effect in the landscape painting of England. On the right the land gradually ascended, and the fields, extending for a considerable distance in that direction, were loaded with ripened grain, waving gently in the evening breeze, and ever and anon the voices of the reapers were borne to our ears. On the left there was a gradual descent for a little distance, and then extensive level meadows, green and fresh, and where the new grass had sprung up and was still glistening with the drops of rain of a recent shower. Some half mile from the road the Avon was seen winding its way through this rich meadow, having its banks lined and marked with rows of the willow.

Within this apparent enclosure and over the whole expanse, large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were quietly feeding. The rays of the setting sun, which was just sinking behind the higher land on the right, fell in gorgeous colors on the landscape below, covering flocks and herds as with a mantle of gold, and presenting a strong contrast to the dark green of the surrounding meadow. We stopped and gazed in silent admiration, watching the changing light and shade until the last ray glanced from the topmost bow of the willow, and then, with feelings of intense pleasure, rejoicing that we had been permitted to see this crowning beauty of an English landscape, we gave the word, Onward, and soon were wheeled into the old town of Stratford, 'the birth and burial-place of him whose name can never die.'

It was still twilight when we reached the hotel, and we determined on an immediate visit to the birth-place of Shakspeare. We easily found the low and simple dwelling, bearing as it does the distinguishing marks of the residences of persons in middle life in England three

centuries ago. Scarcely had we entered, when there came over me a strange revulsion of feeling. When previously in England, I was induced to visit one of the minor theatres of London to see a distinguished comedian in a piece called, '*This House For Sale*.' It was at a time when it was currently reported there that a shrewd money-making Yankee was about to purchase the early home of the Bard of Avon for the purpose of transporting it to America, and there setting it up as an object of curiosity to be shown to all who wished to see it at twenty-five cents a head. The play opens with a scene in Stratford in front of the house which had been sold at auction in the capital, and had been purchased by a London cockney. He had gone down to look at and take possession of his newly-acquired landed property. He presents himself at the door and summons the occupant, who, supposing him to be an ordinary visitor, immediately commences showing him through the different rooms, commenting and explaining as she proceeds. No time is given to the cockney for stating his ownership of the premises, but leading him round, she enters the room where the great poet first saw the light, and with a sweep of her arm, says with great emphasis, 'This is the room in which the immortal SHAKSPEARE was born.' The cockney can remain silent no longer, but closing one eye and putting his glass to the other, bending over and peering round into every corner, he says, *sotto voce*, '*Now you do n't say Shakspeare was born here, do you ?*'

And now I was to see how true to the life was this representation, for the old woman, who probably had never heard how she had been shown-up on the boards of a London theatre, commenced in almost the same words, that the room which we entered was the one in which Shakspeare was born. Recollections of that London cockney came crowding thick upon my memory, and I could hardly resist his exclamation; and indeed, if I had been the owner of a glass, I do not know but I should have put it to my eye and addressed to the old cicerone the same interrogatory. At all events the illusions were gone; the present living, breathing, laughing world was around me; the dust of centuries was swept away with a breath; the darkening shades of night, as they gathered round, instead of aiding the imagination in conjuring up images and scenes of times long gone by, only served to call attention to the fact that the lamps were being lit in the streets, and that supper was waiting for us at the hotel.

The next day, however, I rose early, and alone, passed out of the town, and wandered for a long distance through the meadows and by the margin of the reedy Avon. The quietness of a Sabbath morning rested upon the scene. Everything was in repose, and everything above, below, around, was beautiful. Crossing the river on a foot-bridge, I came up along a winding path to the old parish church, just outside the town, and which contains the ashes of Shakspeare. It was not yet opened, and I entered the grounds, passing through the church-yard, reading ancient inscriptions, and musing over the spots

'WHERE heaves the earth in many a mouldering heap:  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'



As soon as the church was opened, I entered, and was fortunate in finding, in the person of the clerk, an intelligent and gentlemanly young man, who was kind enough to show me the objects of interest. The congregation had not assembled. I was looking at the moment to Shakspeare, which is fixed in the side wall on the right of the church, and observing to the clerk that there was not inscribed upon it the celebrated lines said to have been written by the poet himself. He quietly rolled up a piece of matting, and exhibited the slab which covers the ashes, and upon which is carved the epitaph in question. I had scarcely read it, when the Vicar made his appearance in the church. The rude covering rolled back to its place, and a plain country couple approaching, knelt down upon the very spot, and over the ashes of the immortal bard pledged their faith to live together as husband and wife until death should separate them. The mellow light stole softly in through the stained windows. The solemn voice of the Vicar, and the low responses of the groom and bride, alone disturbed the stillness which reigned through 'the long-drawn aisles.' During that brief half hour Imagination was busy at her work. Images of the past grouped in with the persons who were present; the spirits of the dead hovered round, or stood silent spectators of the living.

The old church bell announced the approach of the hour of service, and soon the noise of advancing footsteps was heard, and a large devout and worshipping multitude was gathered in. Sitting immediately under the pulpit, I listened with respectful attention, and, I trust, not without profit, to an instructive and able sermon from a neighboring curate, whose solemn tones and snowy hair told that for half a century he had been a watchman on the walls of Zion.

After morning service we drove back to Warwick, passing by Charlecote, the residence of the family of Lucy, and rendered infamous by the youthful errors of Shakspeare. Large herds of deer were feeding quietly in the extensive park, or lying in the shade of the majestic and venerable oaks. The changes are said not to be great since the days of the bard.

In the afternoon we attended divine service in the church of St. Mary, in the old city of Warwick. It is a noble edifice, and attached to it is the celebrated Beauchamp Chapel, celebrated for its architectural beauty and for its monuments to the families of the Dudleys, Earls of Leicester, and the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick. The congregation was small, for the rain fell in torrents. The heavy peels of the organ, as they rose and fell, were sometimes almost drowned by the roar of the elements without. When service was over, I lingered after the congregation had retired, for I was anxious at such a time, when all was gloom without, to wander round amid the monuments of the mighty dead. I was standing in front of the church, looking at a noble monument to Thomas Beauchamp, the great Earl of Warwick, and his countess, when I observed the clerk call back the officiating clergyman, and heard him remark that an infant was to be baptized. The parties gathered just round this monument. The full-length marble effigies represent the mailed warrior clad in the armor of his time, and holding the hand of his countess, clad in the costume of her day. Here around

this monument, and kneeling even against it, I united with the others in the service, and listened to the vows of the parents to train up that child in the knowledge of the christian's faith and duties. The past and the present, the dead and the living, were again brought together in strong contrast and in vivid outlines. If I left the birth-place of Shakspeare on the night before with thoughts of the London cockney banishing subjects of interest, I now left the old Church of St. Mary in a sober and contemplative mood. Serious subjects had driven away *vain* imaginings, and my last Sabbath in Warwickshire left me, I would fairly hope, a wiser and a better man.

c.

## J A N E T T E .

BY J. M. LEONARD.

I WAS the last of all my kin,  
My food was scant, my gown was thin.  
I would have sooner died than sin.

With cunning words he sought me out.  
'My father served him — not without  
Return.' I was too young to doubt.

He took me to his home by stealth :  
His wife was there in feeble health ;  
His wife, who bought him with her wealth.

I knew how much he did despise  
Her meaner gifts, his loving lies ;  
I saw it in his scornful eyes.

Her nature, sullen by reproof,  
Held him in better moods aloof.  
But I was grateful for their roof :

And sought by gentleness to teach  
The duty each did owe to each ;  
Her patience, him more kindly speech.

I thawed her heart, I changed her face,  
His words partook of better grace ;  
There was more sunlight in the place.

He sat whole hours at her knee.  
I was too glad in heart to see  
How much it was for love of me.

He spread his cunning wiles so true,  
I was ensnared before I knew  
I loved with every breath I drew.

He read the riddle soon as I.  
He stayed me when I thought to fly.  
I wept ; Oh, was no God on high !

I would have sooner died than sin :  
I fell and lived. All tears within  
My scorching eyes were dried therein.

And on my forehead burned a name  
That crazed me. Then with cheek aflame  
I fled into the night for shame.

I hid myself within a wood.  
I had laid by my womanhood,  
And shared their rustic toil and food.

I hated all things good and pure  
That mocked me. But I hated more  
The heart that loved him at its core.

I trod upon my heart and fate.  
Because my love had been so great,  
I hated him with cruel hate.

I gathered patience in my strife.  
I waited. Time removed his wife ;  
She stood between me and his life.

I waited till his home should be  
Stripped of its mourning garb, and he  
Crossed by no thought of pain or me.

He slew my happiness by craft.  
He should be smiling when he quaffed  
My hate. I hid myself and laughed.

I took a dagger sharp and bright,  
I held its flashing from the light,  
And that I shaded from his sight.

I turned the lamp upon his cheek ;  
I saw him lying pale and weak,  
As one that from Death's hold did break.

His fevered lips, as in unrest,  
Moved to my name. What thirsty guest  
Held I in hand to probe his breast !

If he had slept in conscious pride  
Of strength ; if by one smile defied  
My misery, he then had died.

I thought to find him brave and gay.  
I could not strike him as he lay ;  
I pitied where I thought to slay.

I thrust the weakness from my brain,  
I trampled on my heart in vain.  
A viewless hand on mine was lain.

Look back, a spirit in me said,  
My sense of vision turned its head,  
And rested on a snowy bed ;

Wherein a sleeping infant lay.  
I knew it was the pleasant May,  
Such heavy bloom was on the spray.

I saw the infant grown a maid,  
Before a glass her tresses braid,  
And smiled upon the image made.

And later, kneeling down to smooth  
The dying bed of one in sooth,  
Who uttered words of grace and truth.

' This life is but a little space.  
Live purely, love, that by God's grace  
We may rejoice in better place.'

And have I lived so ! — God on high,  
My spirit hastened to reply,  
Knew that thy life had been no lie

To him, nor to thy sex untrue,  
Until this wronger did undo  
Thy weaker nature. Strike him through :

And in his life wash out thy shame.

*Aiken, January, 1850.*

Men will accord thee fairer name  
Than now. God judges not the same.

More noble this. He did thee harm ;  
Forgive. Forgiveness self's a charm,  
Which may avert God's vengeful arm.

He wronged thee not beyond thy prime.  
Alas ! with what abhorrent crime,  
Thou comest here to scar all time.

In one short moment all these things  
My spirit showed. The fevered springs  
Of life seemed fanned by angel wings.

My cool, cool tears were falling fast.  
Unconscious what I did, I cast  
My dagger down : he woke aghast.

My pallid face, the open door,  
The naked weapon on the floor,  
He saw. ' JANETTE !' — he said no more.

I knew in that one startled look  
His very soul my crime in-took,  
As written in an open book.

Then on a sudden bared his breast.  
Come strike, he said, so it is best  
Thy bitter wrong should be redressed.

Too late I tried to overtake  
My sin. My heart did only break  
On disappointment for thy sake.

I cannot love thee less, Oh sweet !  
I will not struggle. At his feet  
I bowed down : how my heart did beat !

He called me quick ; I raised my head,  
He was as pale as one that's dead.  
' I love you still !' was all he said.

He drew me up, he kissed my face,  
My nerveless hands, that in that place  
Had slain him but for better grace.

I knew while on his breast I lay,  
Although no word his mouth did say,  
That CHRIST his sin had done away :

And changed to peace of heart my wo,  
Despite my penitence was slow.  
God grant us all our sins to know.

## T H E   W I N T E R   D R E A M .

A DREAM of beauty ; of the laugh of waves  
 And the bright rushing of a swollen brook ;  
 Its bursting into light from sunless caves  
 Under the network of a woven nook,  
 Which moss-grown roots, entwined and roofed with green,  
 Spangled with shining stones and starry sheen :  
 Silent and dark within its shadowy rest  
 The water lay, scarce heaving underneath  
 The drooping brake-leaves or the trailing wreath  
 Of lady-fern, and moss upon its breast ;  
 Yet with a murmur rather felt than heard,  
 That told the faint heart of the fountain stirred.

A dream of spring-time ; of the sunny light  
 And the swift melting of the mountain snows ;  
 Of Earth's awakening from the winter's night,  
 When hearts grow calm, and half forget their woes :  
 A dream of beauty ; of the arching trees  
 Heavy with blossoms, and the cool fresh breeze  
 Curling the foam-wreaths in the brook's bright spring,  
 Silent no longer ; with the pleasant gush  
 Of gurgling waters, and the frequent rush  
 Clearing the air of many a golden wing,  
 And the low rustling in the leaves o'erhead,  
 And the soft sunlight through the branches shed.

A spot of solitude ; yet legends tell  
 Of years long past, when many a joyous throng  
 Came to the silence of that brook-cleft dell,  
 And woke its echoes with light laugh and song :  
 Now carvings rude on every ancient trunk,  
 Time worn, and in the swelling bark half sunk,  
 Bear record still of each forgotten name,  
 That once was music to some kindred heart,  
 Guarded and cherished as a thing apart :  
 But now, alas ! for constancy and fame !  
 Vainly these faithful oaks their memory save,  
 Whom human love hath yielded to the grave.

Yet the bright waters spake not of decay,  
 Nor earthly shadow, nor the blight of grief ;  
 There was no sorrow in the graceful sway  
 Of the fair drooping willow's silver leaf,  
 Nor in the fragile blossom lightly flung  
 From the tall May-tree that the fount o'erhung,  
 On the swift stream, and floating silently  
 Mid the long grass and mimic islets there,  
 Freighted with dew-drops and with perfumes rare :  
 What king could boast a richer argosie ?  
 Yet was it fleeting as that idle dream  
 Of the cool fountain and its sparkling stream.

The vision fled, with summery sight and sound,  
 And the stern Real ruled the heart at will :  
 The calm dead grandeur of the mountains round ;  
 The kingly river in his fetters still :

Winter and storm; the city's mighty mart;  
 The ceaseless beatings of its guilty heart;  
 These were instead, and darker, gloomier yet,  
 Towered the sky, unlit by moon or star:  
 What roused the vision of that stream afar;  
 That dream of light, with all its vain regret?  
 A pale and faded leaf of feathery fern,  
 That erst had drooped above that fountain's urn.

*Albany, January 14th, 1850.*

LILLY GRAMAM.

## REMINISCENCES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

#### ENTERING COLLEGE.

OUR general title will thrill many hearts and moisten many eyes. Potent as the magician's wand, it will transport the man of business, the man of leisure and the man of books back to the days of 'auld lang syne.' It will awaken feelings which for years have slept beneath the cares and anxieties incident to active life. Memory will start in her secret recess, and hasten to ponder over the hours by-gone, while joy, which may have long been dormant, will arise and clap its hands in ecstasy. Associations whose name is legion will rush from their cell of long imprisonment and throng every chamber and avenue of the mind. Thought, abandoning for a while the tangible and matter-of-fact entities of the present, will wing its way into the dim domains of the past, and dwell with a pleasing sadness on its never-to-be-forgotten scenes. The enchantress Fancy, escaping for a brief period the thralldom of reality, will wave her sceptre and charm us back to youth, when we listened to the syren song of hope, and exulted in the bright prospect of the future. In short, these words, more powerful than the 'Open, Sesame' of the Arabian tales, will uncloset every portal in the town of Mansoul, and strong emotions will enter in tumultuous tides, and for a time at least bear sway. Those were the days when life seemed to stretch before us like a boundless Eden, full of fruits and flowers, where we might wander at pleasure, culling the sweets that surrounded us at every step of our progress; where no cloud ever obscured the bright sky, and no storm ever overtook the loitering traveller; where the past was linked with no regrets, the present with no sorrows, and the future with no fears.

We remember how college appeared to us in the distance, when we were as yet in a course of preparation; perchance under the care of some pedant, who was the pedagogue of another Sleepy Hollow, as far removed from the whirl of the world's activities as that where Ichabod raced with the Headless Horseman. In our crude conceptions, it was the hot-house where genius sprang spontaneously into being, and grew rapidly, and almost without culture, to luxuriant matu-

city. The very atmosphere was impregnated with the essence of wisdom, which flowed into the mind as readily as the electric fluid passes from the positive to the negative pole of a battery. The walls were eloquent in their gloomy silence, and the very shades, so deep and venerable, breathed inspiration into the soul. Once resident there, we flattered ourselves that dulness and sloth and ignorance would give place to quickness of apprehension, energy and erudition, as easily as darkness yields to light. Alas! how was this pleasing illusion dispelled by one flash from the searching torch of experience! Genius was still found to be the inheritance of the few, wisdom still eluded the grasp of all who did not seek her with unwearied application, and inspiration was evolved only amid the mighty throes of intellectual gymnasticism. As yet, however, these were secrets, to be learned only after initiation, and we therefore admired and enjoyed the picture which our own lively fancy had painted, not caring to inquire as to its correctness or its conformity with facts.

At length the long dreaded, yet impatiently expected day arrived which was to transfer us from the kindly influences of home, where we had been nurtured with all tenderness, to the halls of learning; when the helm, which had so long been in the hand of others, was to be taken by ourselves; when the parental nest must be abandoned, and we compelled in some sense to pick up our own crumbs; the day on which the boy was to expand into the man. The trunk was packed with maternal circumspection, the thread, needles, yarn and cake not being crowded out by things more substantial; the indispensable testimonial to scholarship and moral character was stowed away in the safest corner of the pocket-book; the good-by was said—or rather, in some cases, looked—the parting hand pressed, and soon the blue hills which girded the village of our boyhood faded in the distance.

Now for the first time responsibility pressed heavily upon our spirits. Hitherto every thing, even to our thinking, had been done for us, and we had literally fulfilled the Scripture by taking no thought for the morrow. Now every thing depended on our own efforts. It was as though the universe had in one instant been pitched on our shoulders; and, Atlas-like, we nerved ourselves to the task of upholding it. We were at once transformed from mere human machines into self-active natures, and while weighed down with a load of care we exulted in the exercise of our new freedom.

Here we are, on college ground; the goal of years, and the centre of a thousand hopes! There rise the gray old buildings, with their spires and towers, which stood out so conspicuously in our day-dreams! There wave the classic groves, beneath whose shade we have reclined so often in imagination! There glide by us the veterans in science, whose reverend forms have long been familiar objects to the mental eye! But the duties immediately pressing summon us from the depths of reverie, and we hasten to present ourselves for admission. This is the dreaded ordeal; this the fiery trial whose terrors have haunted us for months previous! The candidate for the Eleusinian mysteries did not approach the temple where the initiatory rites were performed with more reverence than that which filled our breasts as we marched

to the place of examination. The victims of the Inquisition alone can appreciate our feelings as we were ushered into the hall of intellectual torture, where the thumb-screw must be applied to memory, the brain racked, and in some cases perchance the conscience seared as with a hot iron. The patrons of Charon do not tremble with so much anxiety before the infernal trio who preside at the tribunal in Tartarus as made our knees to quake in the presence of the Rhadamanthus, Minos and Æacus with whom rested the decision of our fate. But the trial went on, each individual being the only witness in his own case. Some attempts were made at brow-beating, and the cross-examination often put the witness to his wit's end for an answer. The jury consulted together for a few moments without retiring; the sentence was pronounced by the presiding officer, and we were condemned to four years of confinement and hard labor.

The examinations for admission present scenes of very opposite character. Numerous are the strange interrogatories, and more numerous the strange replies. Some who, in technical language, have been 'crammed' for the occasion, have manifestly been sorely troubled with mental dyspepsia, since their intellectual pabulum seems neither to have been digested nor assimilated. Some who have explored the depths of ancient philosophy and think themselves familiar with the lore of antiquity, cannot name the capital of a neighboring state, and have not kept up with the march of conquest and annexation so as to be able to tell the number of sovereignties in this confederation.

Alas for the luckless wight who, weighed in the balance and found wanting, is compelled to turn his face homeward and meet the inquiries of friends, and perchance encounter the secret contempt of enemies! He in his soul curses colleges and all connected with them; a philosophic imitator of the fox in the fable. The stereotyped excuse under these circumstances is, that he was not questioned on the things he knew; which indeed cannot be denied; reminding one of the story of the under-graduate at Cambridge, who, being examined for his degree and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dulness of the man than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it toward him, desired him to write upon that all he knew.

The wags of a university have not permitted such a favorable opportunity for indulging their humorous propensities as an examination presents to pass unimproved. Among the green and unsuspecting applicants for admission they sometimes reap a harvest of fun, which is stored away to serve as the food of pleasant recollection in after years. The following used to be one of the tricks in the programme of performances on such occasions. A few of the knowing ones, whose heads are more full of roguery than their hearts of feeling, having selected a suitable room, disguise themselves in wigs and spectacles and other paraphernalia adapted to their respective parts in the play to be acted. Musty tomes in black letter and barbarous dialect are piled on the tables before them. A master of ceremonies having been chosen, a

student in his usual dress is sent forth to perambulate the college grounds. In a twinkling the spider falls in with a fly, who inquires the way to the place of examination. The spider either very politely offers to conduct the fly, or more usually proceeds to direct him to No. —, where his companions are seated in solemn conclave. He is received with becoming gravity, and plied with questions of the most ridiculous nature, all which he answers with the humility and promptness proper in such august presence. The most private affairs of himself and family are brought on the docket. At last a half-suppressed titter, a simultaneous roar of merriment, the good sense of the dupe himself, or the entrance of a bonâ-fide dignitary, ends the laughable farce.

The rocks and shoals and quicksands of examination being safely navigated, the senior tutor, a consequential functionary, piloted us to our future domicile. I have a distinct recollection of my own feelings at that interesting hour, and therefore beg leave to abandon the plural form while I attempt to draw my own portrait, well assured that the picture will find its original in the person of many a one who has had the same unenviable experience. The door of the back middle room on the ground floor, or more correctly the floor under the ground, opened to receive me, and I sunk down upon my trunk, which was the only article of furniture that served to dispel the cheerlessness of the apartment. Surely, thought I, a ray of the blessed sun never straggled in here, for chill-loneliness can be felt in the very air. The cracks between the planks of the floor gaped a full inch apart in some places; the windows creaked mournfully with every blast; the dingy walls smelt mouldy, and the aperture in the wall for the stove-pipe was the only thing that suggested the idea of comfort, a negative idea indeed! There I sat, how long I know not; there I meditated, on what I know not distinctly! As the shadows of evening began to deepen around, I started to the consciousness that preparations must be made for passing the night, and for rendering the appearance of things less gloomy and repulsive.

The hour for retiring came and we slept, and few of us slept without dreaming. Having heard of ventilation, pumping and smoking, we imagined ourselves the centres toward which the four winds gravitated with tremendous power, or that we were practising hydropathy under the falling thunders of Niagara; or that we had been metamorphosed into hams, and were suspended by the heels in a huge smoke-house. And if either then or on succeeding nights, we had a dream of this kind, 'which was not all a dream,' we consoled ourselves with the sentiment of the pious Æneas, 'Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

In our next chapter we shall introduce the reader into that miniature world, called a college, giving him a notion of its manners, customs and laws; the character and occupations of its inhabitants, and other matters of general interest.

*New-Haven, 1850.*

W. A.

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EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN ANTHONY.

HERE the snakes lie  
Of sinful — not Saint — ANTHONY!



## BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MRS T. J. CARNET.

THERE are *some* words which only should be spoken  
 When from the soul each earth-bound chain is broken ;  
 With the low cadence of an earnest prayer ;  
 Mid the hushed depths of passionate despair ;  
 In the calm sabbath of the loving heart,  
 Or the lone twilight, when with day depart  
 The day's tumultuous cares, its anxious strife,  
 And leave us to a purer, calmer life.

Never amid the sounds of worldly care  
 By cold or careless utterance may we dare  
 Profane those holy heart-words ; they were given  
 To teach us here the alphabet of Heaven !  
 HOME, PARENT, SISTER, BROTHER ! — is there one  
 Whose heart awakes not to an echoing tone  
 When these are spoken, as they should ever be,  
 With love's own accent, low and thrillingly ?

'Brother ! my only brother !' breathed a child  
 In the lone forest, by the brookside wild,  
 As hand in hand, heart clasped to heart, they strove  
 To speak that bitterest word to those who love,  
*Farewell !* ' My brother, we may meet no more !  
 God bless thee ! Love me still !' The strife was o'er ;  
 Few words their grief allowed ; brief time had they,  
 For their stern guardian might not brook delay.

They entered life together ; they had shared  
 Together in its joys ; together dared  
 To meet its fiercest ills ; but this sad doom  
 To part, had changed earth to a living tomb !  
 Oh ! ye to whom the orphan's fate is given,  
 Think of the holy ties already riven ;  
 Nor dare to break, with ruthless hand, the last  
 That round the crushed and bleeding heart is cast !

'T was their first parting ; sorrow's poisoned sword  
 Had not grown blunt with using ; the sad word  
 'Farewell !' had not to them familiar grown,  
 And lost thereby its bitterness of tone.  
 No marvel, then, that hour, to them so brief,  
 Almost their first of agonizing grief,  
 The work of age should do, and bid them part  
 Children in years, but adults of the heart.

'We should count time by heart-throbs !' — who can tell  
 What years, what ages in *some* moments dwell !  
 Wondering we speak of youthful heads turned white  
 Within the limit of a single night ;  
 How many a heart, by some strong feeling's power,

Hath passed from youth to age in one short hour !  
 Childish old age soon seeks its mother's breast,  
 But aged youth hath no such kindly rest.

They parted thus : she to the prairied West  
 Passed, as the young dove from its sheltering nest ;  
 He 'mid New-England's hills and forests grew  
 In manly beauty, fearless, free and true ;  
 Wisdom, which the free mind doth ever crave,  
 New-England's schools with liberal bounty gave ;  
 And soon his soul a loftier pathway trod ;  
 New-England's churches led his heart to God.

He passed 'mid youth's temptations ; but a power .  
 Of firm resistance was his spirit's dower :  
 The hand within a sister's clasped so long  
 Might ne'er be lifted to a deed of wrong ;  
 The lip a sister's love had sealed and blessed  
 Might ne'er to those less pure and true be pressed :  
 Her holy memory still was in his heart,  
 And no ignoble thought could there have part.

And thus he grew to manhood. He hath gained  
 A name none blush to hear ; no heart is pained  
 When he is praised ; no widow's tear e'er fell  
 Upon the laurel which he weareth well :  
 And he hath won a fair and gentle bride,  
 Who in life's varied pathway, by his side,  
 Through good or ill, with dauntless step will go,  
 To share his happiness or bear his wo.

Is *she* forgotten ? Go, skeptic, ask him now !  
 The crown of life sits lightly on his brow,  
 Yet there are lines which tell that much of care,  
 Of toil and suffering, have their records there.  
 List the reply : ' My sister's love hath given  
 Joy to my pathway ; as a voice from Heaven  
 Ever unto my soul, through good or ill,  
 Cometh the sound : ' God bless thee ! love me still ! ' '

She, 'mid the prairies of the storied West,  
 Hath found a home, with pure affection blest :  
 Another garden claims that wild-flower bright ;  
 On her heart's altar burns another light.  
 Her home, her husband, yea, her children, claim  
 Large measure of her love ; the holy name  
 Of mother in her love-filled heart we trace :  
 Hath its first record, *brother*, still a place ?

Ask the sweet prattler on her mother's knee  
 What name is breathed so oft, so lovingly !  
 Ask the bright boy who standeth by her side  
 Whence was the name he claims with manly pride !  
 By their home-altar at the hour of prayer  
 Bow down, and list the heart-words spoken there :  
 ' Bless Thou our absent brother ! ' then depart,  
 And dare no more to doubt a sister's heart !

Wayne Village, Maine.

VOL. XXXV.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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I. ESSAYS BY R. W. EMERSON. First Series. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

II. ESSAYS BY R. W. EMERSON. Second Series. Boston: MUNROE AND COMPANY.

III. NATURE: ADDRESSES AND LECTURES BY R. W. EMERSON. Boston: 1849.

A YANKEE Mystic! a Platonic philosopher from the region of 'Boston notions.' The words sound incongruous: yet such is the fact. Yes; right there, in the heart of practical Yankee-land, in the shrewdest, keenest, most money-loving population, sits a circle as 'idealistic,' as spiritual, ay, as noble in thought, as any ever gathered around PLATO or Alexandrian PHILO. A school of mystic Brahmins, suddenly discovered in Liverpool, would hardly be more strange. And what a change from those simple, devout men, who, two centuries ago, reared their churches and governments there!—men whose whole life was 'practical,' who abhorred all 'self-exaltation,' and who would almost crush the individual man in bowing prostrate before God. Only imagine the horror of honest JOHN HARVARD, for instance, if told that in a few generations one of the Puritan descendants were to utter such sentiments as these, and find approval for them too:

'I AM part or particle of God. I am God. It is the soul that degrades the poet, turns all riches to poverty, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves JESUS and JUDAS equally aside.'

And what is stranger still, these Yankee philosophers differ from any in history; their system is a copy from no other; no sect or school is like them. They are called 'Transcendentalists;' but it will be found, when compared with the German Transcendentalists, that they differ exceedingly. Far less vague and mystic in thought, and more fitted to reach the common mind, they are immeasurably above them, as it seems to us, in sincere devotion to truth and in the love of beauty. Their ideas are generally less healthy, less solemn, than those of the CARLYLE school in England, while in a simple poetry, and in hopefulness for mankind, they are superior. The same difference will be found with the ancient philosophers. They have neither the allegorising spirit of PHILO, nor the hopelessness of the Stoics, nor the religious tendencies of PLATO; nor are they imbued with the self-submissive love of the later Christian mystics. They form a school by themselves; their system, though resembling in many points those of other ages, is original. It is the result of singular circumstances; the product of states of thought which could have arisen in no other age or nation. Our country, with all her inventions, has nothing more truly 'American' than this philosophy. And let no one suppose that these thinkers are a set of 'harmless dreamers.' Their influence, whatever may be thought of it, is certainly not negative.

The teacher and leader of the school is Mr. EMERSON; and we claim for him, and shall attempt to prove, something higher than the character of a mere dreaming mystic. We are aware that, with American thinkers, we are attempting a somewhat thankless task in defending EMERSON; the laugh and the sneer and the parody have sounded too long against him to give much hope of a calm hearing. But reviewers and scholars should remember that this process has already been tried on a certain 'Transcendentalist' of England; that for years no man was so mimicked and laughed at and slashed by reviews; and yet it is beginning to be felt now that no thinker these last ten years has moulded earnest minds as THOMAS CARLYLE. It may be so with EMERSON. Our critics too must bear in mind, that beyond all other peoples of the world this of the United States is affected, even in every day life, by abstract principles; and before they are aware of it, these 'dreams' of EMERSON may be becoming realities through the mind of the nation. Systems have been uprooted and principles planted, before this, by weaker philosophies than EMERSON'S. We would not imply by this that all who condemn this philosophy do it through ignorance or prejudice. We know that there is much of it which might easily be misunderstood; much which, without its connection, is absurdity; and we grant with regret that there is much which most of us must sincerely condemn. But let us no longer laugh it down; let fair and just criticism be given it; and if there be evil, let it be met and reasoned away, and where there is good let it not be rejected because dressed in unusual language, or coming from a suspicious source.

The motto of the whole EMERSONIAN system is the words 'I AM.' The grandeur, the awfulness of the soul; the exaltation of self. This stands out on every page. The greatness, the independence of the human will, is the idea which meets us every where; it is self which paints the varied beauty around us; self which curses or blesses us, here or hereafter; self which creates circumstances and fortune. Yes; God himself sometimes seems only the ideal reflection of this existence, the Mind. 'We believe in ourselves,' he says, 'as we do not believe in others. It is an instance of our faith in ourselves that men never speak of crime as lightly as they think; or every man thinks a latitude safe for himself which is nowise to be indulged to another.' Again: 'All private sympathy is partial. . . . Marriage (in what is called the spiritual world) is impossible, because of the inequality between every subject and every object. . . . There will be the same gulf between every me and thee as between the original and the picture. The universe is the bride of the soul. . . . As I am, so I see. . . . Instead of feeling a poverty when we encounter a great man let us treat the new-comer like a travelling geologist who passes through our estate and shows us good slate or anthracite or lime-stone in our brush pasture. . . . They think society wiser than their soul, and know not that one soul and their soul is wiser than the whole world. See how nations and races flit by on the sea of time, and leave no ripple to tell where they floated or sank; and one good soul shall make the name of MOSES or of ZENO or of ZOROASTER reverend forever.' Then again, we have the old Stoic over again in his contempt for outward evil, his elevation above annoyance or sorrow. No suffering in this life, no future of pain, need bend this proud will.

While we recognise in much of this the language only of the philosophy which would reduce all outward appearances to the mind's mode of conceiving them; while we honor his attempt to convince men of their native nobleness, we do dissent from very much of it. It seems to us a cold and unsympathizing philosophy; it is very

grand, but it is also very repulsive. He would make each human being an isolated, independent demi-god, instead of a weeping, laughing man, with a heart clinging in countless sympathies to every heart around him. Man was not made for independence; for this solitary self-worship. He was made to trust, to love, to depend; and we do believe that his highest nobleness, his greatest freedom, is found in subjection; subjection to what is right and true; his truest independence is in perfect dependence on HIM, the only self-supported. And for ourselves, we do doubt this much-vaunted strength of the human will. A head-ache will break it; sorrow or poverty may crush it; it needs but a slight change in the bodily organs to loosen utterly its grasp over the mind. It is true, the soul can inflict a terrible punishment on itself, even here, and sometimes the strong will can set itself firmly 'against a sea of troubles;' but who will say it shall be so *beyond*?—who will dare say, when the mind whirls out into that dim void, a feather in the ceaseless tempest, that it can in any way direct itself? It is there, a feeble existence in the hands of Infinite Power; the knowledge which contrived its beautiful harmonies can as easily jar them to discords. Who can say what it shall brave then? Who, in such an untried life, will boast of that wavering, yielding will? Is not our truest course, after all, humility of self?

However cold this view of man's nature may seem, it is almost lost sight of in a certain *magnanimity* of sentiment, which to us throws an indescribable charm about all EMERSON'S writings. In this he is most original; there is no moralizer like him. One cannot avoid the conviction that a sincere, noble man is speaking out plainly his thoughts; thoughts which do not sound over-strained, as if too perfect for any human being to realize, nor 'sentimental,' as though the author were too amiable to be manly; nor do they smack of the essayist or philosopher; but they are manly, whole-souled sentiments, such as common men have to one another, but such somehow as books have quite failed to notice. It is like the dignity and simplicity of an Indian chief, speaking out in the tongue of civilized life. We see the soul of a *true man* opened to us, vigorous, stern, yet swelling with generous impulse and gentle affection; a man true in himself, and who demands plain truth from others; one who can clasp a friend to himself with all the deep love of a man's heart, but who wants no sentimental talk or girlish dependence. He speaks of friendship, and you see it is no boy's romance or pretty subject for an essay, with him. He has felt it; he has known the almost solemn delight when, after years of trial, the thought has settled on the mind that we have a *friend*; a man who without affectation loves us, who will deal plainly with us as with himself, who will stand by us through our follies and our sorrows; not dependent, but linked with us in the highest of all unions, a struggle for the same noble and grand ends. Friendship with him is no light thing; it is stern; it is religious: 'Not made of wine and dreams, but of the *tough fibre of the human heart*.' And we believe that in these essays he strikes at one great fault of American society—a fault often noticed by foreigners: the want of friendships between men and men. In Europe men of maturity and deed can unite in generous friendship for a life-time; the separation of a FOX and BURKE could draw tears from an assembly of legislators; but what union often exists here between men of years except a dinner-union or business-partnership? Shall it be always so? But to return to our author. The same greatness, manliness of sentiment, we find expressed in all his analyses of the usages of society. Hear him on so common a subject as 'Gifts':

'THE rule for a gift is that we convey to some person that which properly belongs to his character and is easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts; the only gift is a

portion of thyself; thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem, the shepherd his lamb, . . . the painter his picture, the girl a handkerchief of her own sewing. . . . But it is a cold, lifeless business, when you go to the shops to buy me something which does not represent your life and talents, but a gold-smith's. . . . He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. . . . I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift please me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart and see that I love his commodity and not him. . . . The expectation of gratitude' (we commend this to that much-injured class of housekeepers who are so troubled by ungrateful servants), 'the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill-luck to be served by you. The reason of these discords I conceive to be that there is no commensurability between a man and his gift. . . . The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend and now also.'

The *Essay* on 'Manners' gives us a similar train of thoughts as he analyzes in a quite ingenious mode the opinions prevalent in polite society. Hear his definition of a 'Gentleman':

'THE gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behaviour, not in any manner dependent and servile, either on persons or opinions or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature or benevolence; manhood first and then gentleness.' . . . 'My gentleman gives the law where he is; he will out-pray saints in chapel; out-general veterans in the field, and out-shine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for pirates, and good for academicians.'

'If the aristocrat is only valid in fashionable circles and not with truckmen, he will never be a leader in fashion.' . . . 'If the fashionist have not this quality (self-reliance,) he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance, that we excuse in a man many sins if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be of mine, or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling: I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master.'

The conclusion of it all thus is, that 'Every thing called fashion and courtesy humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely, the *heart of love*.'

'WHAT is rich? Are you rich enough to help any body? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consu's paper which commends him 'to the charitable,' the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, feel the noble exception of your presence, and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness? What is vulgar, but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is gentle but to allow it, and give their heart and yours one holiday from the national caution?'

It is high praise of any author, almost the highest, to say that he is an honest searcher for truth. Men who are odd for the sake of being odd, or independent for the fame of originality, are not so uncommon. But the simple, sincere lover of truth for truth's sake, is rare. When he does appear, mankind should meet him with their heartiest welcome. For after all our easy moralizing, what more difficult thing is there for a man than to be *true*? To break over the associations, endeared to him by long and pleasant memories, to find loosening from his heart, the sympathies and esteem of those he has been taught from childhood to respect; to expose himself to the quiet sneer or the settled dislike of men around him at his oddity; and worse than all, to have the awful fear gathering darkly over his soul that he may be losing the love of his God; all this perhaps must a man meet for truth. He who has done this, is no weak man. He deserves our honor. Yet it is very easy to forget this; it is very easy to forget, as a man stands up in simple humble spirit for his particular truth, what a weary course of darkness and struggling it may have cost him to win it. We believe Mr. EMERSON has thus sought for truth. And more than this, we believe him striving, with all his varied powers, to raise his fellow men to this higher life of truth and spirituality. We know we are treading here near topics from which custom and cant have worn all their freshness. But we do believe every man, if asked plainly, with no whine of religious phrase, would acknowledge there was an infinitely higher life possible for him; would confess the meanness of the life he lives, compared to what

he might live. Every one of us have had our moments of reflection, when the grandeur and beauty of a higher life floated before us. We have had some faint conception what it would be to live for noble and generous ends; to be free from this meanness and selfishness, which so chain mankind; to have a mind at length above these ever-clamoring appetites and passions. At such time, we saw the beauty and divine majesty of truth. We felt what the exalted consciousness would be, that within us not the slightest falseness harbored. We asked not for future happiness; but simply and with a trust in a higher, we gave up ourselves to live for human freedom and human happiness. All men have some such thoughts, whether these words express them or not. There are better moments in every man's life, nobler impulses than his common. And it is to these, in these volumes, EMERSON so often speaks. He would show us how every-day life may at length be, what we have so often dreamed it. That it can be true, earnest, generous, though spent in the din of the market or quiet of the college. He tells us of a noble, spiritual life, which but few, with whatever professions, have ever realized. These sentiments of his are not Utopian; they are not impractical; unless christianity is Utopian, and to forget an endless life, is to be practical. They express what we all acknowledge as truth, but which we all hesitate to act upon; and must this always be so? Shall not the day come when men can realize all that EMERSON, and all that a higher than EMERSON, has pictured? Can we not, even in this day, resolve with him, that for our part we will make society a true and earnest thing, and no more an exchange of hypocrisies; that we will do away with every vestige of falseness in life or dealings; that for us, our days shall no more be given to appetite and selfishness, but to a life of love, to unchecked, fearless service of truth. To the scholar, he says:

'It becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. Let him not quiet his belief that a pop gun is a pop gun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach; and bide his own time.' . . . 'Free should the scholar be, free and brave.' . . . 'It is a shame to him, if his tranquillity amid dangerous times arise from the pre-umption that like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up.'

We commend his views of the pilgrims to some even of the more orthodox of their descendants at the present day:

'WHAT a debt is ours to that old religion, which, in the childhood of most of us, still dwelt like a Sabbath morning in the country of New-England, teaching privation, self-denial and sorrow! A man was born not for prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of others like the noble rock-magpie, which all around our villages bleeds for the service of man. Not praise, not men's acceptance of our doing, but the spirit's holy errand through us, absorbed the thought. How dignified was this! How all that is called talents and success in our noisy capitals, becomes buzz and din before this man-worthiness!' . . . 'And what is to replace for us the plenty of that race? We cannot have theirs: it glides away from us day by day, but we also can bask in the great morning which rises forever out of the eastern sea, and be ourselves the children of the light.'

We have said it was no easy matter to seek for truth as freely as EMERSON has done. But in scarcely any country is it more difficult than in this. Our very equality of rights gives tremendous force to public opinion, and but few dare rise against it. The hootings of the mob are always more fearful than chains and prisons. A man may brace himself against mere persecution of power; but when the man by his side, his brother and mess-mate and friend, turn against him, who can face it? As a consequence, how few in this country think independently of all party organizations! How bound up are we within our sects and our schools and our parties! EMERSON must have seen this great fault of our people; and in this volume he has struck at it boldly

and manfully; we doubt not his success. Our people do at least, after a course of years, acknowledge truth; and the bold, independent thinker, though his name be blackened now, shall not even here miss his reward. We think too we notice a change in this matter; the old boundary marks of creeds are being swept off; thought is freer. Even the popular taste in literature seeks the more earnest authors. Men are growing earnest, and they want true, hearty thinkers, no matter how many conventionalisms and elegancies they violate. CARLYLE has a hundred times the influence of MACAULAY; and MISS BREMER, RUSKIN, and 'JANE EYRE' are read, where JAMES and BULWER are scarcely heard of. In newspapers, it is your odd, honest, independent GREELEY that thrills the farthest corner of the land with his thoughts, while 'leading journals,' with stately editorials, are dozed over most quietly. That Mr. EMERSON's writings are crowded with faults, no fair reader can be disposed to deny; and yet we are inclined to think these have been much exaggerated; especially, let any one compare the earlier *Essays* with this volume of *Addresses*, and he will be surprised at the change for the better in these later writings. That which would most repel an earnest mind in the '*Essays*,' is a certain unhealthiness of sentiment, an epicurean, skeptic-like view of life. We find him regarding all actions, whether noble or selfish, as equally indifferent; religion and happiness as results of a good state of liver; life itself is superficial and sickening; temperament governs every thing; and man is only a machine. But as we go on in his writings, a deeper and more earnest tone sounds through them. The skeptic is gone; and we see a man, solemn as under the shadow of eternity, with every power intensely strained to show to others the truth which so ennobles him. These '*Addresses*' are strong, practical, earnest speeches; such as can reach the common mind of our American people. They treat of every-day matters; common political and moral questions. They are sermons on Economy, on Manliness, on Honesty, on Religious living; and they strike to the heart of these things, as few sermons we have seen. We give as an instance his views of Economy:

'Is our house-keeping sacred and honorable? Does it raise and inspire us, or does it cripple us instead?

'Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake we run in debt; 'tis not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs so much. . . . We are first sensual, and then must be rich. We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friend, and so we buy ice-creams. . . . As soon as there is faith, as soon as there is society, comforts and cushions will be left for slaves. Expense will be inventive and heroic. . . . Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office, or sacrament, when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes; when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy we see in houses is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten to-day, that I may have roast fowl for my dinner on Sunday, is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations; that I may be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowliest mission of knowledge or good-will, is frugality for gods and heroes.'

It may not be out of place here, also, to transcribe a little picture he draws of public worship:

'I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snow-storm was falling around us. The snow-storm was real; the preacher merely spectral; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him and then out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept; was married or in love; had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. . . . It seemed strange that the people should come to church. It seemed as if their houses were very unentertaining, that they should prefer this thoughtless clamor. It shows that there is a commanding attraction in the moral sentiment that can lend a faint tint of light to dullness and ignorance coming in its name and place.'

He deplores the 'decaying of the church,' as he calls it, and concludes: 'What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate or the market; Literature



becomes frivolous; Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honor.'

Mr. EMERSON is frequently charged with inconsistency, and we certainly shall not attempt to deny it. We believe it the same inconsistency a man shows in an excited conversation. He takes one view of a subject; he is deeply moved by it; his words come forth strong and glowing; and yet an hour after we may find him arguing on a different side, and with honesty too. It is the inconsistency of excitement; the one-sided view of truth. We excuse it in a talker, but require something more complete in a writer. Still we are disposed to think, if authors were more honest, there would be far more inconsistency. Every man who *thinks* must be conscious of exceedingly different states of mind in regard to the same subjects. There are times when his metaphysical systems will melt away before his affections and hopes. There are others when Logic fixes the cold limits, and he cannot pass beyond them. At one time his deity seems hardly anything but lofty and eternal principles; at another, he feels his heart close to a heart like his own, only infinite in its love and pity. Perhaps this is EMERSON'S self-contradiction.

No man should ever undertake to defend isolated expressions of EMERSON'S. A skilful culler from his writings could convict him of blasphemy and nonsense and obscurity, without the smallest difficulty. They must be taken in their connexion to appreciate their meaning. And when thus taken we venture to say that, with but few exceptions, they will convey a deep and true idea. His obscurity is singular. It is not in the use of strange or new conjoined words, like much of CARLYLE'S. His words are plain, strong, living Saxon. It is not, as we think, generally in vague thought, like much in the mystic writers. It seems rather to consist in abrupt, apparently isolated sentences, when in fact there is a true connexion; in figures, where the analogy is not at once clear, except to those accustomed to his style; in common words, which with him are signs of many qualities conjoined, or are particular words expressing general principles. Such an obscurity may be an objection, but it certainly is not without example in our best writers. An obscurity, too, which, unlike that in some of our 'best writers,' rewards investigation.

We do not deny, however, that there is in his writings an obscurity sometimes deeper than this. The analogies so favorite with him between matter and spirit seem not seldom to lead him into misty paths. A neat antithesis, too, occasionally throws a veil over the thought. And there are passages, beautiful in appearance, which no charitable construction or close study can in any way explain. We must conclude they are those vague sentiments, with misty outlines of beauty, which float through almost every mind. Mr. EMERSON has had the frankness or the folly to express them. But however incomprehensible he is at times, all must allow the frequency in his works of those condensed expressions which contain such a world of truth. Vivid statements of wide-reaching principles, such as startle us so often in SHAKESPEARE, or GOETHE, or RICHTER. It is these compact forms of truth which last the longest in a language. Genius alone can frame them. EMERSON has enriched our language with many. This we have said of his prose. Of his poetry we do not profess to judge. What little we have seen, we should not for a moment suspect to be from EMERSON. We would speak diffidently; but if nonsense and utter *opaqueness* show a want of poetic talent, his poems can claim little. And yet there is hardly a page of his prose but shows the true poet. His love of beauty, his pure appreciation of nature, are wonderful. Not the thread-bare, worn-out descriptions of Nature; of flowing meads

and purling streams, and sun-sets, and what not, which fill most writers, even poets; but a close, pure, loving observation of the thousand beauties around him. Hear him on this:

'Go into the forest, you shall find all new and undescribed. The screaming of the wild-geese flying by night; the thin note of the companionable titmouse, in the winter day; the fall of swarms of flies in autumn from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of the wood-birds; the pine throwing out its pollen for the next century; the turpentine exuding from the tree; and, indeed, any vegetation, any animation, any and all are alike unattempted.' . . . Or again: 'The noonday darkness of the American forests, the deep, echoing, aboriginal woods, where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millennium; where from year to year the eagle and crow see no intruder; the pines bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapor with the stillness of subterranean crystallization; and where the traveller, amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamps, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty, haggard and desert beauty, which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain, repaint and vary, has never been recorded by art.'

The religious world generally, we suppose, look with suspicion even on EMERSON'S moral essays. And yet it will be found his moralizing rests to a certain extent on the truly christian basis. It is no outward, merely moral self-culture; no mere correcting of habits. The *Heart of Love* is his great theme. The purifying, the great principle of a man's life, is what he is ever urging. His political philosophy, too, is such as agrees remarkably with the (so-called) religious philosophy of the country. He would re-make society by infusing the higher principles: 'These beneficiaries (the reformers,)' he says, 'hope to raise man by improving his circumstances; by combination of that which is dead they hope to make something alive. In vain;' and then he quotes the expression of the 'sad PESTALOZZI': 'The amelioration of outward circumstances will be the effect, but can never be the means of mental and moral improvement.' Then in another place, in regard to every experiment failing that has not the 'moral principle' within it, he concludes: 'The pacific FOURIER will be as inefficient as the pernicious NAPOLEON.'

As we consider the whole style and philosophy of these writings, we are more and more struck with their peculiar originality. We doubt whether our literature has produced anything more truly native to it. Hitherto our authors have, for the most part, held before them some foreign model. Their expression and mode of thought have not been the natural fruit of this new soil. It is not so with EMERSON. That rugged, energetic style of his, softened occasionally by gleams of wonderful beauty, could have had no model. It seems almost the reflection of the scenery in which he has lived; those gray granite hills, as they are gilded by autumn light or chequered by summer shadows. We have sometimes wondered whether much of this philosophy might not be a type of the future development of the national mind. There is just now peeping up through the American people a 'transcendentalism' not unlike that seen in these writings. A tendency to carry abstract ideas out into practical efforts; a worship of principles, of theories, no matter how impracticable at present they may seem. The ceaseless speculation, the fearless research of that philosophy, the exalting of the individual mind, yes, even the heartiness and bluntness it would infuse into society, we believe will all be traits of our national character, when it has at length had full play.

Thus far certainly our people have shown little of the love of beauty, or the devotion to truth which appear on almost every page of the EMERSONIAN philosophy. The last is a worship which but few in any age can have courage to offer. Perhaps it shall be so with us. But in regard to the love of the beautiful, we do expect wonderful results in the future. No climate or country can show such varied and changing beauty as ours. No nation has yet appeared with such intense activity of mind.

And when at length a more complete cultivation reaches every class ; when the close observing power of our people, with its remarkable inventive faculty, are turned to objects of beauty, what should hinder the highest results ? For our part, we expect throughout our people then a love of nature, a taste for art, higher even than any EMERSON has yet shown ; inasmuch as it shall be more genial and more purified by love of HIM, of whom beauty is only the reflection.

Of Mr. EMERSON's religious character we own we feel reluctant to speak. Not that it is out of place ; for it can never be out of place in a frank and friendly manner to speak of an author's religious views ; but because in an author of his peculiar modes of expression it is very difficult to determine his meaning on such subjects. The language of any original mind in regard to DEITY and its religious hopes must be strange. EMERSON's words may express so much more to himself than to us ; possibly, too, his own thoughts may be no clearer than the terms which convey them. Still with all this, and with no wish to sound a religious alarm against him, or cram our theology upon him, we must say and say, it sadly, that the highest principles of religion he seems utterly without. A God, living and personal, he does not recognize and does not love. We own it possible for a heart-felt devotion like his, to the principles of Truth and Justice and Love, to be as real worship of the unseen ONE, as the vague affection which most of us suppose to fill our minds. Possibly HE may accept it as such. Yet the highest life of the soul, the love-confiding, overflowing to a BEING, one who combines all these 'principles,' and who with boundless affection, *loves us*, is not there. With EMERSON, God is the beauty which looks down to him from the solemn sunset, or the law which whirls the planets, or the thought which exalts and inspirits him. At times HE seems some strange essence filling material nature. Then, HE is the soul, or the soul is but emanation from HIM, the universal principle of life. We may judge harshly ; and there are expressions in which EMERSON seems bowing his very soul with unspeakable awe before a mysterious CREATOR. 'Of that ineffable Essence,' he says, 'He that thinks most, will say least.' Still that want of geniality and hearty love through all his writings ; the little solemnity which, if we consider his works throughout, life seems to him to have its relation to an unbounded future ; the few allusions to the infinite hopes for each individual man ; the sad, unhealthy views expressed in a part of his writings, all seem to declare a mind not bound in affection to an invisible FATHER, or living for an awful existence beyond. How sadly in this he contrasts even with CARLYLE ! Bred under the shadows of a creed, which almost absorbed the individual in the INFINITE ONE, he has deified the soul. It is infinite, and 'God is but a projection of it.' Living with men who would force upon all their own narrow definitions of the mysterious ONE, he has rejected all conception of HIM, and has made HIM a vague and changing imagining.

There is a belief ; no, not a belief, a *truth*, the most supporting, the most heart-satisfying, man has ever grasped. We almost hesitate to profane it with our description. Its divine import men have too nearly lost sight of in the incessant wranglings over it. Yet there have been many in every age and under various creeds, to feel it as the life of their life. It has been to them a sweet comfort, as they shrunk back appalled from the aspect of offended DEITY. Without it, they could bow in fear and awe before the dread OMNIPOTENT, but they could not *love*. We mean the truth, that through a human life of suffering and shame the unexplainable BEING has revealed HIMSELF, revealed His love, His pity, His more than human sympathies.

Of this truth, EMERSON knows not. CHRIST to him is only the reformer ; sincere,

lovely, but with the defects and limitations of weak human nature. Those deep teachings, which it seems to us humanity has but feebly penetrated; those lofty Ideals toward which the ages have been fruitlessly struggling, he considers 'imperfect attempts,' steps only in that boundless progress before the human race.

We have spoken thus freely of Mr. EMERSON's religious character. Possibly we may be wrong. Perhaps we should take as the best expression of his religious belief the noble sentiments strown so thickly through his writings. Yet we cannot avoid our conviction; we only hope the good may overbalance the evil. For ourselves we have never met Mr. EMERSON. We live in another section of the country; we profess a different creed; yet, if this notice should ever meet his eye, we do offer the sincere gratitude of many whom he has never known, for the aid he has given them. His vivid, earnest thoughts have kept before them a higher and truer life, which they might reach. He has shown them one man who could think freely, though all men looked coldly upon him; one who appreciated a nobler and more generous code than the rules of polished life; one who, in all his words, and as we hear in his intercourse, is laboring to make society *real* and life *true*; something worthy of an earnest, true-minded man. For this they do heartily thank him.

As we thus set forth our view of EMERSON's writings, we cannot better, in concluding, commend them to the American people than in his own words: 'Amid the downward tendency and proneness of things, when every voice is raised for a new road or another statute, or a subscription of stock, for an improvement in dress or in dentistry, for a new house or a larger business, for a political party or the division of an estate, will you not hear one or two solitary voices in the land, speaking for thoughts and principles, not marketable or perishable?'

WARAGA, OR THE CHARMS OF THE NILE. By WILLIAM FURNISS. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER, 36 Park-Row.

'In the perusal of this work,' writes a travelled correspondent, 'we are at once transported beneath the shadows of the Pyramids; the imagination feels again the awful presence of that mighty line of PHARAONS, whose beginning stretches backward as far as the deluge, and whose dynasty, although interrupted by the majestic energies of that modern PHARAOH, MEHEMIT ALI, has been in fact restored and continued; whose deeds the stylus of history has already engraved, and is now only pausing to record the completion of his plans by his successors. Egypt, great mother of science and of art! what thinking mind has not dreamed about thee! From true-hearted children on their mother's knee, listening with awe to the sacred story of the down-trodden thousands of ISRAEL, they who were in this, their land of bondage, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water;' of MOSES, their mighty prophet, priest and law-giver; of his entreating PHARAOH to let his nation, 'the people of God,' go free; of that catalogue of wondrous miracles the world had no parallel, until the Sacred Advent, wrought by the hand of MOSES before the court and over the broad land of Egypt; and of the Egyptian Magii, by their surpassing arts working similar miracles; of the hard-hearted PHARAOH defying the visible power of GOD, and choked with avarice, refusing to let 'His people' go; and how the thousands of ISRAEL fled forth in the night, led by that mighty pillar of fire; and how the great king, with his hosts of chariots and men of war, pursued after them, and sunk in the midst of the sea!'

'And the never-wearying story of JOSEPH; *his* story could have been told by none other than by HIM who made and knew all the fountains of human feeling; and the undying memory delights to recall our young imagination's pictures of the glory and splendor of the palaces, the pomp of war, and the majestic monuments of Egypt's mighty kings. The hosts of ISRAEL had fled away into the wilderness; their country of Goshen, though a pleasant land, was deserted; yet the glory of Egypt and its Pharaohs had not departed, but continued to shine until the general gloom of the mediæval darkness finally overshadowed the land and extinguished its splendors, and the empire of Egypt, whose foundations were laid in the beginning of time, and which had for vast successions of ages concentrated and spread forth all learning to all lands and all times, like a general mother of them all, was subjugated into a dependant province of mere warlike conquerors, degraded to a mere proconsulate, forgotten by the aspiring Gaul, for whom

"Westward the star of empire took its way,"

until the Othman herds of Asia spread over its beautiful land and river, and ascended the vacant throne of the PTOLEMIES.

'Where in the wide world can author or traveller find a country more interesting to visit or study? Has it been exhausted? Bring together the vast library of volumes of learned disquisitions on this land, past and present, the great museum of collections, and you will find that 'the half has not been told you;' that the keen and persevering quest of BELZONI, CHAMPOLLION, and their successors, have not yet deciphered the one-half of its engraved story, and that the great purpose of its mighty monuments, like the vast ruins of its deserted cities, are still an unfathomed mystery. Their language has at last spoken again to living men, breaking the silent waste of ages; but we are yet in the vestibule, and have not yet heard the inmost breathings of this mighty oracle and monitor of all time.

'The volume whose title heads this article has no pretensions to reveal the mysteries of this adytum of learning. It is simply the composite of the daily records of an intelligent and tasteful mind wandering upon the Nile, and with the lights of good reading and quick and steady observation; recording the impressions of each one of Egypt's mighty monuments; while a delightful vein of personal incident and adventure flows through all its descriptions. The best proof of our judgment will be found in a discriminating perusal of the volume itself. It is the record of a voyage up the Nile; to which we may apply a passage of 'Childe Harold:'

"AND thou, exulting and abounding river,  
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow,  
Through banks whose beauty will endure forever,  
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
With the sharp scythe of Conflict; then to see  
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such to me  
Even now, what lacks thy stream that it should Lethe be?"

'The purpose of this notice will be well fulfilled if it should induce the reader to take up this book as an agreeable and instructive guide and companion through that land of wizard wonders, and along that river which has marked the course of empires.

R. D.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS.—This great national work, lately advertised on our cover, the joint production of Mr. BRADY, the celebrated Darian artist (who has unquestionably surpassed every other rival in his art, and in a succession of the most superb likenesses that have ever been seen), D'AVIGNON, whose portraits are equal to the very best that have ever been executed in Paris, and C. EDWARDS LESTER, the editor, has been received with a chorus of applause from the press throughout the country. We remember no work whose publication excited so much interest among literary circles and public men. It not only surpasses, in its mechanical execution, all the galleries and similar publications of the kind which have appeared before, but so far as our knowledge extends, nothing more beautiful has been sent out from the presses of Europe. As most of our readers are already, through other channels, learned the scope of the work, we shall direct attention more particularly to the contents, which are well worthy of the style in which the Gallery appears. It is a matter of very great importance, when a work of this kind is published—the beauty of whose typography is likely to preserve it for posterity—that the literary portion be executed with corresponding taste and ability; for enough the design of this Gallery does not admit of very extended or elaborate biography of the illustrious men whose portraits are given, yet the Editor has shown, in these two numbers, that the pen of a good writer is equal to the graver of the best sculptor; for within almost the same space the intellectual portraiture of a great man can be drawn. We shall make a few extracts, to show the style in which they are written. In the 'Salutation,' which is the introduction to the work, the editor says:

As the noble deeds of its citizens constitute the chief glory of a republic, so the most grateful service of art and literature is to illustrate and preserve their fame. The first half of the century now drifted by, and the dim form of its successor is hastening on, bringing we know not what serious changes. We contemplate the past with gratitude and exultation, because it is secure; we wish, before those great men who have made it illustrious are gone, to catch their departing shades, that through this monument of their genius and patriotism they may become familiar to posterity whom they will never see. In this Gallery, therefore, will be grouped together those American citizens who, from the tribune and in the field, in letters and the arts, have rendered the most valuable services to the nation since the death of the Father of the Republic. As there is nothing secular in the scope of this work, it will be comprehensive in its spirit; and it is hoped that it may mark an era in the progress of American art, and bind the Union still more firmly together. Neither art nor literature can afford to give up to party what belongs to mankind. In our judgments of public men we shall endeavor to anticipate the awards of posterity. In America, more than in any other country, death is needed to sanctify the memory of the great.

The following passages are taken from the biographical sketch of General TAYLOR:

It is no disparagement to the other states of the Union, to say that Virginia has been the mother of the Gracchi of the republic. The chivalry of her founder seems to have passed into the soil and thrived her sons. From her generous bosom they have drank heroism and love of country. She

has moulded the South, as New-England has moulded the North and the West; while the mingling of the descendants of the Cavaliers and the Pilgrims has shaped the character of the men who are now laying the foundations of great empires on the Pacific.

'The youth of a nation is its heroic age. With us that period has not yet passed. The state which had produced PATRICK HENRY, JEFFERSON, MARSHALL, LEE, MADISON, MONROE, and above all, the greatest and the best of men, whose name embodies so much of the glory of the nation and the hope of mankind, was a fit place to give existence and inspiration to one who was to wear the mantle of WASHINGTON.

'His ancestors left England two centuries ago and settled in Virginia. RICHARD TAYLOR, his father, was a Colonel in the Continental Army, and fought by the side of WASHINGTON in the battle of Trenton. DANIEL BOON, the ROMULUS of the West, had explored the wilds of Kentucky, and Colonel TAYLOR soon after traversed 'the Dark and Bloody Ground,' in search of a new home. He penetrated on foot and without a companion as far as New-Orleans, and returned to Virginia by sea. In 1790 he emigrated with his family to Kentucky, taking with him a boy of six years, who was to be one of the chief standard bearers, and a President of the Republic. The family home was in the midst of hostile tribes, where men never slept without first looking at the priming of their rifles. He was familiar from his infancy with the gleam of the tomahawk and the yell of the savages. An earnest military passion lurking in his character was nurtured by the romance of frontier life, and inflamed by household legends of the Revolution. His education was plain and substantial. It fitted him for the great business of life. Thoughtfulness, judgment, shrewdness and stability, with a magnanimous heart, made up his character. The firing of a single shot from the Leopard into the frigate Chesapeake, stirred the heart of the American People, and made a second war with the parent country inevitable. Young TAYLOR heard it, and he applied to JEFFERSON for a commission, and entered the army in 1807, as first lieutenant in the 7th regiment of infantry. The young republic was unprepared for war. Along an unprotected frontier, which stretched from the forests of Maine up to the Great Lakes, and down the Mississippi, a cloud of ten thousand confederated savages, armed with British rifles, had gathered under their great Chief TECUMSEH, to burn our dwellings and slaughter our people. The first brilliant scene in the military life of TAYLOR opened at Fort Harrison, a small and weak stockade on the Wabash, in the heart of the Indian country. With fifty soldiers Lieutenant TAYLOR was commissioned to defend the place. Repulsed in every attack, and killed in every stratagem, the savages fired the fort at midnight. The screams of women and children, the blood-curdling howl of three hundred red men, and the desolating fire flashing against a thick forest and black sky, developed the cool intrepidity of his character. He extinguished the flames, and held the fort till the shout of Colonel RUSSELL's mounted rangers was heard coming through the forest to his relief.'

'Hitherto his movements had influenced the fate of districts; now they began to affect the fortunes of empires. From the time he was despatched to the south western frontier, in command of the Army of Observation, his conduct attracted the attention of mankind, and his achievements became a portion of history. In this monumental gallery we have only to inscribe

#### 'HIS VICTORIES:

'PAID AUTO, MAY 8, 1846.  
'RESACA DE LA PALMA, MAY 9, 1846.  
'MONTEREY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1846.  
'BUENA VISTA, FEBRUARY 22, 1847.

'If so many and such brilliant victories had been achieved by a Greek general, he would have been crowned with laurel, and national games instituted in his honor. If he had borne the eagle of the Roman legions so gallantly and so far, the Senate would have decreed him a triumph. But the Olympiads are forgotten, and Rome has no more victories to celebrate. Gratitude, however, is still a national sentiment, and the honors of our Olympiad are greater than those of Greece. There was but one way in which the nation could show its gratitude for the services of its patriot soldier. In the next national election the people of the United States conferred upon the General the supreme honors of the Republic, and by acclamation he was raised to 'the Presidency.'

The second number is dedicated to JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, one of the most brilliant men that have existed under our republic. The daguerreotype from which this engraving is made has been one of the chief attractions of Mr. BRADY's Gallery for several months. It has attracted the attention of all persons of taste, and we believe he himself regards it as the best picture he ever made. There had been a considerable number of tolerable pictures of General TAYLOR, beside a much larger number of caricatures; but hitherto no likeness of Mr. CALHOUN has appeared which has given the slightest idea of the man. This one is perfect, and none of the power or beauty of Mr. BRADY's picture has been lost in passing through the hands of D'AVIGNON. As a likeness and a picture it surpasses everything that has ever been produced in the United States. The editor had not a very easy task before him in compressing into two pages the biography of this illustrious man. There is probably no other American statesman of eminence who has been more misrepresented or misunderstood than Mr. CALHOUN. Gifted, as was acknowledged on all sides, with the most transcendent ability, chivalric and generous as it was generally agreed, and honest

withal, even in what were regarded as his ultra-radical views, the philosophical character of his genius, and the subtle tinge of his mind, made him one of the most difficult of men to comprehend, and almost impossible to describe. How far the editor has accomplished his task, we leave our readers to judge, for we copy Mr. LESTER's sketch entire :

'MR. CALHOUN's father was an Irishman, and his mother a native of Virginia. At the age of twenty-three he graduated at Yale College with its highest honors, and entered the Law School at Litchfield. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar in his native state, and at once rose to eminence. The following year he was sent to the Legislature, where he served two sessions, and in 1811 was elected to Congress. His first speech brought him conspicuously before the nation as a parliamentary orator, and from that time, a period of nearly forty years, few public measures have come before Congress without feeling the electric shock of his genius. As chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he reported and carried through the bill declaring war against Great Britain. In 1817, at the early age of thirty-five, he became the Secretary of War of MONROE's administration. He found that department chaos; he left it order. He adjusted unsettled accounts of fifty millions; reorganized the army; revived the military academy at West-Point, whose Palisado cliffs, once blackened by the footsteps of the American traitor, have been forever redeemed by the heroic tread of a thousand young patriots. He began a complete system of maritime and frontier fortifications; originated the Coast-Survey, and laid the foundations of the Indian Portrait Gallery at the Capitol, where Art has generously given her pencil to Humanity to transmit to posterity the fast-fading traces of the red men. In 1825 he was elected Vice-President of the republic, and reflected the succeeding term. Before it expired he resigned his office at the call of South Carolina to become her Senator; and that high place he has since filled, with a short interval, when the exigencies of the government made him Secretary of State. Every session of Congress has been signalized by some speech of Mr. CALHOUN, which was read throughout the world, and his great speeches are imperishable. We need not detail his public acts, for they will be woven into the history of the nation by all its historians; we need not enumerate his orations, for they have become a portion of English literature.

'Such are the well known facts of his life. A more grateful but difficult task will always be a truthful analysis of his intellectual and political character. Born during the Revolutionary struggle, he was taught to venerate liberty, and that lesson became the guide of his life. In youth he laid himself on the altar of the republic, and his life has been a self-immolation. He has never shrunk from sacrificing the most dazzling opportunities of preferment to his judgment and patriotism. Spurning the livery of all parties, he has never stooped for their emoluments. From the first his creed has been broad and clear; embracing well-defined principles on every subject of public interest; and although he has shown the practical genius of adapting himself to the age and opinions through which he moved, accepting what was attainable and waiting for the rest, yet he has never given up his objects, nor changed the principles or purposes of his life. Like the Damascus blade, gleaming, bending, cutting through, he can hardly be traced in the rapidity and glistening of his movements. Vigilant of the integrity of our great commonwealth, he has always been jealous of the corrupting influence of banks connected with the state. Hence his unrelenting efforts to divorce the government from all banking institutions. He has always been the advocate of the navy, as the protection of our commerce among distant nations. But his unceasing advocacy of the great principles of freedom of commerce throughout the world will be remembered with more gratitude by posterity than all his other achievements. The day is coming, and he saw it dawning from afar, when every barrier which the inhumanity of other ages has interposed to the friendly intercourse of nations will give way to the progress of light and the inauguration of a sentiment of universal brotherhood. Mr. CALHOUN has paid the penalty always exacted from men whose hearts beat for mankind and whose eagle gaze pierces the future. For the most part he has been misrepresented or misunderstood by his contemporaries. BACON and GALILEO confided their fame to after ages; and it is the inspiring consolation of such men while living that the future is sure to do them justice.

'As an orator, his chief characteristics are clearness of analysis, simplicity, appropriateness and power of expression, and a subdued and lofty earnestness. The completeness of his portrait renders it unnecessary to describe his personal appearance. In the tribune, his erect, stern attitude, his iron countenance, compressed lip, and flashing eye, have often filled his auditors with terror, and made his familiar friends almost dread to approach him. And yet he is the gentlest of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, the most humane and indulgent of masters. He is known to the world only as an Orator and Statesman, and yet those who are admitted familiarly to the scenes of his domestic life forget his public achievements in the spotless purity of his private character, the warm charities of his home, and the fascinating glow of his classic conversation. The honors of the Senate and the Cabinet have never waned him from his early love of books and rural pursuits. At every cessation of his public labors he has fled to his plantation home, to receive the tender greetings of his family and friends, and the most touching demonstrations of grateful love from the dependent beings who look to him for support and protection. Letters were the passion of his youth, they have been the embellishment of his manhood, and they are the consolation of his age.

'Three obstacles have lain between this great man and the Presidency. The first, has been the earnest and unconquerable independence of his character, which has left him without a national party. The second, has been the incorruptible integrity of his heart, which left him without intrigue or policy. The last, has been an obstacle still more formidable in this disturbed and feverish age — the philosophical sublimity of his genius. He was not made to sway masses, but mind. He could not carry the hearts of the multitude by storm, but he electrified the souls of the few. In dragging to the dust the pillars of the Roman Republic, CÆSAR heard the shout of the mob at his heels. CATO walked solitary through the Forum, and BRUTUS fell on his own sword. But the fame of CALHOUN has interwoven itself with the history of the Nation, and is therefore immortal. Through good and evil report, for forty years South-Carolina has stood firmly and confidently by her great Statesman; and such a Commonwealth was worthy of such an advocate. The frosts of nearly seventy years are on his head; but they have not chilled the ardor of his patriotism, and his genius still glows as brightly as ever.'



The appearance of this work constitutes one of the most interesting events in the history of American literature and American art. We confess that when we first heard of its announcement we had no very sanguine belief that it would meet with the success which would warrant its completion ; and it is with a great deal of satisfaction we have since learned that it has been so warmly received by the public that it will probably be an exceedingly profitable enterprise to the publishers. This fact speaks well for the progress of taste and a large national spirit throughout the nation. In Europe such works are generally published at an enormous price, because the class among whom they circulate must of necessity be very limited. The experiment has been tried, in this case, of putting the work so low that it might be brought within the reach of almost every person. We doubt not this was good policy, for it is better to sell ten thousand copies of a work at twenty dollars, than five hundred at a price five times as great. Nothing is likely to contribute more to the development of refined taste and a national spirit, than the publication of such works. They enter of necessity, into the archives of the nation's history. They are so valuable that they are seldom destroyed, and they remain as monuments to future ages of the period when they appeared. There is beside an auspiciousness in the time, for the portraits of a considerable number of great men, who have flourished during the first half century, cannot now be obtained in perfection. In running over the list of those who we presume will be embraced in the Gallery, there is enough to thrill the heart and stir the pride of any American. It is not the intention of the projectors of the Gallery to go back to the men of the Revolution, and therefore, WASHINGTON and his great contemporaries will not be embraced in it ; but CLAY, SCOTT, WEBSTER, BENTON, WOODBURY, and other distinguished senators will most likely appear there. Bishop WHITE, the father of the Episcopal Church in this country ; Dr. JOHN MASON, who was probably the most eloquent preacher we have ever had ; and Dr. CHANNING, one of the finest and most exalted intellects of the world, would not be ungratefully received by the public. In letters, we presume that our great writers will have their place ; and we hope that the greatest men New-York has ever produced, DE WITT CLINTON, and Chancellor KENT, one of the greatest of jurists, will not be forgotten. AUDUBON is one of those great but unobtrusive names which is sure to be remembered by posterity ; and certainly few Americans have reflected greater honors upon the arts or sciences of the times. But these are speculations of our own ; and we doubt not that the claims of all the great men of the nation will be fairly and impartially canvassed, so that when the Gallery is complete there will be no cause for complaint touching the course of the editor.

It is a noble design to group together twenty-four of the greatest men that have lived during the first half of the present century, in a republic like this. To gaze upon their portraits, in such a Gallery, must stir the pride of their countrymen ; and what nobler offering could be sent by this country to the nations of Europe than the portraits and biographies of so many of our great citizens ? No portion of this work has been neglected ; nor is there any thing in it which is left to desire, except that it may go into the possession of every public library and institution of learning, and into the hands of every statesman and public man ; that in all quarters its silent and impressive eloquence may plead in behalf of the glorious republic which has been the mother of so many noble men ; and that it may be an offering which will descend to future ages, as a worthy memorial, erected in the middle of the century, to be looked on by coming ages as a fair memorial to genius, truth and patriotism.

GOSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The topic of the month in the metropolis has been the awful casualty in Hague-street. No reader at a distance can possibly conceive the dreadful horrors of the scene. It chilled all hearts; and tears rolled down many a manly cheek from 'eyes unused to weep.' We visited the spot three days after the explosion; and what we saw, even then, has haunted us ever since, nor shall we ever be able to drive the horrid picture from our mind. We saw one man who had been taken from the ruins only a few moments before our arrival upon the ground. He lay upon his back, with a blanket, on which his name, written on a slip of paper, was pinned; and a by-stander lifted the covering, and we saw such a sight as we hope it may please Heaven we may never see again. Begrimed with cinders and dirt; six wounds, 'each one a death,' upon his forehead and face; his eyes wide open, and frozen in their last expression of terror, staring blindly upward:

'DREADFULLY staring,  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when the glaring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity'

He was dressed as when last at work, with his sleeves rolled up and his boots on. Near him lay another body, also just removed; but it was burnt to a crisp, and all semblance of humanity, save the unconsumed teeth and jaws, was destroyed. 'Oh! it was pitiful!' — and we can only hope that the wide-spread suffering to which this dreadful event has given rise may be the means of securing future guards against a calamity so fearful. . . . THE '*Household Dirge*' which ensues is from the facile pen of our young correspondent, R. H. STODDARD. It is alike simple and touching:

'I've lost my little MAY at last!  
She perished in the spring,  
When earliest flowers began to bud,  
And earliest birds to sing:  
I laid her in a country grave,  
A rural, soft retreat,  
A marble tablet o'er her head,  
And violets at her feet.

'I would that she were back again,  
In all her childish bloom;  
My joy and hope have followed her;  
My heart is in her tomb!  
I know that she is gone away,  
I know that she is fled,  
I miss her every where, and yet  
I cannot make her dead!

'I wake the children up at dawn,  
And say a simple prayer,  
And draw them round the morning meal,  
But one is wanting there!  
I see a little chair apart,  
A little pinafore,  
And Memory fills the vacancy,  
As Time will — nevermore!

'I sit within my room, and write  
The lone and weary hours,  
And miss the little maid again  
Among the window flowers,  
And miss her with her toys beside  
My desk in silent play;  
And then I turn and look for her,  
But she has flown away!

'I drop my idle pen and hark,  
And catch the faintest sound;  
She must be playing hide-and-seek  
In shady nooks around;  
She'll come and climb my chair again,  
And peep my shoulder o'er;  
I hear a stifled laugh — but no,  
She cometh nevermore!

'I waited only yester-night,  
The evening service read,  
And lingered for my idol's kiss  
Before she went to bed;  
Forgetting she had gone before,  
In slumbers soft and sweet,  
A monument above her head,  
And violets at her feet!

It is with no design of self-laudation that we present the following *Epistle to the Editor* from a western correspondent; but we give it because we wish our readers to feel with us how pleasant it is to be able to please *them*:

'We all know that although mere verbal thanks are in themselves nothings, yet they always afford pleasure to any one who could not expect, knowing the selfishness of man, any thing more

from his debtors than the amount specified in the bond. I cannot but feel that the EDITOR with whom I have feasted, of whose bounties I have partaken, and in whose company I have spent so many happy hours, is deserving of more than the mere modicum of pay necessary to insure a continuance of your valuable Journal. I do not think I am singular in this opinion; for who does not feel deeply indebted (even after the pecuniary obligations are settled) to the one with whom for so many years he has canvassed the worlds of literature and art; to the EDITOR who has so long toiled on in a profession of scarcely-required services; to the one who in the dreary winter night, when the wind was howling without and the fire blazing within, has furnished him with so many of the substantials and delicacies of the intellect; to the one who, in the lengthened hours of sickness, when the heart was faint, and the soul shrouded in sadness, cheered away for a time the weary thoughts, and placed the poor invalid once more by the bubbling rill-side, or introduced to him at his bed-side the master-spirits of the land; led him into the realms of mirth and wit, or entranced him with songs from fairy-land? Who could refuse to call him a friend? Such a one hast thou been to me, friend KNICK; my wanderings have been many and lonely, but wherever they have led me I have had renewed occasion to thank you. On the plains of Missouri, the prairies of Illinois, on the giant Mississippi and the beautiful Ohio, on the sandy Missouri, with its snags, sand-bars, cotton-wood forests and rattlesnake inhabitants, and on the Illinois river, made classic by Mrs. FARRHAM's description, your Magazine has cheered me when lonely and cheerless, or heightened the joys of some happy hour.

'Do not imagine that I am endeavoring to flatter. I can have no incentive to do so. You are personally unknown to me, although I have joyed in your joys, sorrowed in your sorrows, and wandered with you in your wanderings. I have never even had the pleasure of seeing you. I can never expect the happiness of shaking your digits; for though I am not a 'lone one,' yet I am one of the many, distinguished for no brilliancy of intellect, nor notable for a long line of ancestry; and more than all, I am on the eve of departure for 'sun-down.' I do *not* flatter; I only offer my humble tribute to a reputation and fame fairly won and modestly worn. You will believe me the more readily when I tell you that I have no random sketches for your acceptance, never gave myself up to poetizing, and have never victimized a friend with a long prosy treatise on something of which I knew but little and for which he cared less.

'At the present writing I am in a room whose windows front on old Lake Erie. A gale is lashing its waters into madness on the rocks which lie almost at my feet. I can hear nothing save the heavy roar of the breakers, and the mournful sigh of the wind as it rushes past. A black, ugly night is this! Nothing can be seen, save occasionally the glimmering of a light, 'far, far at sea,' as some distant steamer rises on the heavy waves. A bright spot of sky is once in a while to be seen, and perhaps then a star or two will peep down through the broken clouds. It certainly must be cheering to those benighted mariners to catch a glimpse of a star whose golden beams seem to speak words of comfort to them; they teach us to look aloft in the storm; in calms, in danger and in sorrow, to trust the light from above.

'God bless the poor sailor on that inland sea this night! Ere morning breaks there will be many saddened hearts, and eyes weary with watching; some will be closed in sleep, and some in death! It is a wild night, this, on Lake Erie! How the sashes rattle in their casements!—what a heavy thundering surf is breaking on the shore!—how dismally howls the wind through the shattered old trees on the cliff! There! how madly that gust went by! God be with the mariner now! There are even now in that distant steamer many a despairing soul, longing for a more tranquil home and a safer pillow than the wildly-foaming waves.

'Dreary is the appearance of things outside. That moaning sigh of the last blast has made me low-spirited. I stoke up the fire, so that with the cheerful blaze there may come happy thoughts: but it will not do; for I am a stranger, and my hearth is a stranger's fireside:

'I'm very sad to-night, friend KNICK,  
A gloom is on my brow,  
And dark the shadows on my soul  
Are gathering round me now.  
The voices that in sorrow, KNICK,  
Once shared, or joined in glee,  
Are hushed; their music's still, friend KNICK,  
Or swells no more for me!

'There is one trait in your editorial character which I shall take the liberty of applauding. I refer particularly to the invariably kind and delicate manner in which you reject those communications which may be unsuited to, or unworthy of, your pages. I can appreciate this the more, that I have, in one or two unguarded moments, attempted a flight within the bounds of poetry; my wanderings, however, were not rejected, from the fact that I was not sanguine enough to present them for

baptism. Well do I know the many heart-aches and the ransacking of brains for rhyming words; the scratchings out, and the many scratchings down! — and then, after all this trouble, the thing is made! It is natural that so costly a thing should be prized highly. Yes, I know all the difficulties, all the trials of mechanical ingenuity, necessary to produce one of these poems; of course I mean the ones rejected.

'My life has been the common story of nine-tenths of mankind; the same occurrences have happened to me, the same feelings have actuated me, that have been common to all. One of these occurrences, and the most natural, but most remarkable, was that of falling in love — yes, Sir, in love! I am not inclined to describe my angel (that was, until she married some one else), neither shall I tell you my sensations when I found myself 'in' up to my ears. I felt all the poetry, etc.; scribbled away, and the following was produced after two weeks' hard labor, to which sawing cord-wood at sixty cents per day would have been decidedly an amusement. Here it goes! Nay, my dear Sir, you positively should not laugh! — it hurts my feelings, even now:

DAGUERRE, with most consummate skill,  
Compelled the sun to do his will;  
Upon a plate of silver fair,  
To draw with light his image there:  
But thou, sweet KARR! with greater art,  
Chose for the plate a human heart,  
And bade its master-spirit trace  
In glowing lines thine own sweet face:  
Thine eyes' deep magic did the rest,  
And 'fixed' the picture in the breast.  
Take then, sweet KARR! the pictured heart  
Thou hast engraved with mystic art:  
For with thy smile thou'st placed a spell  
Forever on my heart to dwell!

'Since then I have sickened of poetical labors; but the above specimen will show you that I have a right to thank you in the name of the rejected for your very gentlemanly hints of censure, and your cordial, candid praise.

'BREAKING of 'goesip,' let me tell you of an occurrence which came not long since to my knowledge. You may have heard a 'cut' as 'direct,' but never one more richly deserved. A little, pug-nosed, bustling merchant, of a certain lake village of old Chataouque, had occasion to attend court at Maysville. One evening he came into a bar-room crowded with strangers. After shaking hands with those whom he knew, the little man bustled around and seated himself in the only unoccupied chair in the room, on which a gentlemanly-looking personage was leaning. Looking up in the stranger's face, in a very patronising manner, he observed: 'Ah! Sir, your face is familiar to me: think I have seen you somewhere before.' The gentleman, looking down very coolly, remarked: 'Well, I do n't care a d — n whether you have or not.'

'But my limits are nearly attained, and I must bid you a long good-bye. Before you print your next number I shall have roamed over many a mile of prairie, and been tired to death of the eternal puffings of a Missouri steam-boat. I shall read your March issue on the plains of Arkansas, or those west of Arkansas.

'In conclusion, let me repeat that this is merely and solely a note of thanks: I have not written for publication. This mislve has been penned in haste, in the 'still hours' of a stormy night, after other letters have been despatched, and of course is not fit for publication. Let me *again* thank you, and that too in the name of a number of warm hearts that have before now gathered around the camp-fire in the wilderness to listen to your 'goesippings.' I must now say with regret, 'Good-bye!'

Yours truly,

N. A. A.

*Silver Creek, Shore of Lake Erie.*

'*A Few Thoughts for a Young Man*' is the title of one of those striking and vigorous addresses for which the author, HORACE MANN, of Massachusetts, is so distinguished. We never take up one of the literary performances of this gentleman without being profoundly impressed with the force and simplicity of the style by which he gives to the best of thoughts the best of words. We make a single extract, depicting the effects of excess and its opposite:

'I ASK the young man then, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here behold a *pair* rich, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and

orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cess-pool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the school-boy's story, he has eaten his cake and still kept it. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man; the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of disease; dead, but by a heathenish custom of society not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, CAIN was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, 'BEHOLD A BEAST!' Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons and at the tables of the 'supreme ton;' but surely, to every man of purity and honor; to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man rejoicing in his manly proportions and in his comeliness, look on *this* picture and on *this*, and then say after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

Society is infinitely too tolerant of the *roué*; the wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself and to debauch others; whose heart has been spotted with infamy so much that it is no longer spotted, but hell-black all over; and who, at least, *deserves* to be treated as travellers say the wild horses of the prairies treat a vicious fellow; the noblest of the herd forming a compact circle around him, heads outward, and kicking him to death.'

If this is not spirited composition, we are somewhat mistaken. . . . We derive the following anecdotes from a judicial friend, who could fill our pages with as much credit to himself and acceptance to the public as he does the high seat which he occupies before the public: 'Baron — was appointed by NAPOLEON, when Emperor, to the office of presiding judge of the highest court in France. When the vacancy occurred, three names were laid before him, by the other judges, for him to choose from. Being anxious to surround his government with as much of the old family standing as possible, he chose the Baron, because he was of a family which for three hundred years had been devoted to the administration of justice. To carry out the style of the matter, he ordered a formal inauguration of the presiding judge at the Tuilleries. At the appointed time, seated on his throne, and surrounded by his court and his marshals, the judges entered his presence, clothed in their scarlet robes, led by the new president of the court; and then, for the first moment, the Emperor learned that his appointee was a very small man, and very young. He showed his chagrin by a very cool reception. The presiding judge took no notice until after he had been sworn in, and then he begged to know how he had incurred the Emperor's displeasure. The Emperor answered: 'To tell the truth, I did not know you were so young.' 'True, Sire,' was the reply; 'I am no older than was your majesty at the Battle of Marengo!' The same judge, during the reign of CHARLES, and shortly before the Revolution of July, while some of the prosecutions of POLIGNAC's admini-

istration were pending in his court, was at a levee of the Minister of the Interior. The minister took occasion to speak to him of the impending trial, and was rash enough to say to the judge that the King would consider a proper judgment in the case as a favor rendered to the government. 'Sir,' was the reply, 'my court renders judgment, not service!' These two stories I heard from a French gentleman, whose acquaintance I formed under these circumstances: One afternoon I went to my chambers on some mere formal matters, and I found them full of gentlemen, who had made an appointment there in regard to a case of great interest under the last treaty with France. I complained of their having done so, because my time was so much occupied, and there were some six or seven other judges in the Hall, who had much more leisure, to whom they ought to have applied. They listened to my scolding with respect, but in silence, no one of them suggesting their going to any other judge. This fretted me more yet, and I scolded still harder about it. The same respectful silence ensued, until the French gentleman (and who but a Frenchman could have done it?) remarked to me, that 'he hoped His Honor would view the matter in its true light, as a homage to his ability. It was so seldom that they could find an independent judge!' Could any thing be invented more effectually to disarm a man in a fret? . . . THERE was something very touching and most pleasant in hearing just now, from the lips of a dear little girl—her soft white feet buried the while in the fur of the doe-skin rug before the fire—the following lines, repeated with that kind of pronunciation which gives to the language of little people such an inexpressible charm:

'I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

'I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look, when he said,  
'Let the little ones come unto me!'

'But a beautiful place he is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

THANKS to 'E. L. C.' of Vermont for his good opinion and good stories. We are proud of the one and pleased with the other: 'I have been looking through your *Editor's Table*, which is just the thing for this particularly cold Tuesday eve. I hope your friend actually *'heard'* that first grace of the new convert; I won't say he did n't; of course, *sed dubitatur*. A quaint friend of mine heard it too, and relates it better. It was not a convert who was the 'subject,' but a wicked scamp, who used to raise particular purgatory about Middlebury College, and a chum of the friend aforesaid. He had 'taken a shine' to the daughter of a staid old deacon, who used frequently to invite him to dinner. The deacon one day called upon him to ask the customary blessing, and not wishing to have it understood that there was any one thing he could not do, he made the offer. Hastily recollecting all he could of the usual form, he began and made an excellent start of it, but for his life could not tell how to close it off. It was easier to go on than to stop. Finally, making a desperate dash after a period, he closed off thus: 'In conclusion, my dear Sir, I remain very respectfully and truly your obedient servant!' He has not dined with *that* deacon since! — NED P—, who is my authority for the above, gives a spicy account of his examination in one of

the sciences at the same university. The time usually allotted for the study of geology was, as he thought, more profitably employed in hunting-expeditions to East-Creek, and when examination-day came round, on this subject he was not particularly learned. Professor A — looked upon geology with perfect adoration, and however wide of the mark a student's answer might be, his grave and solemn countenance gave no sign to the hapless examiner of the incorrectness of his response. 'Young gentleman,' said the Professor to P —, 'You — will — describe — horne — blende,' a task as difficult for him as to describe the King of the Mosquitos. He tried it, however: 'Horneblende is a mineral, generally supposed to be a stone.' Here he hesitated, to give the Professor time to correct him if he was wrong. Judging from his unmoved features that he had struck the right vein, he dashed on: 'Of an animalcular consistency and infusorial form; unctuous to the touch; tertiary formation; slightly femiginous; of a spotted color; belonging to the triassic system of compound drift; and is usually found just below the crust of the palaeozoic rocks on Snake Mountain!' 'Anything more?' meekly inquired the Professor. No, that was all he recollected. 'Well, young man,' said he, gravely, 'if you should ever discover any article of the kind you have been describing, you stand a chance of becoming very celebrated, if you will only make it known. It was never hitherto supposed to exist, by the scientific world.' He was not marked higher than seventeen for this proficiency. — SPEAKING of East-Creek, perhaps you are one of those bloody-minded men who sometimes shoot black ducks. If you are, leave 'old Long-Inland's sea-girt shore' and your friend HERBERT's fancy guns, and number-six shot behind you, and go with me next August to East-Creek. You shall see the 'birds' by hundreds, tame as a politician after he has lost an election. HIRAM BRAMBLE, the lord of the parts adjacent, shall be our oarsman. HIRAM has shot ducks and fished for pouts here, off and on, for the last fifty years, and a curiosity he is; wise in all things but books; 'on them he gives in.' I was treating HIRAM to a steak-supper after a hard day's hunting and harder luck last autumn, at which I noticed he did sorry justice to the smoking viands. 'What, HIRAM,' said I, 'through so soon? You have not eaten enough, have you?' 'Wal,' he replied, 'you have bin to college and ort to know all about such things, and I'm an ignorant man, and do n't know but leetle. Ef you think I haint eat enough, I'll begin agin.' Deferential this, but a mournful example of the ignorance of the lower classes, even in this favored 'ked'ntry.' But in all seriousness, leave that bee-hive in which you are toiling, with its smoke-dried inmates, for a month next summer. Come up and spend it in 'God's first temples' with some friends of yours, who are none the less warm because they have never seen you, and their acquaintance has been only through 'KNICK.' It will add a year to your life.' . . . *'The Dignity of Non-Complaint'* is the title of a passage which we find copied into our note-book, some four or five years ago. It is assigned to no author, nor can we recollect at this moment whence we obtained it. But whoever may have written it, it is replete with true philosophy, and is expressed with equal ease and energy:

'ONE cannot help admiring the spirit of the man who, on being asked if he had not been complaining lately, answered: 'I have been ill, but I never complain.' It were of course too stoical to be amiable, if one were to determine *never* to complain. Our social feelings go against so extreme a resolution, and announce that, as it is right to give sympathy, so it cannot be wrong, under proper circumstances, to ask it. But certainly it is only in special circumstances and relations that complaint is allowable or politic. The allowableness of complaint is determined by circumstances and relations. We may complain in the presence of those whom we know take an interest in us with less risk than we can in other company. We may more allowably complain of a common wo of ha-

manity than of some special personal evil. A man would not care to fret about a pricked finger to his wife, while the savage suffers unimaginable pains at the stake with an unmoved countenance; he

— 'may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

To have been the victim of an influenza may be spoken of freely and dolorously, within moderate bounds; but it is different if we are only recovering from an affront or a slight, where our own self-respect was alone concerned, because *there* sympathy comes less freely, if at all, or is liable to be mixed with no very reverential feeling. It is from a sense of this philosophy that those who complain about any personal vexation usually endeavor to take from its egotistic character by allying it to a public cause: 'It is my turn to be alighted or slandered to-day; it may be yours to-morrow.' Or, 'Such attacks, though I care nothing for them myself, are reprehensible on general grounds.' And so forth. But such efforts are in reality a confession that there is something felt to be weak and unworthy, generally speaking, in complaint. . . . Take for example the man of art; that is, the man who by the chisel, the brush, the pen, or the use of his brain and fingers for the production of music, works out results for the gratification and improvement of his fellow-creatures. If such a man finds his works neglected, will it improve his case to complain? Assuredly not. He may imagine there is some accidental or mischievous cause for the neglect, instead of his own deficiency of merit. But such suppositions, if expressed, only bring down ridicule upon his head. He may be severely handled by critics; but to complain of this, or attempt to put in something in arrest of judgment, or to retort upon the judge, can only injure him further with the public.

Perhaps the ultimate source of the good to be derived from non-complaint is its convenience to the general interest. Every one has his own woes; it is not, therefore, surprising that few feel aggrieved by hearing little of the distresses of their friends, however willing to give sympathy if complaint is actually made. It is, therefore, as good for us as it is dignified on the part of the sufferer, that he should trouble us as little as possible with his distresses. Having, as life and the world go, far more need to be associated with what is cheering and encouraging than with the reverse, we are unavoidably attracted to the train of the successful and self-helpful, the gay and buoyant, even without any regard to tangible benefits derivable from them, while the unprosperous are too apt to be left pining in solitude. It is human nature to give pity and succor to the latter when the claim is directly presented, but in all circumstances to cling fast to and idolize the former, as something good, tutelary and beautiful. For such reasons it must be that complaint, necessarily associated in our minds with infirmity, never can produce respect. So it must be that we admire, as the next best to success and greatness, the magnanimity which betrays not defeat or injury. Our thrilling reverence for him who suffers in silence is mixed with a thankfulness that, in the maze of our own special evils, we have not the addition of listening to, and administering to his.

I would then recommend the principle of non-complaint as one which it is useful to follow, under certain limitation. To shut ourselves up in a stoical indifference on all occasions, were at once unamiable and unwise. To consult nothing but dignity on this point, were to become detestable. Much would we prefer the man, weak as a woman's tear, to him who stood perpetually in a marble-like rigidity, professedly superior to all grief. The fullest allowance is to be made on that side. And particularly would we insist that, in the domestic circle and among true friends, there should be a full communion and frankness on every passing trouble requiring counsel and assistance. Poured into a loving and kindred bosom, our griefs are sacred; reposing this confidence, we ourselves become objects of only increased tenderness. A disposition having regard to the happiness of others will at once perceive where to draw the line of distinction between what ought and what ought not to be complained of; between what is a proper subject for the condolence of others and that which would only unnecessarily vex and annoy them. We have all enough of sorrows of our own, without being unduly burdened with those of others; and, depend upon it, there is none more unamiable, or more generally shunned, than the fretful and querulous. Of troubles incidental to all, it is also to be admitted that complaint is legitimate, so far as it may lead to a remedy, or to a union of our common brotherhood in the bonds of sympathy. But undoubtedly, as a general rule, apart from these exceptions, there is much to be admired in non-complaint; the course pointed out alike by considerations for others and respect for ourselves. And I would hold this as an apothegm never to be swerved from; respecting all egotistic sufferings whatever, from great injustices down to the most petty annoyances and incivilities, cultivate the glorious power of bearing in silence.

A PLEASANT 'down-cast' correspondent sends us a 'batch' of legal anecdotes, several of which are very amusing. We annex a few: 'Some years ago a case was on



trial before the Supreme Court of Maine, in one of the eastern counties, in which the plaintiff sought to recover compensation for an alleged injury to his fishing-privilege, occasioned by the erection of a mill-dam by the defendants. The testimony on the part of the plaintiff was clear and conclusive, and it was supposed the case would be submitted to the jury without the production of any witnesses by defendants; but after some consultation their counsel finally called an old rough weather-beaten fisherman, who was interrogated as to the habits of the salmon, and the effect of the dam. He stated among other things, that he had known salmon to 'go up right over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular!' 'What is that, Mr. Witness?' said the judge; 'do I understand you to say that salmon will go over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular?' 'Why, sartin! Your honor do n't know no more about them are fish than a child. Why look here, your honor, I live on a p'int of land 'at makes eout into the river so, (drawing a map on the witnesses'-box) and, ye see, the salmon going up have to go clear round this here p'int. Wal, your honor, the fish coming up the river, spiteful-like, when they get off ag'in my house, leap clear across, right over my house and barn, a hundred and fifty feet at least, your honor. I've picked up fat ones, your honor, too heavy to fetch across, many a time.' The court had listened in mute astonishment, but the next moment the peremptory order: 'Mr. Sheriff, put that man out of the house!' was heard above an irrepressible burst of laughter.'— 'A somewhat distinguished advocate, in the county of P——, while earnestly presenting his case to the jury, paid the following eloquent tribute to the memory of SHAKESPEARE: 'Gentlemen of the jury, some two or three hundred years ago there lived a man whose name was SHAKESPEARE. You've all perhaps heard of him. He was a self-made man, gentlemen, and he possessed a deep knowledge of human nature. His sayings and opinions have passed into proverbs, and are in the mouths of all the people, and are therefore entitled to great weight with you. Now SHAKESPEARE says:

'TAKE my life — my all, but keep your hands out of my breeches pocket'

Will some one find the passage?' — SOME witnesses come into court with the belief that they are only bound to testify to such facts as favor the party by whom they are called. A curious illustration of this occurred at a trial in the county of C——. A witness, strongly impressed with this opinion, was under examination. The court for some time had been trying to follow him in his windings and doublings as to some material point, and at last somewhat impatiently demanded an explanation. 'Judge,' says the witness, in an under tone, with a knowing look, and a gesture of caution, 'Between you and me, the less we say about *that* the better!' — 'A LEARNED counsellor, who occasionally tried the patience of the court by being somewhat diffuse, in opening an argument before the late learned Chief Justice W——, had addressed the spectators in a rather longer and more powerful strain than usual, and concluded by saying: 'And now, may it please your honor, I will proceed to the merits of the case.' 'I should have been pleased,' said the Chief Justice, with a frown as dark as midnight, 'if you had done it half an hour ago.' . . . THE following conception of '*Adam and Eve's First Morning Song*' has been translated for us by S. C. MAGNUSSON from the Swedish of Mrs. SENGREN. Miss BREMER speaks of the writer in terms of cordial praise:

'LOVELY in its new-born beauty was Nature. The third day's sun rose up in heaven, the dew spring sparkled and danced in gladness, and the newly-created animals gazed upon each other in mute wonder. Peace was yet unbroken. Even the smallest worm shared in the general happiness. Blest harmony reigned over all, and its breath gushed forth in every breeze. The hind cooingly

fawned upon the tiger, as they grazed side by side. The lamb fearlessly played with its king, the lion. The rose was thornless. The flower concealed no poison. The sparrow sought protection under the huge wing of the eagle. Love actuated all creation. Kindled by a holy emotion, Eden's angelic pair now sent up this first song of praise to ALLFATHER: 'Thou who from the clear height above beholdest earth as thy footstool, to Thee, O! FATHER, we lift our eyes: accept our sighs of happiness. Thou who createst all beings, studded the firmament with bright jewels, and adorned the earth with beauty, God of all goodness, heaven and earth praise THEE: The smallest flower that blooms displays thy ALMIGHTY power in every leaf and bud. The fresh perfume of the fields rises up to THEE like sweet incense. The babbling brook and twittering bird raise their voices in thine honor. The beautiful flower, the glittering dew, all, all praise thee, O! FATHER. And we, oh! LORD, highly exalt thy power in Creation. Thou hast made our tongues flexible, and our voices to utter sounds. Where'er our thoughts can reach, all that vision can embrace, excites adoration for Nature's great author. Kind art thou beyond all thought; happy and glorious is our lot; great is the power which THOU hast given us over what all other intelligences possess! Holy shall be our song of praise. Everlastingly good is God! Rocks and mountains answer, 'Everlastingly good is God.'

WE have been much interested in looking over an account, which we have lately received, of the transactions of several of the large English publishing houses. Although many of our own establishments may rival the English ones in the number of their publications, yet as we Americans have the opportunity of taking up the best English works for the mere price of the copy to print from, it follows that in amount of capital invested, the English publishers are largely in advance of our own. Of the London publishers of select English works, and of standard novels and romances, BENTLEY stands unquestionably at the head, both as regards the variety and extent of his publications, and also the amount of capital embarked in literary enterprises. Few publishers have paid so high prices for works of literature as Mr. BENTLEY. To Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, for the Alhambra, Mr. BENTLEY paid one thousand guineas, and to Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, for *three years'* copy-right of HAROLD, one thousand six hundred pounds. For the mss. alone of the Rupert and Fairfax publications, Mr. BENTLEY paid two thousand pounds: this is independent of the labors of Mr. ELIOT WARBURTON on Rupert, and Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. BELL on Fairfax, so that nearly six thousand pounds have been embarked by Mr. BENTLEY in these two works alone. No English publisher has brought out one half the number of American works; indeed the liberality of Mr. BENTLEY toward American authors is well known, and he is now identified with the literature of this country. . . . Do n't turn away with a 'pish!' because we take the liberty of calling your attention to '*Ossian's Address to the Sun.*' It is not new, certainly; but when 'old things have passed away' from the memory, they well nigh 'become new' on being recalled again from one of its cells. And then the great beauty of the excerpt will always commend it to admiration:

'O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thine everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty! the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls and lightning flies; then thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughed at the storm. But to OSSIAN, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me; for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds; when the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plains, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.'

WE have received a work entitled '*Consumption, its Prevention and Cure by the Water-Treatment*,' by JOEL SHEW. We are no partisans of the water-cure, preferring when the time comes to be sent out of the world in the canonical way, at the hands of a regular physician. A coroner's jury might not pronounce it a natural death, unless it had been preceded by a course of medicine. There is something, however, pleasing to the imagination in the idea of washing away the causes of disease, in the pure element which was the only beverage of ADAM before the fall, and which in all ages has been to so great an extent both the theme and the source of poetic inspiration. It would be a beautiful illustration of the DIVINE benignity if it should prove that the diseases of the human frame can find their most potent remedy in the water which gushes from a thousand springs at our feet, or 'falleth in the gentle rain from heaven,' with an efficacious virtue no less admirable for restoration than for refreshment. At all events, we can recommend a large portion of the water-cure literature with a perfectly clear conscience. We have a good deal of faith in its power as a preventive of disease, whatever may be thought of the system as a remedy. It has enlisted the service of some of the finest minds and the most agreeable writers of the age. The present work on Consumption cannot be read without decided advantage by those who have reason to dread the fell destroyer, of which so many of the loveliest and the most distinguished are the victims annually in this country. It is written in an easy, direct, flowing style, and without making any ambitious pretensions to scientific acuteness, (pretensions by the by which it is far easier to make than to fulfil) it treats the subject in a plain, common sense manner, which cannot fail to give valuable hints, at least, to all whose 'eyes are in their head,' where we are told the wise man's should be. The upshot of the whole book is 'wash and be clean,' and do not think to drive away consumption by making a medicine-chest of your stomach. The work is published by Messrs. FOWLERS AND WELLS, Number 131 Nassau-street, New-York. . . . WE thank MRS. CAROLINE H. CHANDLER for the touching lines, '*A Mother's Thought*.' Let us hope that in her bereavement she may, as time rolls on, come to feel with SCHILLER, that 'The cut-off buds of earth will find some stem upon which they will be engrafted, these flowers which fold themselves to sleep in the morning hour, will find a morning sun to awaken them.' It is 'well with the child.'

'WHEN thou, dear child, wrapt in unconscious sleep  
Within my circling arms thy form did'st lay,  
From troubled rest, I oft would start and weep,  
And dream some power had borne thee far away.  
Pale with affright, and trembling with my fears,  
I woke, to find the slumbering on my heart,  
And, with a gush of warm and grateful tears,  
I bade the visionary drowd depart.

'But now, when sinking to my lonely rest,  
Brooding o'er memories of thine infant charms,  
In my false dreams I lull thee on my breast,  
And fold thee, soft and warm, within mine arms.  
Who then shall tell the anguish of my soul,  
When the chill morning cometh, bleak and lone  
When the sweet spell which o'er my senses stole,  
Hath vanished, and I wake—to find thee gone!

'We have a good story in this neighborhood,' writes a western friend, 'in regard to the approaching season of Lent. Perhaps you may think it good enough to enbalm in your Editor's Table. A devout but rather simple Episcopalian noticed during the season of Lent that the church-bell was rung every day, and not understanding it, he turned one day to a brother in the church, and asked him what their bell was rung

for so often. Why, said his friend: 'It is Lent.' With charming simplicity, he replied '*Lent!* — who has *borrowed* it?' . . . We have to-day received the following 'Ke-awd' from our contemporary of 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff':

## A. K E Ä R D.

*Little Rock, Arkansas.*

THE Editor of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*' respectively informs his friends and patroons that he has come to Arkansaise in the fur West to see his brother, who has been sick for some time of the brown creeturs, and feared he 'd die ef I did n't come to once-t. We are happy to inform our adwertising list that he is now better, and coming to New-York with a woolen tippit about his neck to git Doctor FROST to swab out his throat with nutritive silver; arter that guess he 'll do well. If he do n't, I tell him he done all he could. This suckumstans will delay our issuo for the past month. But our paper-maker, roller-boy, Mr. THOMAS, and readers will please be in readinees for us ag'in we return. This is a good ked'ntry, but the streets not half so straght as they are in Bunkum, and the mud abundance. They got a newspaper here, but from his editorials, he can't write: he dono how to handle the pen. How hard it is to write good! We always had a weratility at writin' from our youth up. A trapper into the hotel wanted me last night to go with him way down south arter buffalo, but although I 'd like skin or two for slaying-time, I told him not. I'm wonnerful feared of Ingens. I do think, should I see a live Ingen attackt me in the middle of a parayrie, for to kill me, I should sink right deown and gi'n up without strikin' a blow, though in genneral brave. But I can't help it. Some men is afeerd of a cat. I do n't care for squaws. I seen some pretty hansome squaws in my day. But enough at this time from your affectionate brother,

'WAGSTAFF'.

—  
READER, did you never think the thoughts so beautifully embodied in the following lines? We have had such thoughts a thousand times:

'Where are the birds that sang  
A hundred years ago?  
The flowers that all in beauty sprang  
A hundred years ago?  
The lips that smiled,  
The eyes that wild  
In flashes shone  
Soft eyes upon:  
Where, O where are lips and eyes,  
The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,  
That were so long ago?

'Who peopled all the city's streets  
A hundred years ago?  
Who filled the church with faces meek  
A hundred years ago?  
The sneering tale  
Of sister frail,  
The plot that worked  
Another's hurt:  
Where, O where are plots and sneers,  
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
That were so long ago?

'Where are the graves where dead men slept  
A hundred years ago?  
Who, while living, oft-times wept,  
A hundred years ago?  
By other men  
They knew not then  
Their lands are tilled,  
Their homes are filled:  
Yet nature then was just as gay,  
And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
A hundred years ago!

—  
THE following anecdote of '*Dr. Maginn at the Tomb of John Bunyan*' is from '*The Presbyterian*' weekly journal: 'BUNYAN was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb is often visited. Not long ago a funeral took place there, which was attended among others by the celebrated Doctor MAGINN, for a long time one of the most brilliant writers for *Blackwood's Magazine*. As soon as the ceremony was over the

Doctor said to the sexton: 'Grave-digger, show me the tomb of JOHN BUNYAN!' The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by MAGINN, who seemed deeply thoughtful. As they approached the place the Doctor stopped, and touching him on the shoulder, said: 'Tread lightly.' MAGINN bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, deeply affected, and at length exclaimed, in solemn tones, as he turned away: 'Sleep on! thou prince of dreamers!' The 'dreamer' had lain there one hundred and fifty years, but no lapse of time has destroyed the spell which he still holds over the strongest minds.' . . . This is something in the style of phonographical reporting: 'Fi nu whr t fnd th gntlmn t whm th noled nt s drd, i'd ml t frthwth, z t ma b'v vtl mprtns. Fu pblsh ths kmnksn, pls dnt us mi nm.' In other words: 'If I knew where to find the gentleman to whom the enclosed note is addressed, I would mail it forthwith, as it may be of vital importance. If you publish this communication, please do n't use my name.' Our esteemed friend and correspondent, DR. BETHUNE, relates an amusing instance of a phonographic blunder. Reading one morning a report of one of his discourses of the day before, he found the remark, 'And the Adversary came among them and sowed tares,' printed as follows: 'And the Adversary came among them and *sawed trees!*' The mistake arose in transcribing from the clipped words '*sd tre.*' . . . It is related of a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church 'away down east,' that being on a visit to a neighboring town, one of the brethren asked him how the society to which he was attached was getting on. 'O pretty well,' said he; 'but just at present our precise elder and circus-preacher are both absent, and we have to get along with our locus-preacher and ex-hausters!' . . . 'Mr. Gibson and his Bride at Niagara' made us laugh 'some-dele.' 'Mr. Gibson,' says our northern correspondent, 'is a Scotchman, with hair so flaming red, and a complexion so bright and ruddy, that he is always called RUFUS GIBSON. He was married three years ago last November to a delicate-complexioned Pennsylvanian; and they are now a very happy couple, notwithstanding their married life began under a cloud; nay, under a very water-spout. With better taste than is generally manifested on such occasions, they resolved to retire from the public gaze during the honey-moon; and in a conveyance, hired for the purpose, they determined to make a fortnight's tour, beginning with a visit to the Falls of Niagara. They were married early in the morning, sent their carriage on board an Albany boat, and arrived in that city about five in the afternoon. Like all judicious tourists, RUFUS had laid down a well-digested plan of the length of his daily drives, and the places of his nightly sojourn. His first afternoon's drive was to bring them about twenty-six miles, from Albany to the village of C——, at which place he knew they could obtain excellent accommodations. But Mr. GIBSON was not able to achieve that distance the same day; for before they had gone ten miles the evening began to close in; and many patches of dark gray clouds, which all the afternoon had blotched the sky, acted as if they had appointed the intended resting-place of Mr. and Mrs. GIBSON for *their* place of rendezvous also. The first privy counsel which Mr. and Mrs. GIBSON held was called on the existing state of things; and the unanimity with which they decided augured well for domestic harmony thereafter. It was carried *nem. con.* that their intention of proceeding that evening to C—— would, if persevered in, procure them a thorough drenching, and must therefore be abandoned; and that the first available caravansera they could attain to should be their stopping-place for the night. Their horse also was decidedly of the same opinion, and Mr. GIBSON's arm was already tired with whipping him, for we have already said he was a hired one, and showed his bones rather than his

'oats.' Time and trotting brought them to a road-side tavern; a mean-looking story-and-half house, unpainted and not quite completed, for the scaffolding yet remained against it. Nevertheless, they were in good humor with each other, and agreed to 'rough it' contentedly:

'A pair of chickens died,  
A dozen eggs were fried;'

and there was nothing in the supper to disturb the flow of spirits they seemed to vie with each other in manifesting, at being placed in so comical a predicament. Their prospect however for a lodging was not so promising. The best chamber they could obtain was one in the gable-end, with about three feet of wall on two sides; and unhewn, unceiled rafters over head; and shingles alone between them and the sky. The bedstead had four tall posts, which in some by-gone time had supported the frame work of a canopy, but of that no trace was left; but what alarmed them most, was the insufficiency of the roof to keep out the rain, that just then began to rattle on the shingles, like peas on a glass window. Still Mr. Gibson was determined to sustain the part of the laughing philosopher, and his bride took the cue, and acted in a manner worthy the wife of such a DEMOCRITUS. It was in this pleasant vein that RUFUS moved the bed from place to place, till he found one over which only one leak was running, and under this, adopting a suggestion of the landlady, he proceeded to suspend a reservoir, capacious enough to contain all that could possibly run through before morning. It was a goodly sized wash-tub, with a stout cord passed through each handle, and secured round two of the rafters: the scheme seemed to promise success to a marvel, and they bade the world good-night, to the soft melody of 'drops of water.' But better devised schemes than Mr. Gibson's have failed before now. He had made one mistake. The cord which was quite strong enough to bear the empty tub, was wholly inadequate to sustain the same tub when it was full of water; and it gave way about the time the little hours were growing bigger; in such a manner, that the bride and bridegroom received its whole contents in a perfect deluge! We will drop the curtain upon the scene which followed; nor state in detail, how RUFUS laid aside the character of the 'laughing philosopher,' and indeed of any philosopher at all; how, when he recovered his breath, he raised an alarm of 'fire;' and how they both sat shivering till day-light in the eating-room, in a corner of which, on a 'shake-down,' lay a couple of drovers, snoring a diapason worthy of the Harlem organ. Mr. and Mrs. GIBSON now reside in the west, and RUFUS has many friends; but among them all, there is not one hardy enough to ask him, if he has ever visited the *Falls of Niagara*. . . . 'The Christmas Bell' was the title of a neat little sheet, issued occasionally, devoted to the 'Ladies' Fair for the House of Protection,' recently held at Constitution Hall in Broadway. It contained many very clever things, both in prose and verse; and we know at least one rare wit who had a hand in supplying the matériel for its columns. 'The Resolute Sexton' is a capital poetical elaboration of an actual occurrence. The following explains the great advantage of advertising:

'LAST Wednesday we inserted the following advertisement for a young man, and on Thursday the situation was ably filled by a professional gentleman of unquestionable ability, every way qualified to hold so important an office:

'WANTED. — A young man who has received a classical education and can play the German flute, to circulate this paper. No compensation for the first week. Apply at the office.'

HEAR NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE upon *Long Noses*: 'Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done I choose a man, provided his education has been

suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together.' Here are some amusing examples of '*Neglecting the Antecedent*':

'Some very whimsical instances of this occur continually, especially in the answers of witnesses when given literally as they speak. In a late assault case the prosecutor swore that 'the prisoner struck him with a broom on his head till he broke the top of it?' In narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a cart *aged sixty*. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot and put it in?' Another, swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy which he swallowed,' which seems to mean the boy, not the money; but still the sentence is correct. An old fellow who for many years sold combustible matches in London, had the following cry: 'Buy a pennyworth of matches of a poor old man made of foreign wood!'

The 'Bell' went in for '*Fashionable Intelligence*' also; as its opera-reports sufficiently evince. *Voilà*:

'Our reporter having been despatched yesterday to distribute the paper among the up-town subscribers, in the absence of the boy, had the impudence not only to go to the opera without leave, but to furnish the following account of what he heard and saw. N. B. We dismissed him from the office *ipso facto*.'

'The opera was brilliantly attended last evening to hear BERTUCCA in the *role* of 'LUCIA.' We have but one fault to find with this inimitable artist: a want of *crescendo* in the *staccato* movements, by which she falls two bars short of her *cantabile* in the *Pirricato* notes running from H. to L., thereby leaving the *allegretto* bare and unsupported by her *appoggio*. FORTI and BENEVENTANO, ever great in their respective *roles*, were only surpassed by the prompter. We never heard this glorious artist to more advantage; his rough, stentorian notes soaring above all others, kept up the pleasing delusion of a drunken man in the pit, and frequently suggested to you the inchoate exclamation of 'Turn him out!' . . . SPAGNOLETTI, the other day, in speaking of his first viola player, declared that, both as a man and musician, he was most praiseworthy; as a man, for the tenor of his conduct, as a musician, for the conduct of his tenor.'

Among the smaller excerpts we learn '*How to kick a Man with Impunity*:' 'Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. 'I will engage,' said one to the other, 'to give the man before us a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry.' He did as he had undertaken to do: the man turned round and looked astonished. 'I beg your pardon,' said the kicker; 'I took you to be the DUKE DE LA TREMOUILLE!' The duke was very handsome, the kicked man very plain; he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.' The following is very curious: 'There was a man once imprisoned in a very high tower, and how do you suppose he got down? *By his hair*! It had grown long during the period of his captivity; he cut it off, and uniting one hair with another by a little knot, he let down the gossamer line into the ditch of the tower, where a friend of his tied a fine silken end to it. He drew it up, and to the end of the silk was tied a thread, to the thread a piece of twine, and finally a good strong rope, by means of which he reached the ground.' . . . No, friend 'S——,' it is not so. Let the LAW lay its hard cold hand upon a man; let him go to prison; let his bearing be downcast, his appearance hirsute, his garments awry, and smelling of his cell, and even his friends distrusting and estranged; and do you think 'the mass' then will pity him? Not a bit of it! — No, Sir:

— 'RATHER believe the sea  
Weeps for the ruined merchant when he roars;  
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails  
When the strong cordage cracks!'

All this may be wisely ordained as one of the added penalties of crime; but the fact is so: and yet it is *all wrong* — *wrong*! . . . In order to send the present number to our English agents by 'The Europa,' which sailed on the twentieth of February, we were compelled to go to press by the sixteenth; omitting, in the consequent hurry, notices of many new works, HUNTINGTON's admirable collection of paintings (which the town reader must not fail to visit), together with other artistical and literary matters, which shall receive due attention in our next.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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EDMOND CHARLES GENET.

THE recent difficulties between the present administration and Mr. Poussin has called forth many editorials in this country and Europe, reflecting upon the character of one long since called to his final resting-place. His dust commingles with that of his adopted country. The hand which once wielded an eloquent pen is powerless; the heart which sympathized with the oppressed, palpitates no more. He who once pleaded the cause and defended the rights of France, slumbers under a monumental stone, which tells the passer-by that GENET is no longer able to repel the attacks of calumny which have been crowded upon his character. He has departed from that world in which he met with so many and grievous misfortunes; he is no longer a member of that community, the members of which, for so many years, seem to have united for the purpose of loading his name with disgrace, of denying him even the privilege of self-justification, and of rendering his name hateful to succeeding generations. He has been accused, and, unheard, has been deemed guilty of the blackest crimes, of the most inconsiderate temerity, of the most shameless ingratitude; and the whole community seem to have acquiesced in the righteousness of the decision. As is often the case, after the suffering object of all these calumnies is at length secure from farther trials; after Death, kinder than his persecutors, has at last permitted him to exchange his residence in that world from the enjoyment of which its inhabitants seemed eager to exclude him, for a state of existence where sorrow shall be no longer, and where every man's true motives are understood and allowed, some inquiry seems to be manifested whether in all cases justice had been done him; whether the violence of party spirit has not cast upon him imputations which he did not deserve. In preparing the following sketch of this eminent man, dates and facts of his early life, before his history became interwoven with that of our own country, with much information in relation to his pursuits since he retired from public life, will be accurately related.

There are perhaps few individuals in the United States who are



fully aware of the high estimation in which Mr. Genet was deservedly held in his own country, and of the numerous and responsible offices which he there filled. Fewer still are acquainted with his high standing among the distinguished literati of his land, of the extent of his acquirements in the arts and sciences, and of the early age at which his brilliant and precocious genius was developed. It was truly said of him, by one well acquainted with his life and character :

‘For at thy birth did bright-eyed Genius come,  
Her wreath of glory round thy brow to twine,  
And from that hour, till summoned to the tomb,  
Thou wert her chosen one, and she was thine : ]  
Philosophy ! that soarest amid the skies,  
Or earth’s profoundest, darkest depths explores ;  
That o’er each mute or living region flies,  
And flings her glance to earth’s remotest shores,  
She, too, beheld thy blooming youth with joy,  
In thee her child of promise did she hail ;  
Nor did the rising glories of her boy  
In manhood’s ripened odor fade or fail.’

Mr. Genet was a member of one of the first families in France. His father, Edmond Jacques Genet, was a native of that country, but received part of his education in England, whither he went as secretary of legation in 1763. He was at the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs for forty-five years, was a man of very distinguished talents and learning, a member of the Academy of Sciences, was the warmest friend America had in France, and probably did more for the cause of this country than any other person there. He married a lady of the family of De Quay, of Holland. Their eldest daughter was Madame Campan, the devoted friend and first *femme-de-chambre* of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and so accomplished, that at the age of fourteen, speaking and understanding several languages perfectly, she was appointed reader to the daughters of Louis the Fifteenth. Their second daughter was Madame Anguie, one of the most beautiful women of the court of France, and mother of the wife of Marshal Ney, and of the unfortunate Madame la Marchalle de Broc, who met with an untimely death, accompanying the Queen Hortense across a bridge in Holland. Madame Rousseau and Madame Pannelier, two other daughters, (sisters) occupied honorable stations at court. The latter, the last of the family in France, has deceased.

EDMOND CHARLES GENET, the principal subject of this article, was the youngest child of his parents, and was born January eighth, 1763. He received his education from approved instructors in his father’s house, and was remarkable for the early and precocious development of intellectual powers. At twelve years of age, he received a beautiful gold medal, accompanied by a very flattering letter from Gustavus the Third, for a translation of the history of Eric the Fourteenth into the Swedish language, with historical remarks by himself. This translation, and a treatise on the affinities of the Greek and Finlandish languages, procured his admission as a member of the societies of Upsal and Stockholm. Both his father and himself were members also of the French Academy of Sciences. His own extraordinary worth and talents, and the high favor which his family enjoyed at the court of Louis the Sixteenth, procured for him at an early age, hitherto unprecedented, many

offices of honor and trust. At the age of fourteen he was admitted as one of the secretaries in his father's office in the Department of Foreign Affairs, and soon after was appointed interpreting secretary to Monsieur, eldest brother of Louis the Sixteenth, and since, Louis the Eighteenth. At the age of fifteen, the king gave him a commission in the corps of dragoons. He was afterward attached to the first, and then to the second regiment as captain, under the command of the Duke de Luynes. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Brest to share in an expedition which was preparing for the 'United States,' but which did not take place.

By the request of the Count de Vergemus, minister of foreign affairs, he was sent to the University of Geissen, to acquire a perfect knowledge of the German language, and became a member after one year's residence. In 1780 he was sent to Berlin, attached to the embassy of the Count de Pons. He then accompanied the Baron de Beteuil to Vienna, as Secretary of Legation, from whence he returned in 1788, to stand by the death-bed of his revered and justly beloved father. He had previously visited England on the occasion of the peace of 1783, as acting Secretary of Legation to the Count de Mousquier. On the decease of his father, the king was induced by the reputation and acquirements of young Genet, to preserve for him, at the age of eighteen, the important posts which the father had occupied in the Departments of Foreign Affairs, of the Navy and of War. But on the approach of revolutionary troubles, his office was suppressed, and he was allowed a pension. He then accompanied the Count de Legen to the Court of St. Petersburg, as first secretary of that embassy. He soon became Charge d'Affaires, and remained in Russia in that capacity for the term of five years, on the expulsion of Louis the Sixteenth from the throne of France in 1793. Mr. Genet was notified by the Empress of Russia to leave her dominions, against which he made an eloquent protest, which was the cause of his being received at Paris by the council of government in the most flattering manner. He was immediately appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland, and Adjutant-General of the Armies of the Republic, and was sent to the Army of Montesquieu, charged with a mission from the government. On the supposition that Mr. Genet would be more useful in America than in Holland, he was sent to this country as Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul-General. Madame Roland, in her appeal to posterity, speaks in the following manner:

'The choice of an envoy to the United States was conducted with wisdom. Brissôt was actuated by no personal interest; he was the last man in the world to be so influenced; he mentioned Genet, who was just returned from Russia, and who, beside being conversant with diplomatic affairs, possessed all the moral virtues and all the information that could render him agreeable to a serious people. That proposal was wise; it was supported by every possible consideration. I saw Genet; I desired to see him again, and should always be delighted with his company. His judgment is solid and his mind enlightened; he has as much amenity as decency of manners; his conversation is instructive and agreeable, and equally free from pedantry and from affectation;

gentleness, propriety, grace and reason, are his characteristics; and with all this merit he unites the advantage of speaking English with fluency. Let the ignorant Robespierre and the extravagant Chabot declaim against such a man, by calling him the friend of Brissôt; let them procure, by their clamors, the recall of the one and the trial of the other; they will only add to the proofs of their own villany and stupidity, without hurting the fame of those whom they may find means to deprive of existence.'

We have now arrived at a most important period, not only in the life of Citizen Genet but in the history of the United States. It is not our intention to recount minutely the events of this interesting period; neither time nor space will allow of such a course. Every one who reads this sketch is doubtless acquainted with the relations of our historians; and it would be useless, even if it were convenient, to recapitulate at length the events which occurred while Mr. Genet was minister from France. Our only object will be to consider and refute the most flagrant charges which have been laid to his account. Mr. Genet was without doubt by nature endowed with an ardent temperament. Urged on, as he was, both by his natural disposition and by the support of a large and respectable party, and encouraged by many of the prominent men who contributed to the acquirement of the American Independence, combined with the positive instructions of his government, he may have been imprudent; he may have used language, the tendency of which was rather to widen the breach than to affect a union between the two countries; but that he ever intentionally went contrary to the authorities of our country, we do not believe. He might have erred; he could not have been criminal, for that is the part of villains, and a more generous, a more philanthropic man than Citizen Genet perhaps never existed.

Mr. Genet was a stranger: he had been accustomed to look to our country as the great fountain head of liberty, from which streams might and ought naturally to flow to refresh and gladden the hearts of the benighted of other nations, who were groping after the way to political salvation. Naturally enthusiastic, he was disposed to consider the loud manifestations of joy at his arrival, the feasts, the illuminations which followed that event, as expressing the feelings of the whole community. Every where as he passed, he was surrounded by crowds and greeted with acclamations, and ignorant of the state of parties, ignorant of the different states of feeling which existed in different sections of our vast country, he was inclined to attribute the same opinions to the whole body of the people.

When, then, he found our government so formal, after expecting to find it sharing in the same enthusiasm with its citizens; so reluctant after expecting to find it eager to assist her old benefactor in the struggle for freedom; no wonder he was deeply chagrined; no wonder that his disappointment found a vent in expressions only to be equalled by the disappointment he experienced. We believe that we have stated the case with a strict regard to truth. We believe that no consideration could have induced him to violate the laws of truth and justice.

As to the intemperate language which he made use of in his diplomatic communications, it may be urged with great reason that such language was only a part of the temperature of the times, and the result of his own enthusiastic notions of liberty, and his disappointment at not finding them participated in by the then authorities of the country. But the tone of his communications was not, could not have been the only cause of his embroilment with the government, for every reader of history knows that M. Adet, subsequently Minister from France, was equally ardent in his views, and in his communications, used expressions far more exceptionable than any that can be found in the letters of Genet. Yet this did not give rise to any request for the recall of that minister. Far from it; it was then the policy of our government, on perceiving that the rising republic was likely to subdue her enemies, and unaided, throw off the Bourbon yoke, to receive with more condescension the advances of France, and she was accordingly inclined to put the most favorable construction upon his motives.

But it has been said, and repeatedly said, and the assertion has been adopted by all our historians as an undeniable fact, that Mr. Genet made a threat, and announced his intention since our government would not come to his terms, to appeal from the President to the people; to reject the decision of the constituted authorities, and submit the merits of his case to the citizens at large. Now, Mr. Genet was well aware that the only agent with whom he could legally treat in relation to the subjects of his mission, was the Executive authority, to whom the people had confided this important trust. To appeal, or attempt, or threaten to appeal, therefore, from the decisions of that authority to any other tribunal, would have been not merely improper but criminal; a violation of a fundamental principle of the law of nations. It is a serious allegation, and if established, must materially affect the character of Mr. Genet in the minds of all. It becomes us, therefore, with a corresponding spirit of candor, to examine the foundation of so serious a charge, and discover whether there exists sufficient evidence to warrant an unfavorable verdict. It is an important principle in law to consider every man innocent till the contrary is proved; but in Mr. Genet's case, the community has reversed this principle, and has suffered an unfavorable imputation to rest upon him because he has not taken it upon himself to prove its injustice.

The origin of the report was first fixed upon Mr. Jefferson, who denied it in an official memorandum. It was then attributed to Mr. A. J. Dallas, the secretary of Governor Mifflin, who was understood by certain persons to assert that Mr. Genet, in a private conversation with him, had made the threat so often alluded to; but upon Mr. Dallas being questioned, he would not state that Mr. Genet had made the threat imputed.

Now we appeal to any intelligent man to say how much he would suffer such testimony as this to weigh on his mind were he a juror, or to any judge, to tell us what sort of a charge he would deliver on the effect of such evidence. It may be asked if the evidence of the fact was so slight as is here represented, how came it to be so generally believed; how did it happen that we have it recorded in all our histories

as an undoubted fact. Two causes may be ascribed for the general adoption of this opinion. The first is, the care which was taken by the members of that party whose interest it was to destroy the good opinion which the people had formed of Mr. Genet, and to render him generally obnoxious, to spread abroad, as indisputable, the truth, not of what Mr. Dallas actually did say, but of what these gentlemen *wished* him to say, and to keep in the back-ground the slender grounds which they had for the circulation of the report. Messrs. John Jay and Rufus King, arriving in the city of New-York from the seat of government, not content with strengthening the rumor which had preceded them, and which there as elsewhere produced the greatest excitement, in private conversation, appeared in the morning papers as the authors of the following certificate :

‘12th Aug., 1793.

‘**Messrs. PRINTERS:** Certain late publications render it proper for us to authorize you to inform the public that a report having reached this city from Philadelphia, that Mr. GENET, the French Minister, had said he would appeal to the people, from certain decisions of the President, so we were asked on our return from that place, whether he had made such a declaration? We answered that he had; and we also mentioned it to others, authorizing them to say that we had informed them.

(Signed,)

JOHN JAY,  
RUFUS KING.

The disingenuousness, to use the softest term of this advertisement, must, I think, appear evident to every candid mind. To what do these gentlemen certify? not that Mr. Genet did threaten to appeal to the people, for they did not hear him; not that any person told them that he heard Mr. Genet make this remark, for such was not the fact: they only say that they have said that Mr. Genet made this threat, without referring to the evidence on which they relied to establish the truth of their report, and without saying that any evidence did exist.

By coming before the public in this manner, they produced generally upon the minds of the great mass of the people the same unfavorable opinions toward Mr. Genet as they would had they certified that they actually heard that minister make the offensive remark; while, it will be seen, they were themselves careful to avoid the responsibility of making such an assertion. Mr. Genet had a right to complain of the manner in which he had been treated. And he did complain; he appealed, not to the people, but to the proper authority: the law of the land. He instituted an action of libel against Messrs. Jay and King; and here we come to the second cause of the general belief in the truth of the allegation.

Before the trial came on, and soon after the arrival of his successor, M. Fauchet, in this country, Genet withdrew his complaint, without assigning any reasons. Because no reasons were given, it was presumed that none existed; and the fact of this withdrawal was at once declared to be *prima-facie* evidence, nay, a voluntary confession of guilt; for, were he conscious of the justice of his cause, would he be unwilling to have it investigated. But we consider this an unfair conclusion. He might have had reasons for what he did, which it would have been highly improper to disclose; and if a sense of justice would not have taught us to have withheld our decision while there was a probability, or even possibility, of innocence, that charity which we are commanded to extend to all our fellow-beings most certainly should. But fortunately

Mr. Genet has not left his reputation dependent upon the charity of mankind, for that were indeed a slender foundation. Before his death he detailed at large to a number of his family the circumstances of an interview which took place between himself and his successor, and which resulted in the withdrawal of the prosecution. This conversation was immediately committed to writing, and corrected by himself. It is well known that France was desirous to effect an accommodation with the United States at any rate. She had been led to believe that her interests had been injured by Mr. Genet, and on recalling him she sent M. Fauchet to this country to endeavor to persuade our government to recognise the principles which Mr. Genet had supported. It was doubtless a part of his instructions to inquire into the conduct of Mr. Genet, which had been unfavorably represented at home. He did so, and the result was honorable to both parties. He was persuaded of the innocence of his predecessor; immediately obtained an interview with that gentleman; stated the result of his inquiries, and his determination to represent to his government the good conduct of Mr. Genet in such a manner as should secure him a favorable reception on his return. But he continued: 'My country has one cause to be displeased with your conduct. You must remove that cause, and thereby show yourself a true friend of France. You must withdraw your suit against Messrs. Jay and King; the former is chief justice of the United States, the latter one of her senators in Congress, and they are two prominent supporters of the present administration. Your perseverance in this suit will have a tendency to irritate the President and his cabinet, and to frustrate the hopes I now entertain of effecting the objects of my mission.' Mr. Genet indignantly refused to leave his character undefended in the hands of his enemies; never would he consent to such a step. But a farther trial awaited him: Fauchet knew his man; he was evidently well acquainted with human nature. He produced four letters to Mr. Genet; one from each of his three sisters and one from his aged mother. He represented to Genet that these individuals, so dear to him, and who had hitherto escaped unscathed amid the horrors of that bloody period, were by a law of revolutionary France held responsible for his good conduct; that should he comply with the requisitions of government, they would remain untouched; but should he continue obstinate, it was not to be presumed that they would escape from the operation of the general law. This was too much for the firmness of Genet; his own life he would willingly have adventured for the preservation of his character; but that of his mother, his sisters, he had no right, no wish to do. He withdrew his suit, as would any man of common feeling, if placed under similar circumstances.

Mr. Dallas, on the seventh of December, 1793, nearly four months subsequent to the advertisement of Messrs. Jay and King, says in a letter: 'I am apprised that soon after the transaction of the report that Mr. Genet had used the expression in question, when it was reported to have been used by him in his conversation with Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Jefferson thought proper to remove impressions made by that circumstance in the report, he stated in an official memorandum

that Mr. Genet's declaration to appeal from the President to the people was not expressed to him, but to me. Whether Mr. Jefferson employed the language of his own inference from my recital on the occasion, or adopted the language of the current rumor, I will not attempt to say. I now most solemnly say, that Mr. Genet never did, in his conversation with me, declare that he would appeal from the President to the people, or that he would make any other appeal which conveyed to my mind the idea of exciting insurrection or tumult.'

We think enough has been said to show the utter want of evidence on which to rest the charge against Mr. Genet of threatening to appeal from the decisions of the executive to the people; and by the principles of common justice, this is sufficient to prove him innocent. But we have the direct assertion of Genet himself, and that too at a period of life when age must have softened feelings of indignation, and when calm reflection must have usurped the place of political zeal. A few weeks before his death he wrote a letter expressly for the purpose of contradicting the errors in relation to himself, which had found place in the histories of the day. In it he says expressly: 'Mr. Genet denies having threatened to make an appeal to the people against the system of neutrality adopted, and at last abandoned, by the federal government.' We leave it to a just public to say whether his assertion shall not be believed when put in competition with a second-hand report, founded on doubtful testimony. But it is said that Mr. Genet was not faithful to his own country, and by misrepresenting her interests excited the indignation of his government to so great a degree that he dared not return home. Now if his honest zeal for his country's cause had induced him to threaten an appeal to the people in her behalf, he would have been much more excusable than if he had turned traitor to his government, and injured, instead of defending, her interests. *Misrepresentation* did render his government for a time displeased with his conduct, but the inquiries of his successor resulted so far to his honor as entirely to reverse this opinion, and change displeasure into warm commendation. As a sufficient refutation of this groundless charge, take the following letter of Talleyrand's to Mr. Genet:

*'Paris, Seventh Fructidor, year seventh of the Republic, one and indivisible, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The Minister of Foreign Affairs to Citizen Genet:*

*'I HAVE much pleasure, citizen, to inform you, that the Executive Directory has made a decree, the seventh of this month, by which, after having erased definitively your name from the list of emigrants, it presses you to reënter the territory of the Republic. I congratulate myself with having contributed, as much as depended on me, to a determination that all the true friends of liberty, which you have served with so much zeal, desire to see taken. You will see in the decree, that the Directory imposes on you the obligation of returning within the three months which shall follow the notification of this decree. To fulfil in this respect the intentions of the government, I charge General ROSTER, Consul at New-York, to transmit to you an express of the decree, and to inform me of the day when it shall have reached you, that I may inform the Minister of Police of it.*

*'Health and brotherhood:*

*TALLEYRAND.'*

It will be seen by this letter that those charitable individuals were very much in error, who, because Genet did not return to France, presumed, as a natural inference, that he did not dare to. For our own part, we should have been willing, without this document, to have received as sufficient proof Mr. Genet's own account of his motives for remaining in this country, which he gives in the letter heretofore quoted,

in the following words: 'And he denies also having been afraid after the termination of his mission to return to France, from whose various governments, since the fall of the bloody Robespierre, who granted his recall, Mr. Genet has received the most flattering marks of approbation and esteem, as proved by the official documents in his hands. Mr. Genet has remained in America *because, being a sincere republican, he preferred it to Europe!*'

We have also the views of Messrs. Monroe and Thiers in relation to the acts of the French ministers and the American government during the French Revolution. In Thiers' history we find the following, vol. 4th, page 103 :

'Clouds had arisen between France and America. The United States behaved toward us with equal injustice and ingratitude. Old WASHINGTON had suffered himself to be drawn into the party of JOHN ADAMS and the English, which was desirous of bringing America back to the aristocratic and monarchical state. The injuries suffered from certain privateers, and the conduct of the agents of the committee of public welfare, served them for a pretext; a pretext very ill-founded, for the wrongs done by the English to the American Navy were of a far more serious nature; and the conduct of our agents was censured at the time, and ought to be excused. These favorers of the English party alleged that France meant to obtain from Spain the cession of the Floridas and of Louisiana; that by means of those provinces and of Canada she would encompass the United States, sow democratic principles in them, successively detach all the States from the Union, thus dissolve the American Federation, and form a vast democracy between the Gulf of Mexico and the lakes. There was not the slightest foundation for the rumor, but these falsehoods served to heat minds and to make enemies to France. A treaty of commerce had just been concluded with England; it contained stipulations which transferred to that power advantages formerly reserved for France alone, and due to the services which she had rendered to the American cause. In the French government there were persons in favor of a rupture with the United States. MONROE, who was Ambassador to Paris, gave the Directory the most prudent advice on this occasion. 'War with France,' said he, 'will force the American government to throw itself into the arms of England, to submit to her influence; aristocracy will gain supreme control in the United States, and liberty will be compromised. By patiently enduring, on the contrary, the wrongs of the present President, you will leave him without excuse; you will enlighten the Americans, and decide a contrary choice at the next election. All the wrongs of which France may have to complain will then be repaired.' This wise and provident advice had its effect upon the Directory. REWSEL, BARRAS, LARVEILLERE, had accused it to be adopted in opposition to the opinion of the systematic CARNOT, who, in general disposed to peace, insisted on the cession of Louisiana, with a view to attempt the establishment of a republic there.'

We have now arrived at the close of Mr. Genet's political life, and in reviewing its varied scenes we have endeavored to adhere strictly to the facts as respects all parties: our aim has been answered if we have succeeded in satisfactorily vindicating his memory from unjust imputations.

In 1794, Mr. Genet was married to Cornelia Tappan, daughter of the patriotic George Clinton, then Governor of New-York, and afterward Vice-President of the United States. They settled on a farm at Jamaica, L. I. In March, 1810, his wife died, at the age of thirty-five, after which event he resided principally at Greenbush, engaged in devising various schemes for public improvement.

In 1814 he was married to his second wife, Martha Brandon Osgood, daughter of the late Samuel Osgood, formerly one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and the first Post-Master General under the constitution. This lady still survives. In 1816 he removed to New-York, but returned to his farm in Greenbush in 1818, and resided there until his death. Mr. Genet was taken unwell on the third of July, 1834, in consequence of exposure, by riding twelve miles to attend a meeting of an agricultural society, of which he was president, and before which he was appointed to deliver an address, and returning the same evening. His illness increased until the fourteenth of the same month,



when, at ten o'clock in the evening, having taken leave of his distressed family, he died.

The private character of Edmond C. Genet cannot be too much praised. His disposition was very lively, and with true philosophy he endured all the ills of life, of which he received a large share, with the most perfect and unaffected fortitude and resignation. His conversation was full of instruction, as well as entertaining, not only for his children, but for all who listened; and he was in the habit, at his family meals, and on other occasions, of drawing largely from the fund of knowledge and amusement which the experience of his varied life had enabled him to accumulate. He has never solicited or held any office of political honor or trust in this country, although the strong interests which he took in matters relating to agriculture and the arts and sciences was the cause of his frequently accepting offices in societies formed to promote these objects.

Although not employed in any public situation, Mr. Genet has frequently wielded his able pen in the cause of philanthropy and liberty, and in the support of such men and measures as he considered would be best calculated to promote the true interests of his adopted country. He was the author of the law for the abolishment of imprisonment for debt in New-York, and the law for the equity of redemption. By his untiring perseverance, and without assistance, against violent opposition for several years, he at length procured the passage of the law of equal taxation, which, beside its own intrinsic merits, is worthy of especial remark as being the means of adding a vast sum of money to the annual revenue of the state. He was the founder of the school of Mines, and of other works of public utility in France. He has endured much ridicule for so zealously endeavoring to procure a ship-canal to be constructed around the obstructions in the Hudson at Albany; a measure the necessity of which every year demonstrates, and which must finally be carried into effect, as he said, 'when I shall be forgotten as the author of it.'

In 1825 he published a work entitled 'A Memorial on the Upward Forces of Fluids, and their applicability to several Arts and Sciences and Useful Improvements.' For the discoveries contained in this work he obtained a patent. In 1814 he discovered a method and made very successful experiments in the rectification of musty flower; several years afterward Sir Humphrey Davy made the same discovery, and published an account of it in England. Genet made a very successful experiment in New-York in 1825, in presence of the wardens of the port and others, to prevent a boat from sinking, by means of tubes filled with air, on the plan of his patent. A square hole was cut in the bottom of the boat, which was very small; it was then filled with stones and three men stood upon it, yet it floated with ease and buoyancy. The same principle can be applied, with little expense, to the largest vessels.

Another plan which occupied his attention very much was that of steering balloons; the practicability of which has been admitted by Mr. Bolton, with whom Mr. Genet formed an intimate acquaintance during his residence in London. But to enumerate all his projects of

public utility would swell this sketch to a volume. Enough has been written, we trust, not only to give our readers better views in relation to the political life of this man, but also to give them much information in relation to his private worth and personal good qualities.

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A L O N G I N G F O R S P R I N G .

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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When from a sunnier land than ours  
Will come the gentle Spring again,  
With verdant fields and glowing flowers  
And song and beauty in her train?

When will the sunshine, glad and warm,  
Set the imprisoned waters free,  
And smile upon the frowning storm,  
And calm the icy, foaming sea?

Within these narrow walls I pine  
Out on the sunny hills to go,  
Where the wild flower and running vine  
And the green grass are wont to grow.

I long to tread the fields alone,  
Where gliding streams, with voices mild,  
Murmur for aye the quiet tone  
That thrilled me even when a child.

I long to roam the pathless woods  
Where all day long the shadows lie;  
To shout within their solitudes,  
And hear the fainting echo die:

Or lie upon some rocky steep,  
And linger in the shining sun  
Long hours, within the valleys deep,  
To hear the laughing waters run.

But more than all, I long to guide  
The ploughshare in the fragrant soil,  
And feel once more the joy and pride,  
The jocund health, of peaceful toil.

I heed the Summer's beauteous bloom,  
And Autumn's gorgeous offering,  
And Winter pale with storm and gloom;  
But most I love the gentle Spring!

## COLLEGE FRIENDS.

BY WM. B. GLASIER.

I.

WHEN Day's last glances feebly fall astant me,  
 When gathereth the twilight's tender gloom,  
 Dear old companions! then your faces haunt me,  
 Then do your memories pervade the room;  
 I seem borne back on swift and shadowy pinions  
 Into the region of the golden Past;  
 I feel once more the rapturous dominion  
 Of Youth and Passion o'er my spirit cast.

II.

We were a band as joyous and true-hearted  
 As ever sailed upon Life's summer sea;  
 We knew no griefs for gorgeous hopes departed,  
 We shed no tears o'er some sad memory;  
 The world, a fairy land, was all before us,  
 Arrayed in hues like those of sunset skies;  
 The unquenched stars of Passion trembled o'er us,  
 Luring and lovely to our tearless eyes.

III.

Then were our restless hearts forever yearning  
 To pierce the veil that o'er the future hung,  
 Then wrought in words most passionate and burning  
 Our glowing day-dreams trembled on each tongue  
 Of Fame, whose topmost heights should be ascended,  
 Of lavish wealth, of power and place of pride;  
 And with these visions there was ever blended  
 The Angel of Existence by our side.

IV.

Oh, sunny dreams! how have your glories faded!  
 Oh, youthful hearts! false prophets that ye were!  
 To some, the future still with clouds is shaded,  
 To some, the past is but Hope's sepulchre;  
 And like the banners, purple decked and trailing,  
 Which Sunset flaunts before Day's closing eye,  
 We sadly saw Love, Wealth, Ambition, paling,  
 As Sorrow's night crept darkly down Life's sky.

V.

Is there no rest for hearts worn out and broken?  
 No subtle anodyne to soothe their pain?  
 Those gentle accents by the SAVIOUR spoken,  
 'My peace I give you,' were they breathed in vain?  
 No, not in vain!—the sighs wrung out by Sorrow  
 Are calmed by thoughts of childhood's sinless years;  
 From that sweet source the saddest heart can borrow  
 Relief from anguish, and a balm for tears.

Hallowell, (Maine.)

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

THE learned are continually witnessing the explanation of so many mysteries, and the development of so many wonders, that they know not what to disbelieve; while the unlearned are so frequently compelled to believe what they cannot explain, and to witness performances which they have deemed impossible, that they believe almost any thing. These are the classes of society who became ready victims some few years since to the 'moon hoax of Locke,' and who crowd the lecture-rooms of animal-magnetizers to ascertain whether men can really be made to see without the agency of eyes; and who submit their heads to the examination of phrenology, for the purpose of learning the extent of their own sagacity. But between these extremes of knowledge and ignorance, are found a vast multitude of people, who err on the side of incredulity, and sturdily reject every assumption that conflicts with their personal experience. They seem to have no poetry in their organization, and life is to them nothing but a routine of common-place occurrences. They are the men who in the days of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, the great early discover of unknown countries, disbelieved his narratives, though we are now enabled by a most fortunate accident to render tardy justice to that much abused navigator; so far at least as relates to the country of the Houynhnms, and the intellectual intelligence of its quadruped inhabitants. Some twenty-three years ago, a Nantucket whaler fell in with the coast of those people, and the captain saw on the beach what he supposed to be a mare with two very young colts. He naturally inferred that the country was inhabited, and hoping he might procure from the inhabitants some fresh provisions of which he was much in need, by reason that some of his men exhibited symptoms of scurvy; he ordered a boat to be lowered from the ship, and proceeded with it to the beach. The moment he landed and approached within a short distance of the mare, he became satisfied that he was in the country of the Houynhnms; for the mare, instead of fearing the approach of the stranger, trotted up to him in the most aristocratic manner, with the unmistakeable intention of seizing him, and probably transporting him into the interior, where he would have been held in bondage to horses for the remainder of his life. Who can blame him when under such circumstances he drew from his belt a large double-shotted pistol, and killed the assailant, amiable and respected though she may have been among her own people. The colts were too young to understand the irreparable loss which they had sustained, and quietly permitted the captain and his boat's crew to take them on shipboard, whence they were eventually carried to Nantucket and sold to a farmer of the interior, who treated them kindly though he was ignorant of their real character. They soon themselves, lost all distinct recollection of their

origin, though an observer who knew the stock from which they sprang, could easily have discovered that they were not common horses; but evidently communed together in language intelligible to themselves.

The colts were unbroken and lived in a fine fresh clover pasture which yielded them an abundance of juicy food; though they kept cropping it night and day as if they were trying for a wager whether they could not eat faster than nature could replenish. One calm summer morning, the sun was just peering above the horizon, the birds of the neighborhood were just commencing the labor of hunting for breakfast, and the spiders on the fences and grass were repairing their webs, which had been injured by the dews of the past night; and all were working with the activity that results from pleasant anticipations that the dawning day was to be prodigal of vivacity and sport. The colts also, had just arisen from their grassy beds, and were shaking the dust from their smooth sides preparatory to the commencement of any frolic that should occur, when suddenly a small dog bounded over the fence into the pasture, and ran furiously toward the colts with open mouth and shrill bark, as though he intended nothing less than to eat them both up when he should arrive near enough, or at least inflict on them some grievous bodily injury. The colts, in all the hilarity of untamed youth and high spirits, pointed at him their long flexible ears, as though they were much alarmed, and wanted to be fully acquainted with the whole extent of their danger. They permitted him to approach sufficiently near to make him yelp fearfully in repentance of his temerity, when they snorted loud, turned short about, throw their heels at him high into the air; and then relieved the little braggart's fears by bounding forward across the field like a shadow.

But the dog portended something more than the colts imagined. He was but the precursor of his and their master, who soon appeared in person, and authoritatively calling back the dog, chid him for his currish interference with what he was not bidden to intermeddle with. The colts stood still to admire this new incident, and to enjoy the fun of seeing their petty assailant sneak slowly toward his master, with half bended knees and imploring eyes as though some invisible spell which he could not resist, was dragging him reluctantly forward to expected punishment. The moment of triumph is often the moment of danger; and the colts, who now felt that they had been abundantly revenged, and might seek some new sport, soon found that the man had also a mission for them, and that he was not to be baffled as the dog had been. They had hitherto known men only as admirers, and who in that character tolerate all manner of antic tricks; but now they were required to know man as a master; a change which alters his conduct considerably, as young ladies often discover as well as colts. In vain they dodged in every direction as the owner approached; they were eventually driven into a short corner, where escape became impracticable, and both were finally bitted and bridled.

When the colts looked at each other, and saw the curious head-dress with which they were ornamented, each neighed with mirth at the grotesque appearance of the other; but when the owner intimated, by gently pulling at the bridles, that he wished the colts to follow him, they

began to think the sport had proceeded far enough ; and that the time was come for them to assert their disinclination to proceed with it any further. This attempt at resistance in the commencement of their bridle career, reminded the master rather facetiously of something that he had once experienced in another capacity, when he commenced house-keeping in days long passed ; and being prepared for the contingency, he drew from under his coat a switch which he had heretofore politicly kept concealed, and gently applied it to the flanks of the horse that seemed the most unruly.

When Black and Grey thus found that resistance was productive of only pain, they gradually acquiesced in the wishes of their master, and permitted him to lead them out of the pasture, and down a long lane into a large building that was used as a bark-mill ; and in which grinding was performed daily by horses. A long pole ran through the centre of an upright shaft, and a horse was to be harnessed to each end of the pole. The horses walk in a circle and thus keep the shaft turning ; and the shaft moves wheels that grind the bark.

The colts felt as boys feel when they first enter a school-room ; and like them, viewed with a wondering stare the various new objects with which they were surrounded, and of whose use and intent they had not the remotest conception. They admired in particular the collars and other harness, that dangled from the ends of the pole, and with which Ned the owner's foreman, was busily investing their necks and bodies. He finally completed the equipment of Grey by placing over his eyes a pair of leather blinders which create no pain, but while they are on a horse he is prevented from seeing. Ned attempted next to place a similar pair over the eyes of Black, who felt no inclination for the accoutrement, and evidently began to think as many philosophers have thought before him, that if one will not resist encroachments on his liberty, he will soon have no liberty left to be encroached on. But Ned was not the man to be controlled by a colt, so he raised his whip, and after inflicting a few switches, Black concluded to submit ; while Ned exclaimed, ' You fool, can you not as well submit before a whipping as after ? ' Ned seemed to think the colt ought to know this alternative intuitively, forgetting that he had learned it himself by only sad and repeated experience.

All the preparations being completed, and the colts harnessed securely to the pole ; Ned gave an intimation of his wishes, and forward plunged and pranced the colts. He knew that the harness was sufficiently strong, so he permitted them to bound onward in any way they should prefer, as PROVIDENCE permits man, knowing that by the organization of the machinery, they must work out the design of the mill. In a little time however, they were fain to remit their caprioles and caracoles, their animal spirits being much exhausted, and they began to be disciplined by affliction, and to walk forward as decently as their predecessors had walked. Exceedingly home-sick were they both notwithstanding ; but Grey being a wise little horse and somewhat of a philosopher, gradually resolved that as he could not make his condition conform to his feelings, he would try and make his feelings conform to his condition. His eyes being covered he could not see ; but as the

ground over which he was walking seemed soft and cool, he thought he must be rambling over some fields as beautiful probably as his own pasture. He heard curious noises around him, but as they proved to be harmless, he began to find them amusing, and to imagine that they must be the music of birds of a larger species than those of his own clover fields; and possibly of a more beautiful plumage, since they were of larger dimensions. The smell of the tan bark was at first offensive to him, but the good humor into which he had reasoned himself, like the effect of religious faith which makes man see future good in present evil, induced him to convert the smell into a savory odor; and as he was by this time ravenously hungry, he thought the odor must proceed from some new species of clover as gigantic probably as the birds; and much he should have liked to be cropping it. Amid these agreeable reflections he was stopped, and a pail of water was lifted to his mouth. He was never before so thirsty, and this gave to the water a relish which made it surpass in flavor all the water he had ever tasted; and fully confirmed him in the conclusion, that his new residence was a terrestrial equine paradise, where every thing was as much increased in zest, as enlarged in dimensions.

After driving around some time longer, the colts were stopped for the day. The blinders were removed from their eyes, and they were delighted to find themselves in each other's company; for they knew they had started in opposite directions, and the expectation of never meeting together again, had harrowed the feelings of Black, and greatly exasperated his ideal sufferings. The colts were also surprised at finding themselves in the same spot from which they had commenced their journey; but being too much rejoiced that the adventure was thus terminated, to care much by what means the results had been produced, they quietly permitted themselves to be unharnessed and turned loose once more into clover.

Being left alone and at liberty, their first care was to satisfy the cravings of hunger by a copious repast and then lying down near each other, they were in a favorable condition of mind and body to narrate to each other their several adventures. Black was all sorrow and complaints; he spoke mournfully of the stripes which he had received, and for no fault of his; but to gratify the malignant tyranny of that 'Jack in office,' Ned. He remembered having heard other colts remark, that Ned was a bad fellow; and he found that the half had not been told which ought to be known on the subject. He affirmed that after they had parted company in the morning, he was driven all day amid the most imminent perils from trees, which were continually falling and crashing around him; and from which his escape with whole bones was almost a miracle. The road too, must have been an arid sand, for the dust suffocated him; and possessed beside an intolerable and pestilential odor. But more cruel than all, was the stagnant, fetid water that had been accumulated in some hollow log, and that he was compelled to drink or die of thirst.

At these misadventures of poor Black, Grey felt almost sorry enough to cry, for he was a compassionate little horse; and much he hoped that if they should ever chance to be again the victims of Ned's experi-

ments, that they both might travel amid the delightful scenes and over the pleasant ground that had fortunately been allotted to him. All he regretted was that he had been denied the privilege of inspecting with unblinded eyes the good things with which he was surrounded; but possibly, who knows? the blindness was imposed for some good purpose rather than for evil. He had once heard a sermon on such a subject. Little comfort, however, yielded these remarks to Black, who insisted that he never would submit again to the impositions of Ned or any other biped, but defend his rights as a horse ought, with all the powers that nature had given to the noblest quadruped that trod the earth. In pondering on these chivalrous resolves and abstract rights of horses, he neglected the practical duty of sleeping while he might, and kept awake the greater part of the night; while Grey, who troubled himself but little with metaphysics, slept comfortably and dreamed of the delightful odors and delicious fountains of the preceding day.

The next morning the sun rose just as bright as before, and the birds and spiders began the day as merrily and busily as they had commenced yesterday. The frogs in an adjoining marsh began tuning their matin orisons, like chanting boys in a large cathedral, when the colts arose also, and shook their sides as usual. Grey cropped his breakfast with a good appetite, but Black was not hungry, nor was he pleased to find that surrounding objects were not as gloomy as he was. For the first time in his life he thought the sun looked brazen and too garish; nor did the gayety of the inhabitants of the pasture betoken the sympathy which he felt due to his wounded feelings. 'Why! to look around us,' said Black, 'one would suppose nothing unusual had happened yesterday. I begin to find out the hollowness of the world, of which I had only heard before.' He would probably have continued his lamentations, had not Ned appeared to again summon them to the mill. Grey yielded without a struggle, and Black had to yield; but not till he had been soundly whipped for his refractory propensities. Again they were harnessed to the pole, again they wore blinders, and again moved forward in opposite directions. In the evening, when they were unharnessed and unblinded, they were again surprised at finding themselves in each other's company; and while again reclining in their pasture at night, and recounting their adventures, Grey was found to have been as much favored as before, while Black had again met with nothing but his former horrors; aggravated by the reception during the journey of several beatings for apparently no cause but the attempt to assert his rights. The same adventures recurred during several successive days; and what seemed peculiarly among the inscrutable mysteries of PROVIDENCE, and hard to bear, Black was always driven over the dreary road and Grey over the pleasant one. Grey, accordingly became plump, sleek and happy, while Black became lean, irritable and miserable; and had horses possessed lunatic asylums, Black would have been a very suitable subject for the skill of some veterinary Brigham or Perkins.

The colts were at length so far subdued and accustomed to their daily business, that Ned one morning left their eyes uncovered; and hence, to the utter astonishment of both horses, they discovered that in-



stead of travelling over different roads and through different scenes, they had always travelled the same circuit, and encountered the same incidents. Black cried all that day and the succeeding night, for heretofore he had possessed the hope that fortune would at last be tired of persecuting him, and that he should at least occasionally be driven over the pleasant route that Grey was accustomed to travel. Grey, on the contrary, only laughed at the discovery, for said he, 'dear Black, you find now, from my experience, that happiness depends not on the road we travel, nor on the incidents we encounter, but on our own reflections thereon. Rebel not, therefore, at your labors and trials, which are beyond your control; but improve your reflections, which are within your control.'

We are not informed of the effect which this advice had on Black, nor is the information of much consequence. No medicine can possess any efficacy except to those who will take it; and Black may have been wrong-headed enough not to take the moral dose prescribed by Grey, who, however, took it himself, and prospered on it, becoming thereby contented and happy; and when he died, which happened in a good old age, instead of being unmourned, as he would have been had he made himself querulous and miserable, like some men and women who cause all connected with them to be continually uncomfortable, he was buried and mourned much like a christian; and this memorial has been penned to transmit with honor his example to all succeeding times.

#### H I D D E N   L I F E .

THE air is warm as Summer's air,  
The sky hath a mellow blue,  
A slumberous breeze floats every where,  
And the clouds are soft and few;  
But the trees are bare as Winter-trees,  
They cast a skeleton shade;  
We wonder that it does not freeze  
With doubt each budding blade.  
Yet sea-like murmurs, deep and low,  
From the bare woods rise and fall;  
You seem to feel the ebb and flow  
Of the solemn heart of all.  
The home-like, joyous birds are here,  
Mid-June hath none so sweet;  
Blithe prophets of the dawning year,  
Young Hope's apostles meet.  
How can ye sing your summer lays  
In boughs so brown and dry?  
'Come from the heart the hymns we  
They seem to make reply. [raise,  
Beyond the empire of the plough,  
Close to the leaning wall,  
White blooming stars are rising now,  
At Spring's creative call.  
Ay, many flowerets come to shame  
The naked forest limbs,

*May-Day, 1848.*

Whose dull life seems to lag the same,  
At Beauty's hues and hymns.  
O trees! ye cannot long resist  
The warm embrace of spring,  
Not long by breeze and sunshine kins  
To death and bareness cling.  
If stingless winds and pleasant rain,  
And the darling little flowers,  
Bring not persuasion in their train,  
Ye are no kin of ours.  
Beneath your rugged vest, I ween,  
The new life-stir is felt,  
Where mild as violets, but unseen,  
Your hearts of rigor melt.  
Then let no softer child of May,  
In briefer beauty dressed,  
Murmur against your long delay;  
Ye'll flourish with the best.  
The birds shall sing the early dinge  
Of blooms that mock you now,  
Bathed in the green unbreaking surge  
Of many a wave-like bough;  
And earth shall feel a fresher breath  
From woody vale and hill, [dash,  
Where, long-time lapped in sweetest  
The Spring's first-born are still.

THE LOSS OF THE HORNET.

A BALLAD OF THE SEA.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

I.

It was a wild tempestuous night :  
The stormy clouds were gathering fast,  
And in their dark and marshalled might,  
Swept on before the angry blast.  
The wind with sad and solemn moan,  
In midnight black arose and fell,  
And ocean's depths, in dismal tone,  
Rolled up a wild funeral knell.

II.

The fearful night-storm had set in :  
The dark sea trembled, as on high  
The whirlwinds shrieking, and the din  
Of tempests meeting in the sky.  
Like shouting armies in fierce war,  
With sounds of wo and sad distress,  
O'er ocean's caverns moaning far,  
Shook all his watery wilderness.

III.

Through the wild tumult of the night  
A proud ship swept along the sea ;  
Daring the ocean in his might,  
It scorned the whirlwind's mastery.  
Through battle and through storm, her tars  
In every clime, on every wave,  
Had borne aloft the stripes and stars,  
That banner of the free and brave.

IV.

Around her deck her gallant crew  
Feared not the sounds of wild alarm,  
And laughed to see the white sea-mew  
Lead on the legions of the storm.  
They watched his glancing wings before,  
In nights as gloomy and as dark,  
And heard as fearful tempests roar ;  
But well they knew their gallant bark.

V.

And so, while ocean raged around,  
And while the stars went out above,  
Their voices rose with cheerful sound,  
Or trolled some merry song of love :

Or whispered some old ocean tale,  
Of daring capture, leader brave,  
Or weary chase of some strange sail,  
A pirate on the Indian wave.

## VI.

And the laboring seamen at the wheel,  
Who felt the billow's fiercest force,  
Smiled at the song, and seemed to feel  
A joy in their careering course.  
They met the wave with careless jest,  
And laughing hauled the tiller back :  
All through the ship, no sailor's breast  
Heaved sadder that the night was black.

## VII.

And what if they had known that death,  
Was rattling in the thunder's crash !  
Or coming in the tempest's breath,  
Or speeding on the lightning's flash !  
What if they heard, from ocean's caves,  
A summons from their unknown deeps,  
Where the long coral willow waves,  
Above the sailor while he sleeps.

## VIII.

No voice perchance had trolled a song,  
The head and heart in prayer would bow ;  
But Death had been their mate too long,  
To scare them with his gloomy brow :  
And bravely would they meet the foe,  
The only one at whose command  
They strike their country's banner low,  
And yield to his unconquered hand.

## IX.

Yet still unharmed swept on the ship,  
Like monarch of the surging sea,  
And still broke forth from joyous lip  
The merry jest of thoughtless glee.  
And proudly would their noble bark  
Its gallant crew triumphant borne,  
And through that night so wild and dark  
Rode safely to the breaking morn :

## X.

But from a gathered cloud o'erhead,  
Which long had muttered sounds of wrath,  
Its scapeless bolt, the lightning sped,  
Remorseless in its fiery path :  
It struck the ship and tore its strength  
Like frailest workmanship away,  
And strewed at wide and scattered length  
Its timbers on the angry spray.

XI.

A moment, ere the thunder's roar  
Had died away in ocean's moan,  
The mountain billows gathered o'er  
The crew, and claimed them for their own !  
The waves seemed struggling for their prey,  
And fought in their dread rivalry ;  
Proud in their arms to bear away  
The lightning's offering to the sea.

XII.

No more across the wave-wreathed main  
The *HORNET*'s glancing keel shall glide ;  
The lightning and the hurricane  
Have won her swiftness and her pride.  
In ocean's caverns, deep and dim,  
Her gallant sailors lifeless sleep,  
While the low winds with constant hymn  
A vigil o'er their slumbers keep.

XIII.

The rippling keel and sailor's song  
Their requiem and their dirge must be ;  
Their funeral torches, heaven's bright throng  
Of stars, far glancing to the sea.  
Proud sepulchre from whence to rise,  
When the archangel's trumpet dread,  
Resounding through the trembling skies,  
Calls upon Ocean for her dead.

XIV.

O ! many a maiden's eye grew dim,  
Watching the wide sea for the lost,  
And many a mother looked for him,  
Whose form the careless billows tossed.  
In many a winter evening lone,  
When the fierce wind was shrieking wild,  
Warm prayers went up to God's high throne,  
That he would guard the ocean child.

XV.

And yet the years passed on ; the maid  
Grew old in sorrow, or forgot,  
The mother in the tomb was laid,  
But still the lost, long-lost came not ;  
But with the beautiful and brave,  
Of many an age forever o'er,  
Their home is now beneath the wave,  
Till earth and sea shall be no more.

## THE MYSTERIOUS PYRAMID.

BY HENRY J. BERRY.

'TRUTH is stranger than fiction,' for who could have invented the Arabian Nights' Tales, those veritable narratives of conjugal confidence and credulity? Who again, may I ask, would ever have dreamed of 'Robinson Crusoe,' that island-story of the far-off Pacific Seas, unless there had been truth at the bottom? Aladdin's lantern was a true story, as every body who has travelled in Eastern lands can testify; and 'Poor Robinson Crusoe' was no fable, for he did live and did have a home on his rocky island, and his tomb-stone is now to be seen in the eastern section of Scotland; a time-stained and 'moss-covered monument of a man who, when living, was not more alive than he is now, that his bones are by themselves solitarily crumbling in their tomb.

Did not Numa, the moon-lover and the nymph-believer, go into his cavern and hold converse with Egeria, the Roman statesman-maid! And did not the sybil-books inculcate from knowledge gained in the spirit-land wisdom, and breathe prophecy to the hardened city-building-wolf-bred Romans? Out upon incredulity; for where is the historian who has not made manifest the fact, that the great steeple-chaser, Quintus Curtius, leaped alive into the yawning pit of the seven-hilled city, that craved and hungered for an honest man? Out then, I say, upon incredulity, and let us stick to our belief in things that are founded upon facts.

History is made up of events that tell of other matters than that Xerxes, the great militia-general of Persia, invaded Greece, and met the Leonidas of Patriotism at the pass of Thermopylae. History is rife with the undercurrent of events that concern more the imagination than the legal and moral impressions of our nature; and while I lend a willing ear to the stories of Philip and Alexander, his conquering heir, I turn no deaf or unbelieving organ to the wondrous story of the Pythoness, and believe, ay, religiously believe, that Jupiter was a god, and high Olympus was his throne.

Therefore, without multitudinous words and endless preparation, let me proceed to my story. There reigned in the dry season of Egypt's existence a king, who is described as being a miser. The history relates of him that his portrait was engraved upon the Obelisk of Luxor, that now stands, and which I have often seen standing, upon the Place de la Concorde at Paris, a city still in a flourishing condition in France. You will believe me when I tell you that I have often gazed upon the venerable but rather Shylockish countenance of this worthy monarch, as sauntering down the Champs Elysée, I have stopped at the base of the column of granite, that immortal, almost eternal monument of the arts and literature of the land of the Nile.

The King it seems wore a crown, one composed apparently of an

iron circle, studded with brilliants. His forehead is low, and avarice has set its seal upon his nose. It shoots out from his profile like a rag-gatherer's hook, and seems ever on the alert to smell out hidden money, whether its proprietor's own or any body else's.

It shows an advanced state of the arts in Egypt, this portrait of the King of Mummidom; and grateful am I, and so should others be, to the ingenious limner who stamped the portrait of his master upon the everlasting granite. Little did that venerable ruler or that inspired artist dream that they should help to adorn the city of barbarous Gaul, or that an outside barbarian of a new world would print them in care-dispelling KNICKERBOCKER.

The king was a miser, and ordered a stone-mason to build him a small pyramid, a sort of stone purse, in which to lock up his enormous wealth. Money was not loaned out at interest in those days, and Wall-street was, happily for those simple people, undreamed of. So the worthy king had a pyramid built, and during a long winter's night he had his hordes quietly carted to his treasury. By breakfast time, as the king was eating his dog-meat sausage, his factotum reported to him that the deposit had been made, and lo! and behold the key!

'Saddle me,' cried the king, dropping his Bologna, 'and quickly, my chestnut mare, 'The Desert.'

The slave bowed his head low and reverentially, and in a few seconds the neigh of a caparisoned steed was heard at the palace gate.

He is mounted, he of the deep copper-colored face, he of the chif-fonnier nose, and with the speed of the electric telegraph he is scouring the plain. A cloud of dust obscures the horizon, and when an instant after the veil of uplifted sand has been removed, no eye can discern the king, for he has entered his pyramid and his horse is hitched in the shade on the other side. I dare not enter there, for the king has locked himself in, and doubtless is gloating over his enormous and dazzling store. Diamonds, rubies, charmed bracelets, antique rings, worn before and after the flood by Noah and his family, stuffs and rich drugs, golden candlesticks and pearl-headed canes, and images in gold of crocodiles with emerald eyes, amber full of flies, silver lizards and bronzed serpents, and countless other objects, rare and miraculously formed.

The king has left his golden bower and is at dinner. Egypt had its cooks and its kitchens, and its kings and rulers dined, and dined well. From a palace let us walk into an humble house; the house of the stone-mason who had built the pyramid.

He is stretched upon his couch; he is drawing his breath feebly, and the doctor has shaken his perfumed curls, and waved an everlasting adieu. In fine, the good old gentleman is about dying, and dying too of a very severe and dangerous illness. The to-be widow is leaning over his couch. She is sad, and has a crocodile squint in her left eye that is tearful. Her right eye is out and does nothing. Two youths stand also by the bedside of the departing Egyptian, the soon-to-be mummy. They are his sons, two idle boys, who had done nothing to earn a living save by holding horses and sweeping the crossings of their native town. The stone-mason, having been the architect of the King's

treasury, had nothing to leave to his children save a secret and a blessing. What he had put up he could pull down; and as his bill for work at two dollars and fifty cents a day had not been paid by his sovereign, he had no compunctions of conscience. He beckoned to Tekel-Bebi, his eldest and laziest son, to draw near. The youth obeyed.

'I have a secret,' said the father, 'and before I die I will tell it to you.' It was a fortunate thing he thought of telling it before he died, because afterward it was very probable he would not be able to do so. This reflection is made not by me, but by historians. 'I built, you know, the pyramid for that old curmudgeon, King Thapa-Thepia. He has got all his treasure in it, and he goes there nightly to see it. When he leaves he locks the door and puts his seal upon it, so that if any one gets in they have to break the wax, and the King will find him out.

'There are no windows to the pyramid,' continued that most excellent of parents, 'and therefore there is but one way of getting in, and that is through the door.' Here old Tekel-Bebi gave a knowing look at his son, who winked away a tear and then was all attention. 'Perhaps there is another way of getting into that strong box, and perhaps there is a stone-mason who knows it. By the tail of the holy crocodile there is! Four blocks up on the side fronting the east there is a stone that turns upon a pivot. The eye of a holy Ibis might search in vain to find it, but it is there. It is four stones up from the right corner looking to the east. Touch it where you see a rude and very small mark, as if made by the slip of the chisel, and lo! you can get in. There is a corresponding mark on the inside, so that by pressing it you can get out.' And thus finishing the thread of his discourse, he recommended his bronze-colored soul to the protection of the holy crocodile and Ibis, and took his departure for the catacombs of Egypt.

If the worthy Tekel-Bene was not embalmed in the memory of his surviving widow and children, he was certainly embalmed in the swaddling clothes of the tomb, as any unbelieving skeptic can prove, by stepping down to Barnum's Museum, who has his remains preserved. They can be seen at any time of the day or night, English giant included, for two shillings, children half price.

Well, old Tekel-Bebi being dead, his heirs looked around them and bethought of the pyramid. The widow, too proud to take in washing, and too old to think of marriage, entered her right of dower to the secret, and edged on her hopeful offspring to the venture of a midnight visit to the treasury department. During the day it was but natural that the sons of the lamented Tekel-Bebi should walk around the pyramid. It was their father's work, and they felt a natural pride in this monument of his skill and genius. They said and thought less of his roguery. They easily discovered the accident that had happened to the chisel, and they took a note of it. What worthy sons to linger thus near the slightest trace of their father's labors!

That night the toilette-table of Mrs. Tekel-Bebi sparkled with a few rare stones of some nameless value, but to be had at half price, and the dining hall displayed a sumptuous supper. Money is a great procurer of good things, and the widow and her sons were happy then, for they had their fill of meats and drinks.

It is not mentioned how often these children of want visited the hall of plenty, but it is known that they made frequent incursions into the hoards; ay, even to such an extent as to puzzle and bewilder old and worthy Thapa-Thepis. His gods were leaving his heaven. Not singly but handfully his coins were winging their flight. His crocodile had its eyes picked out, and his mythology was orbless. Even his coral monkey had lost all its front teeth of gold. Where was this to end, and who had begun it, and who the unknown evil-spirit that was to finish it and him? In vain he searched with his hooked nose among his chests and boxes; the round corners of his mine were examined, but all in vain. No red-gnome or spirit-bat was found tucked beneath a ruby, or crouching in the shady side of a diamond. Amazement seized the king, despair the miser. Two-fold emotions took possession of the two-fold man.

He had entered his treasury, and, as usual, the sacred seal of his father's was unbroken. He tapped upon the walls; it was like striking upon a skull; a dead sound was the only answer. Poor king, you have been robbed, and robbed vilely, and the deuce of it is, you can't find out the robber! Poor old king! ay, go tottering out of the cell of countless wealth. Why not take it with you, and cast it far and wide over those Lybian sands that stretch westward and southward from your regal home? Give it to the cut-purses of the desert; build churches to your birds and beasts; crown your queen with a diadem, whose wealth could buy a continent, and whose light would make her dusky beauty shine like a star over the dim mountains of the moon. Take it with you, Oh king! for if you leave it in this dark vault, its glory, shedding lustre round the sombre walls, will light the bandit to its hiding place; and after all, in your old age you will be thrown upon the parish, and finally die in a poor-house! The king does not as I would have urged him to do, but he locks the iron door, and like the jailor at our Tombs, he bolts the useless prisoners in. Oh Thapa-Thepis, I pity you! Old Shylock of the Nile, you are nearly a ruined man.

The king ate no supper that night, and his chocolate and oiled toast left his breakfast-table untouched next morning. Has Thapa-Thepis been drinking, that his eyes are so red, his rag-picking nose so blue, and his steps so unsteady? He mounts his desert-mare and flies around the sacred depository of his tin. No bird has lit upon the apex of the edifice; no serpent coiling through the blazing sands has wriggled its way to cool its scaly skin in the dark shadow of the walls. The wind from the lone lands of Africa has hidden the footsteps of the mason's sons, and all is mystery and all is dim, and Silence and its sister Safety reign supremely still over the hidden treasure of the miser-king.

A storm gathers in the Afric air; the dial in the palace court has been rendered useless, for the day has fled, and night, the murderer's friend, is abroad in the city of Cheops. Loud howls the blast, and the mysterious Nile chafes against her reedy banks. The monstrous deities of her flood seek safety in their muddy shrines and listen to the rattling thunder of the skies. Gloom and darkness were abroad that night, with tempest and storm. Once more the brothers leave their home for



their Egyptian California. The stone turns on its pivot and they enter; a lucifer match sets fire to a slow-burning torch; the torch is struck into the ground, and Baba-Bebi and his brother pick their way in quest of the choicest stores. Baba-Bebi has lifted from an opened box a bracelet that was worth a battle between nations. His brother stares on the sparkling eyes of an ivory god.

'Hist! what noise at the door? The wax is being broken! Quick! fly!' It is the younger who speaks.

A gleam of a sword and the deed is done. Baba-Bebi has severed his younger brother's head from his body. He seizes the gory head; he flies. The quick revolving stone allows him to escape. He is free; he is outside of his brother's tomb, with his brother's head in his hand. The king is inside, with his brother's lifeless trunk before his eyes. Baba-Bebi flies. Thapa-Thepis cannot move. A burning torch before him; a fresh-bleeding carcass on the floor; a trunk without a head; the seal of the door unbroken before he broke it; what mystery! Where, oh! where the police?

Is Thapa-Thepis in a dream? Have the gods given him over to the hands of conjurers? Thapa-Thepis does not know, and if he stays all night long in that vast room, with that queer trunk, he never can find out. He drags the body to the door; he drags it over the threshold; he leaves it for a moment on the sands. He reenters; he extinguishes the blazing torch, and flies to his palace. The guards are commanded to fetch the dead man's headless body from the pyramid; and then the king, astounded, puzzled, worried, fretted, and frightened, begins to form his plans for the morrow. Wrapt in his dressing-gown and thoughts, let us leave the royal presence, and for a moment breathe.

Why did Baba-Bebi kill his brother by cutting off his head? Simply, to save his own. Any reader of sense will perceive the force of the argument, and will acquit Baba of premeditated murder. Had they both been detected, both would have been destroyed; and to prevent the secret being discovered, Baba removed the only evidence that could speak against him; his brother's speechless head.

The king was in no humor to be humbugged; that is the last thing that kings and governors and mayors and magistrates, and other police-officers, allow; so he was busy that morning in issuing an edict. That edict commanded that every inhabitant, from the oldest down to the youngest, of his city and the neighborhood, should pass before a gibbet on which was to be exposed the body of the unfortunate thief.

There was wit in the policy of Thapa-Thepis, King of Egypt.

Soldiers were placed near the gibbet, whose duty it was to scrutinize the face of every person who passed by, to see if they could trace any expression of recognition. It was the only course to be adopted in the absence of Fouché and Hays. By ten o'clock the public square was crowded with the dusky people. They passed on wondering, but not recognizing. None knew the mason's son. If any one doubts this fact, let him cut off a neighbor's head, and then see if any one will be able to identify the individual. Samson, we are told, slew a host with the jaw-bone of an ass. The ass was verified by the jaw-bone; a good precedent of anatomical precision, which seems to have

been well thought of in the Parkman case, where the entire body of the Doctor was known through the agency of a dentist who had operated upon his grinders. However, people are very curious about these matters, and some I have known who could not even recognize an old friend of whom they had once borrowed money. It is true, nevertheless, that the mason's son was not known to any of that vast throng who passed in solemn review before him. With not one had he upon that melancholy occasion even a speaking acquaintance.

In Egypt death was looked upon as a peculiar institution of nature, and great care was paid to the bodies of the departed. Without burial they could not pass the gulf that separated mortality from immortality, and an unattended-to mummy was no mummy at all, and was excluded from that Paradise whose highest enjoyment was a free and social intercourse with the crocodile and the ibis and the bull.

'Bury your brother you must!' exclaimed Mrs. Tekel Bebi to Baba-Bebi.

'How can I?' replied the son.

'Bury your brother you must!' again exclaimed Mrs. Bebi, with emphasis, adding, 'if you do not, I will tell Thapa-Thepis all about it!'

Baba-Bebi left the room, and proceeded to saddle the widow's donkey. In the panniers of impervious leather he poured wine, in the wine he poured a poisonous opiate, and in the saddle he deposited his person, and made his way toward the public place.

The sun was about setting; tower and steeple glowed in his ruddy splendor, and afar off, over the illimitable sands, the wind began its mourning wail; but onward in the deepening twilight jogged the fraticide.

The people had obeyed in awe and silence the dread mandate of the law, and had withdrawn to their different homes to gossip over the wonders of the adventure. The guards, with their white shawls folded over their heads, and armed with spears and heavy stone hammers, were grouped around the base of the gallows. They were tired with the weary and so far useless ordeal.

Baba dismounted from his donkey and carelessly approached the group. He was the only civilian with the soldiery. It was but an instant's work to prick a hole in one of the panniers and let the wine flow out. Speedily it was observed by the tired guard. They rushed to the wine-sacks; they filled the hollows of their hands; they pressed their mouths to the aperture; they laughed at Baba-Bebi's well-affected grief. 'It was not his wine; it was not theirs.' 'What was that to them?' And they drank it, those un-Father-Matthewed men, and not tardy was the wine in its potent effect. Through the brain, through the marrow of the bones, through the arteries of the heart, it flew like molten quicksilver, and worse than the arrows and the spears of the sand-enveloped Bedouin, it killed the life within them, and they were stretched one and all, the captain and his men, upon the ground; and with all the dead about him, in the now thick gloom of the evening, he tore his brother's body from the gibbet, and fled; fled to his mother's house, and was safe.

Has Thapa-Thepis been drinking again, that his eyes are so red, his

chiffonnier-nose so blue, and his steps so tottering? Hapless King of Egypt! His treasury invaded, his guards murdered, the body rescued, the culprit fled, and worse than all of these, the secret of the mysterious entrance into his pyramid unravelled. Up to this moment he had acted like a king; he had acted aboveboard; there was no guile in all or any of his acts; but still my old friend was a diplomatist; in fact, he was tricky. He feigned wonder, admiration, at the cleverness of the mysteries, and forthwith he published the following brief exposition of his royal views and intentions:

**‘TO OUR BELOVED SLAVES: THAPA-THEPIS, GREETING:**

**‘SLAVES OF CHEOPS!** be it known that I, T. T. the King, under the blessing of the Bull and the Apis and the Water-God of the Nile, am willing to pardon the wonderful man who has robbed my coffers, who has killed a part of my bold and victorious army, who has robbed the gallows of its ripened fruit; and I not only pardon, but invite him to come forward on the fourth day of the next moon and stand before my daughter, the Princess EFFERNIZIDA, who will be found, on the day aforesaid, seated in the great Hall of Whispers, in my palace of Golden Grapes, in this my city of Canope my ancestor; and if he will then recount to her and prove that he is the person who has performed the late wonders, and show how he did them, he shall have the hand of my beloved daughter in marriage, as a reward of his illustrious and astounding acts.

**‘In the name of the Crocodile.**

**Signed,**

**SPHINXUM PHOCOM, Prime Minister.**

**‘By command of His Majesty,**

**‘THAPA-THEPIS,’ etc., etc.**

This proclamation had a wonderful effect. The Princess Effernizida was lovely among women; lovelier but not whiter than the lotus of the Nile, and heiress to the large estates of the monarch. It would fill a library were I to undertake the recital of all the wild stories that were told to the princess, as she sat in the Hall of Whispers, by the gallants of the city of Cheops. Hope inspired them with wit, and their tongues were eloquent, but none could account for the mystery of the pyramid.

The princess was patient. Tree-like flowers exhaled their loaded sweets upon the air of the capacious hall; wondrous birds fluttered from branch to branch of this wilderness of shrubbery; and, chained by a golden link, a huge crocodile spread his flabby feet in a bath of marble inlaid with gold and precious stones, and sighed occasionally for a freer bath in his beloved and native river. The God of Egypt was a prisoner in the bower of the Queen of Beauty. Music ever and anon floated on the scented air from unseen instruments, and filled the space with melody, and breathed voluptuous languor through the room.

Effernizida listened to the recital of the gallants of her father's court amid this scene of inspiration, but none could win a smile of credulity from her roseate lips. Like the image of Silence and of Thought, the Sphinx of the Sand, she heard, but she answered not.

Thapa-Thepis was all on fire. He wandered about his palace, and he visited his pyramid; but only broke its sacred seal to find some other treasure gone, more money lost. Holy snakes and vermin! what was to be done? Wait a while, King of yellow Egypt; wait a while, and be cool!

A figure wrapped in a flowing robe stood before the princess; two dark and daring eyes gazed upon her beauty; two eyes that seemed endowed with the expression of inextinguishable suspicion flashed into her very soul. Those eyes read her heart, read her brain, read her diplomacy. For one instant they wandered toward the tree-like shrub-

bery, and a smile played from mouth to eye-brow of the mantle-covered stranger. The princess was seated in a regal chair; the visitor stood immediately before her. They were alone, for he had waited until all had departed, baffled and disappointed.

‘Speak,’ said the princess, impatient of his silence.

‘I know all, and did all!’ replied the stranger.

‘Ah! then tell me.’

With slow and deliberate speech he told her all that I have told you, dear reader. She listened to the narrative, and then wondered how simple a thing could have so long baffled the wisdom of her father and his gray-beards. He had just finished, when she, too anxious to obey the secret orders of the king, hurried forth her hand to seize him, with her mouth opening to call the guard hidden behind the convenient shrubbery; he too extended his willing and unsuspecting hand to receive hers. She seized it with a cry of joy, and Baba-Bebi fled; he fled the palace, he fled the court, he threw aside his cloak. He showed both his hands as he crossed the street. He sought his mother’s humble house, and there was safe.

The princess gazed on her suitor’s hand; she looked at its withered flesh, its shrunken arm, with its almost rotting bones. The guards are around her; they gaze in wonder at this new demonstration from Hades; they pursue not the demon that has just fled upon his wings of gloom. The king totters into the chamber and demands the prisoner, who is to be given over to the torture.

‘That hand! that arm!’ cried the king.

‘Is his—the fiend’s!’ exclaimed the daughter; and the skeleton-arm fell from her grasp upon the floor.

In vain, in vain, oh, son of Cheops! Pursue no farther! Magic is against you! That witchcraft and priest-jugglery that was to be used against Aaron, and which he beat all hollow with his walking-stick, are in arms against you. Doomed to live in history but as the puppet of a trick, oh, Thapa-Thepis! cover thy head with dirt, and anoint thy sacred person with cow-fat! Thou hast done thy best, and thy people believe thou hast.

Meanwhile Baba-Bebi laughs in his heart that he has cheated you and got you under his thumb. He chuckles at the idea of your being outwitted. He knew that it was all a hoax about giving your daughter in marriage to the felon, and he knew where the guards were stationed; so he swiftly cut his brother’s right arm off, and hid it under his cloak. The princess knows the rest.

But Thapa-Thepis pledged then his royal oath—as if an oath was not a right royal thing, though given by a beggar—that he would pardon the bold perpetrator of these marvels, and marry him to his daughter, if he were mortal, and make him prime minister in the place of Sphinxum Phocum, who was at best a nincompoop; but if he was a demon, he had nothing farther to say to him on the subject, and hoped he would be good enough to torment some other royal personage who was better able to stand it.

Much to the credit of my favorite historical friend Thapa, I am told that he kept his word, and Baba-Bebi did marry his daughter; and you

will find, my dear reader, by consulting 'John Smith's History of Egypt,' that the Bebi family afterward reigned in that country until the elevation of old Mehemit Ali to the throne.

I hope you will believe my story, for I have had great trouble in making it out from the hieroglyphics of the Obelisk of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde at Paris.

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T H E S W A N .

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'DULCIA defecta modulatur carmina lingua  
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse sui.' OVID.

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I.

STATELY bird! from lake and bay  
Fled a grace and charm away  
When Improvement's thrilling call  
Pierced the forest's leafy hall,  
From blue waters once thine own,  
Scaring thee to haunts more lone.

II.

Reeds and rushes fringe the shore,  
But they hide thy nest no more;  
Water lilies without stain  
Decorate thine old domain;  
But thy soft and rounded breast  
In a purer white was drest.

III.

Driven forth by winter cold  
From the polar wastes of old,  
Music from the sky would fall  
Louder than a battle-call,  
As thy pinion, peerless swan!  
Bore thee in thy beauty on.

IV.

Never listened mortal ear  
To a voice more full and clear;  
Not unlike in depth of tone  
Note of conch-shell loudly blown,  
Or a far-off trumpet wail  
Modulated by the gale.

V.

The wild red-man with delight  
Heard that challenge shrill at night,  
As revealed by moonlight fair,  
Sped thy form through fields of air;  
Vans of silver, broad and strong,  
Southward wafting thee along.

## VI.

Prized by chief and forest-king  
 Was the plumage of thy wing :  
 On the head of Indian maid  
 Low winds with thy feathers played ;  
 And thy down, so rich and warm,  
 Edged the robe that wrapped her form.

## VII.

Age, that cripples mortal power,  
 Wasting pile and crumbling tower,  
 Sullies not thy vesture white,  
 Bringing darkness to the sight,  
 Though a century may have fled  
 Since thy first wing-quill was shed.

## VIII.

Purer type the fabling mind  
 Grace to picture cannot find :  
 And where Art on canvass drew  
 Venus, born of ocean blue,  
 Yoked to chariot of the queen,  
 Swans with arching neck were seen.

## IX.

OVID, in his sweetest verse,  
 Loved thy praises to rehearse ;  
 FLACCUS, in his polished lay,  
 Tribute unto thee did pay ;  
 And in PLATO'S\* mighty tome  
 Ever thou wilt find a home.

## X.

Still would I believer be  
 In the tale they tell of thee,  
 Breathing in the hour of death  
 Music with thy latest breath ;  
 Tuning with a failing tongue  
 Strains the sweetest ever sung.

## XI.

Blest may merry England be,  
 For her statutes guarded thee :  
 Those who soiled thy plume with gore  
 Branded mark of felon bore ;  
 And admiring lords and dames  
 Viewed thee sailing on the Thames.

## XII.

Rare old BEN. could find no name  
 Worthy of a SHAKESPEARE'S fame  
 But thine own, majestic bird !  
 Now a consecrated word,  
 With unmatched poetic lore  
 Intertwined forevermore.

W. H. C. HOMER.

\* PLATO in *Phaedone* testatur cynos mortis tempore esse maximè canoros. Note to HORACE, b. iv., ode iii.

## THE WARDER'S TALE.

BY HENRY FENTON.

IT is said that the wandering Arab, after emerging from the burning sands and heated air of the desert, into the sheltering groves of some friendly oasis, will recline for hours beneath their inviting shades, listening to the long-spun stories of one of their companions; and I confess that I have seldom contemplated this feature in their vagabond kind of life without a feeling akin to envy. Repose is of itself a luxury when preceded by its necessary antithesis; but with such an accompaniment it possesses a double charm. Stories, in one shape and another, form the great staple of amusement for the human family. Children, the world over, exhibit a remarkable fondness for them, and men in this as in other things, are but 'children of a larger growth.' Why it is so, it is needless to inquire. A modern philosopher would doubtless dispose of the question by pointing to the organ of marvellousness, and saying that the whole subject lay 'in a nut-shell;' meaning, perhaps, the shell of a cocoa-nut, as the human cranium is sometimes disrespectfully termed. And this, perhaps, would be a sufficient solution of the mystery.

Doubtless some of our distinguished *novelists* might dislike to be told that there is no vast difference between their vocation and that of those Oriental wonder-mongers to whom allusion has been made. Yet their calling is in some respects the same. Not that I would detract from the dignity of the craft. A path of literature which has been ennobled by the pens of Irving and Dickens, may not be lightly spoken of. For myself I confess to a great fondness for stories, provided they possess a reasonable degree of interest, and are related with a reasonable degree of skill. In the generic name of 'story,' however, I do not mean to include the higher branches of fiction. Novels, long involved and complicate, are well enough in their line, when the requisite degree of genius is brought to bear upon their construction. But I speak now of the brief and well-conceived tale, which stares at you from the freshly-printed periodical, promising a half hour's relaxation and amusement, when the mind has long been burthened with weightier thought; one that the eye may roam lazily over, when, amid zephyrs and shades, you seek refuge from the sultry sun of June, or when partitioned off from the howling storms of November, you repose indolently, beside the glowing grate.

But I must not forget what has probably been anticipated, that I have myself a story to relate, and unless I hasten to its commencement, I may find myself in the unenviable plight of a certain verbose author, who wrote so long a preface to his book that he was obliged to publish it in a separate volume.

Let me therefore introduce to the reader a worthy and ancient ge-

tleman, who formerly occupied a station which afforded him opportunities of becoming acquainted with many strange and secret pages of human life. Many years ago, Colonel Rushton was the principal keeper of a State Penitentiary. He was moreover, what the incumbent of such a post ought always to be, a man of great probity and humanity. The following tale of events connected with his former occupation, is one of many with which his memory is stored, and which, thanks to the garrulity of age, he now takes pleasure in relating. If it should be thought to possess a romantic character, but little in keeping with the spirit of this 'working-day world,' or approaching too near the marvellous for easy credence, let it be remembered that the incidents which it records, occurred in those times

'— when worth was crowned, and faith was kept,  
Ere friendship grew a snare, or love waxed cold  
Those pure and happy times ; the golden days of old.'

Lest, however, my informant may be considered to have violated any confidence reposed in him ; by divulging certain portions of the following narrative, it is proper to state that Time has wrought his usual changes with the principal actors in the scenes about to be described, and whatever reason for secrecy there may once have been, has long since ceased to exist. With this brief explanation, my venerable friend shall be allowed to speak for himself.

#### THE WARDER'S TALE.

It was drawing-room night, to borrow a trans-Atlantic phrase, at the Governor's house in the city of ———, and a crowd of gay and fashionable people, interspersed with many grave, and a few seedy-looking politicians, thronged the spacious halls and corridors of the executive mansion. To the eye of an attentive observer an amusing contrast was afforded by the aspect of the different coteries thus brought into juxtaposition. Here, a fair daughter of Eve, with possibly a spice of Eve's old antagonist in her composition, but radiant with the light of a thousand charms, reigned supreme over a little group of spell-bound admirers, while, removed but a few feet from the magic circle, a knot of intriguing politicians, heedless of the dangerous vicinity, were eagerly discussing the approaching campaign. Others, equally forgetful of the festive occasion which had drawn them together, were openly censuring, with true republican freedom, some recent public act of the chief magistrate, and stigmatizing as a demagogue the man whom but a few moments before they had cordially taken by the hand. Ignorant or heedless of these things, which he well knew how to appreciate, the distinguished functionary alluded to, occupied a prominent part of the principal saloon ; the centre of a continually shifting group, who, having paid their first salutations there, retired and mingled with the crowd. Having myself performed this duty, and being nearly a stranger to the buzzing throng around me, I had stationed myself in a favorable position for beholding the actors in this little drama.



There have been many individuals since the days of Shakspeare to whom have been applied the Hamletonian epithet, 'the observed of all observers.' There was certainly one at the Governor's levee. Of unusual elegance of figure, face, and apparel, of graceful and prepossessing manners, this cynosure of a hundred eyes was a stranger, of whom nothing seemed to be known by the crowd with which he was mingling. In vain were the questions of the curious set on foot. Mammas managed and daughters ogled, all in vain. He sought no introduction to the ladies, but remaining near the Governor for a much longer time than etiquette would warrant, availed himself of every opportunity to renew what seemed an almost importunate conversation with that gentleman. Whatever the subject matter of this colloquy may have been, it was evidently urged in that respectful and gentlemanly manner, which forbade the idea of reproof. When finally forced, by the press of other claimants to relinquish his post, it was only to seek the most influential of the state officers, with the same winning manners and earnest air. His remarks to all of these individuals were made in a semi-confidential tone, and seemed to be respectfully received. These circumstances of course, tended to heighten curiosity, and having partaken somewhat largely of that infectious feeling, I soon found myself, unconsciously, drawing nearer to the object of it. When I had approached within a few feet of this notable personage, our eyes inadvertently met. What was my surprise when I saw a sudden color suffuse his face, succeeded by as sudden and remarkable a pallor. He faltered in conversation, and despite his former self-possession, remained silent for several seconds, staring fixedly at me. For one instant I was astonished — appalled. The next, a light flashed upon my mind. Memory held up her mirror, and within it, faint, vague, indistinct was the countenance of the stranger. Gradually the clouds passed away, the picture grew more vivid and the truth became apparent. He had been a convict and an inmate of the prison under my charge. The recognition, which was mutual and complete, had occupied but a few seconds and as we were still gazing at each other, he gave me a deprecating look, and withdrawing his eyes, continued a conversation with one of the secretaries with tolerable composure. Five minutes afterward he drew me aside, and with his former equanimity fully restored, remarked:

'I believe from your countenance that my secret is safe for the present. If on the morrow, I cannot give you sufficient reason for continuing to keep it so, you shall have full liberty to divulge it. In the mean time accept this pledge, that to-morrow I will see you again.'

So saying, he placed in my hands a small parcel, and disappeared before I could reply. His sudden exit was the cause of no little sensation, and finding myself likely to become a lion in his stead, I soon followed his example. During my homeward walk, my mind was fully occupied with reflections upon this extraordinary occurrence. My first impulse had been to publicly expose so insolent a trespasser upon society. But while I hesitated, his words and still more his manner decided me to forbear. Although a smile of seeming composure had accompanied his remarks, I fancied I could perceive that forced resignation of expression, which marks the countenance of one inured to suffering and

prepared for the worst. The mystery of the affair was in no degree lessened upon my arrival at my room by an examination of the parcel which he had given me. It proved to be a miniature painting of a female face, young and of exceeding beauty. It was richly set, and in every way a choice work of art. Satisfied that my inanimate hostage could not fail to be redeemed, I deposited it in a place of safe-keeping, and awaited the result.

The appointment was faithfully kept. On the ensuing morning, the stranger was shown to my room at the — hotel, and I was not a little amused to perceive that his distinguished appearance visibly increased the respect shown to myself by the domestic who ushered him in. When we were at length entirely alone, his deportment changed, and he addressed me as follows :

‘ You think me an impostor, and are perhaps prepared to denounce me to the world as a convicted felon. If this will be a pleasure to you, it is one from which I have no disposition to debar you, excepting for a limited time and for a specific object. The world and its opinions I hold in disregard. Deceived by ornament, judging from false premises or falsely from correct ones, condemning the innocent and upholding the corrupt, its censures and its adulations are alike unworthy of notice. I, myself, degraded by its judgment, you will say, do not occupy a sufficient elevation from which to exercise this assumed contempt. If disgrace consists in punishment, instead of crime, I do not ; if innocence is the same in the sanctuary and the cell, I do. You smile, and I probably understand your meaning. One who has long occupied your situation, becomes accustomed to these protestations of innocence and learns to hold them cheap. The graduate of a prison can hardly hope to retain a reputation for veracity. It matters not. I have it in my power to compel belief to a portion of what I am about to tell you, if you will listen, and as to the rest, you yourself, (excuse me,) are only an unit of that great world, whose opinion in the mass, I have already dared to despise.’

So saying, and assuming an air of gayety that left me a while in doubt whether to impute it to a consummate skill in acting, or to a natural buoyancy of spirits, he continued, or rather commenced his narrative as follows :

‘ I have been a prisoner. Let me begin there. It is the proper centre of my story. Your true romancer stations himself, spider-like, in the midst of his plot, whence he can spin his thread in every direction. Why may not the historian do the same ? But my simile is unhappy. I am rather the unsuspecting fly, caught in such flimsy toils. The *spider* is yet to be introduced. I repeat then, I have been a state prisoner. Let me reverse the words, and say a prisoner of state. It sounds better. Regulus and Bonaparte were the same. Nor is there any thing very dreadful in the doom. Apart from the consciousness of guilt, which I had not, and the disgrace which I felt not, there is really but little to be endured. Who is not a prisoner ? My limits were narrower than yours. But what were yours ? A speck amidst immensity. A little ball of earth, to which by viewless chains, we are all bound down. The relative size of our prison-houses is nearly the same

compared with that larger liberty to which we all aspire. You, who have often seen me in the situation to which I allude, will think, perhaps, that my deportment there did not always give evidence of such an immunity from grief. Alas! I had other cause for sorrow, of which you shall hear. Four years ago, at the early age of twenty-two, I held a responsible post in a large banking establishment in the city of —. It is unnecessary to say that I possessed the entire confidence of my employers, both in regard to capacity and integrity. To one, the principal officer and capitalist of the institution, I was under the most weighty obligations. It would be tedious to you, were I to relate the particulars of my position and affairs. Let it suffice that I was parentless and poor. But I had been taught that talents, integrity, and address were in themselves a valuable capital. How valuable they proved to me in combatting the first ill-winds of fortune, you shall judge.

‘Although my occupation was one that allowed me much leisure, I had but few companions. One of these, whose portrait adorns this bit of ivory,’ he continued, opening the miniature-case, and gazing with evident emotion at the picture within, ‘too fully engrossed my thoughts to leave me much interest in general society, or in associates of my own sex. Of her my account must be brief, for language is inadequate to depict her worth. Of her exceeding beauty this little sketch will indeed afford some slight idea. But beauty was the least of her charms. She was an orphan-niece of Mr. Elton, the friend to whom I have alluded, and a member of his family. She was, however, without expectations from her uncle, whose family was already large when this precious charge was devolved upon his care by the sudden decease of her parents. There were, therefore, no motives of delicacy to restrain my addresses. Her situation in life was singularly similar to my own. Our acquaintance soon ripened into affection, and, as she subsequently gave convincing proof, her attachment to me surpassed even the proverbial love of woman. It was single, sincere and devoted. I am convinced that no earthly object which could have come in conflict with it would have possessed the slightest relative value in her estimation. That love was as fully reciprocated as my less noble nature would admit. Such was Louisa Wentworth, and such the nature of the ties which united us. No cloud rested upon our happiness; the present was gilded by affection, the future was illumined by hope.

‘I have sketched the picture of an angel; let me draw by its side the demon whose dark shadow fell so soon across our Paradise. The world contains many varieties of villains, but there are none at once so despicable and so dangerous as those who hide hatred under a mask of friendship, and plot their neighbor’s ruin with a smiling face. Of this class was Henry Leeford. And when it is remembered how difficult it is to detect the lineaments of a depraved and fiendish heart under a pleasing exterior and graceful address, it will be no matter of surprise that for a while we were on intimate and friendly terms. A confidential clerk in the same institution with which I was connected, young, well educated, and of respectable family, there seemed no reasonable barrier to our intimacy. I little dreamed that even then a long course of secret dissipation had wasted his patrimony, and left him a prey to

temptations which he had no virtue to resist. The repulsive features in his character were not suddenly developed. One by one they became visible, like stains in silk of richest fabric, the more foul by contrast with his seeming excellence. Perhaps it might have been my lot, seduced by such a tempter, to break through the barriers erected by early education and descend with him along the flowery paths of vice. But this one pure image, enshrined upon the innermost altar of my heart, proved a protecting talisman against all the blandishments of pleasure. Alas! that the same cause which restrained me from the commission of guilt should devolve upon me its severest punishment!

Leeford could not tolerate a superior. In his view, to be surpassed was to be degraded. When I say, therefore, that he had been a rejected suitor for the hand of Miss Wentworth, you will understand in some degree the character of his real feelings toward myself. Charity may suggest a doubt whether for this cause alone he would have sought my utter ruin; but when it became necessary to find a victim for guilt which could no longer be concealed, he effected a double object in selecting me, and effected it the more easily because of our seeming friendship. Prominent among the vices to which he was addicted was that of gambling. This from a pastime had grown to an unconquerable habit, and was at length resorted to solely as a source of gain. Driven to desperation by large and repeated losses, and sanguine with the hope of retrieving his fortune, he abstracted a large sum from his employer's funds. Nearly all of this, as I have recently learned, was in one night, and at one sitting, transferred to other hands. On the ensuing morning, although he well knew that on that day the embezzlement must be discovered, he appeared with smiling and undisturbed countenance at his accustomed post, and went composedly through his ordinary duties. When the astounding disclosure was at length made, Leeford was the man who first turned the current of suspicion upon me. Himself and a principal officer of the institution called upon me together, and with significant looks suddenly communicated the intelligence. I felt that I was suspected. Indignation and shame drove the quick blood to my cheeks, and a revulsion of feeling as naturally left me with a corresponding pallor. Shame on the idiots who could construe such an effect into the evidence of guilt! Yet it was considered sufficient for my arrest, and proof was not wanting to complete my ruin. The particulars it is unnecessary to relate. The web was artfully woven, and the victim was snared. It was not without the utmost reluctance, nor until proofs seemingly the most convincing were produced against me, that my former friend and patron, Mr. Elton, yielded credence to the charge. Prominent among the proofs alluded to, and one that weighed heavily against me, was the circumstance that several hundreds of the stolen funds were found concealed in my room, a fact which ought rather to have aroused suspicions of a very different nature. To have perpetrated such a crime, and left such palpable traces of my guilt, I must have passed at once from at least an ordinary degree of intelligence and integrity to the very depths both of stupidity and crime.

‘Although from the first I had suspected Leeford's guilt, I did not

know it. I could obtain no tangible evidence against him, nor could I fully believe in such total depravity. It would have been worse than useless to suggest suspicions so feebly entertained, and which admitted of no confirmation. But amid all this persecution there was one unfailing source of consolation. Louisa Wentworth placed the most implicit faith in my integrity. Never for one moment did she swerve from a full conviction of my innocence. Her distress was at first of the most intense and harrowing kind. But during the few weeks which elapsed before my trial, her appearance underwent a remarkable change. Tears and anguish gave way to smiles and cheerful words. She did not indeed predict my acquittal; of that there seemed no reasonable prospect. But she spoke of brighter days in reserve. She taught me to despise a world so easily misled, and pointed forward to the time when, with herself fond and faithful at my side, with a consciousness of integrity, and probably a retrieved reputation, I should smile at the memory of present griefs. The picture brightened beneath her touch, and I felt at that moment what I have never since ceased to feel, that the possession of such a heart was of infinitely more value than all the world beside.

'My trial resulted as was foreseen. Let me not dwell on the painful particulars. Every exertion was used in vain by the friends of Louisa to detach her affections from an object deemed so unworthy. But to the last she continued firm and faithful, and replied only with the most indignant reproaches against those who had so readily deserted me. 'Tell me not,' she said, when conducted from the court-room, where she had persisted in being present at the trial; 'tell me not that he has been convicted by an impartial jury and an upright judge. To the great JUDGE or JUDGES I appeal, the foundations of whose thrones are justice and equity.'

'At our final separation each, with forced composure, strove to animate the other. For myself, although in public I had been able to manifest all the equanimity which innocence properly inspires, I found it a task more difficult to restrain the convulsive throes of grief at this last sad interview.

'It would be equally useless to harrow your feelings by a recital of my sufferings during the first few weeks of my confinement. It was less, however, the gloom of the cell, or the degradation of the workshop, which I mourned, than the prospect of so prolonged a separation from her who now constituted the light and joy of my life. But my grief was not destined to be without alleviation. A letter, mysteriously introduced into my cell by night, greeted my eyes one morning on rising from my couch. A blissful presentiment filled my mind. My whole frame shook with the violent pulsations of my heart. Tremblingly I seized the treasure; but it was not until several seconds had elapsed that my fast-flowing tears would allow me to distinguish, in the address, the well-known hand of Louisa. It was filled with the same fervor of affection, and assurances of the same unflinching faith in my innocence, of which she had already given such convincing proof. She also earnestly enjoined upon me to forbear any attempt to ascertain the agency by which the letter was received; and as a compliance,

with this request was made the condition on which depended a repetition of the favor, you need not doubt my obedience. It was easy to conjecture that some subordinate officer of the prison had been found who was not too rigid a disciplinarian to perform so humane and harmless an act. But in what manner Louisa could have secured his services was more difficult to determine. After a few weeks another letter was received, with an assurance of their probable continuance. In this Louisa informed me not only of her own health, but that she had means of keeping advised of mine. Thenceforth these mute messengers were the solace of my life. To think of them by day, to dream of them by night, to watch for them at dawn, became an occupation and amusement. How indelibly was every sentence imprinted on my heart! How were every margin and corner searched for some isolated word that might have escaped my first eager perusal! They continued to be received at irregular intervals, but no clue was afforded to the invisible post by which they arrived.

Time rolled on. I became in some degree reconciled to my lot. The rocky walls and grated windows of my cell began to look less harsh and forbidding. Nor was the workshop without its amusement. The state had kindly undertaken to educate me to the honorable handicraft of a weaver; and although my fingers were, doubtless, better fitted for the pen than the shuttle, I did not dislike my new occupation. It proved an agreeable pastime. I even began to take some interest in my fellow-prisoners, and to wonder whether there were not others among them as guiltless as myself. There was one employed in the same department who had particularly attracted my attention. He was young and pale, and; despite the felon's garb, had an amiable and innocent look. His loom stood at some distance from mine, but its position was such that, when at work, we sat nearly facing each other. He had evidently discovered that I took an interest in his fate, for I often encountered his large dark eyes gazing earnestly at me. There was a varying expression of resignation, sadness and hope, in his countenance, and, although we never interchanged a word, I cannot doubt that there was a warm and mutual friendship sprung up between us. The human heart, like the gentle vine, is ever putting forth its tendrils, and, thank Heaven! there is no place so desolate but that some object will be found around which they may cling.

But I shall cease to interest you with these minute details of a life necessarily monotonous. Two years and a half rolled wearily away. They were not, indeed, unimproved, although but little opportunity for mental culture was afforded. But Affliction is a valuable teacher, and one whose lessons are seldom eradicated from the mind. I had reason to hope that during that period I had acquired the elements of that high and holy philosophy before which the light of human learning 'pales its ineffectual ray.' The term of imprisonment for which I had been sentenced was three years. But six months of this period now remained unexpired. The thought of again meeting Louisa produced a pleasure almost insupportable, while the few intervening months appeared longer in prospect than the years which had elapsed. Judge then of my delight when I received the unexpected intelligence of my

pardon. Thrilled with irrepressible ecstasy, yet bewildered with doubt and wonder, I hastened, after changing my apparel, to seek from the principal keeper a solution of the mystery. You were then absent, and your place, as you are aware, was temporarily supplied by another. In his apartment, anxiously awaiting my arrival, I found Mr. Elton. With unheeded tears coursing down his cheeks, he grasped my hand, and as rapidly as his choked utterance would permit, informed me that circumstances had recently come to light fully establishing my innocence; that Leeford, exposed, had fled the country; and that the directors of the company were desirous to give the strongest evidence to the world of their restored confidence by installing me at once in his vacant post. As soon as I could possibly interrupt the torrent of his words, it was to inquire after Louisa. A sudden cloud overspread his countenance, as he proceeded to inform me what little he knew of her fate.

'For a few weeks after my removal she had remained gloomy and despondent. Then she had suddenly disappeared, leaving a brief letter of explanation, and intimating that search for her would be useless. She had in view, she said, a safe retreat from the contumely and pity of the world. 'God grant that it may have proved so!' exclaimed the old man, 'but we have sore misgivings. Notwithstanding our most earnest search, no word or token or rumor of the unhappy girl has since reached us. Could we but find her now, my dear boy,' he continued, 'in safety and health, this sad affair would yet have a most happy termination.'

'In reply, I hastened to inform him of the mysterious letters, and of my full belief that Louisa was residing somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the prison. So elated was I with hope, that I did not suffer a doubt to dwell on my mind of immediate success in discovering her retreat. But, alas! after three weeks of diligent and futile search, I began to entertain the most serious alarm. I reflected that since the receipt of her last letter nearly three months had now elapsed; a period sufficient in this world of change to contain almost the whole catalogue of human calamities. That she who had kept so vigilant a watch over me while in confinement, whose spirit had seemed to be in some mysterious manner ever near me, could, if still in life and health, be ignorant of my release, began to appear the height of improbability. That she could intentionally remain concealed, knowing me to be at liberty, was still more difficult of belief. The officers of the institution severally disclaimed any agency in the transmission of the letters, and concurred in the conclusion that the delinquent was one who had been recently superseded for some other infraction of the rules. For this individual search was also made in vain. Some fatality has seemed thus far to attend all our investigations. I came to this city lured by the very shadow of a hope. It had been rumored that Louisa had at one time made personal application to the Governor in my behalf. If so, there was a possibility that that officer might possess some information in regard to her. I arrived late yesterday afternoon. My anxiety would not admit of delay, and learning that a levee was to be held on the same evening, I resolved to mingle with the crowd, and obtain, at

all hazards, an immediate interview with the chief magistrate. I need not say that my inquiries were fruitless. Petitions of this kind were too numerous to admit of his retaining any distinct recollection in regard to them. It was doubtless to get rid of my importunity that he referred me to other officers, who sometimes shared with him the burthen of examining into the merits of such applications. But all was in vain. It was while conversing with one of these gentlemen that our meeting and recognition took place. You were a witness of the agitation which it naturally produced in me. I had disclosed my name to the governor only; no one else knew aught of my history. Had you proved indiscreet I should have been placed in a most painful dilemma, perhaps rendering necessary a public and humiliating explanation.'

I had listened with eagerness to this extraordinary tale, but it was with an eagerness produced not alone by its intrinsic interest; for although the narrative had closed in uncertainty and doubt, a light of startling intensity had flashed upon my own mind. Fearful, however, of exciting hopes which might not be realized, I forbore any allusion to my suspicions, but assured Mr. Lincoln (such was his name) of my sincere sympathy, and promised to coöperate with him as far as possible in seeking to elucidate the mystery. We then parted, and on the next day, my business in the city being completed, I set out for home.

While we are performing this journey let me explain to you the circumstances on which were based my expectations of bringing this strange affair to light. About two years and a half prior to the time of which I have been speaking, I was called upon by a young man of pleasant and modest deportment, who desired me to favor him with a private interview. He was slight in frame and well appparelled, and had in every respect the appearance of a gentleman. It was not until he had received from me an assurance that his communication should be regarded as strictly confidential that he proceeded to unfold the nature of his business. Judge of my astonishment when he requested to be admitted into the penitentiary as a convict! He was willing to conform in every respect to the prison discipline, desiring only the privilege of selecting his occupation and his cell. His labor, he said, should be faithfully performed, and would remunerate the state for his support. If at any time he failed in this respect, he would consent to be expelled without complaint.

It was with difficulty that I could believe the evidence of my senses while listening to his request, and to the earnest and humble voice in which it was preferred. Not that the application was entirely without precedent; distress and poverty had sometimes driven their victims to seek so miserable a boon; but the individual before me was of a different class. So far from exhibiting any evidence of destitution, he even proposed to place security in my hands for the faithful performance of his duty. Not wishing to directly deny a petition so earnestly urged, I proceeded to expostulate with him on his absurdity. It was all in vain. He insisted that there was sufficient, though secret, cause for his conduct, which he knew must seem remarkable.

You will be surprised when I tell you that, after a little reflection, I decided to make the experiment of admitting him. I had taken much



pains to avail myself of the singular advantages which my position afforded in making observations upon human nature, and I thought this an opportunity not to be lost. It is true I might render myself liable to censure for transcending my official powers; but while no actual harm could ensue I had little fear of the result.

I informed him of my decision. I told him that he might choose his employment and his cell, but in every other particular he would be required rigidly to adhere to the rules. The felon's garb, the felon's diet and labor, and, if refractory, the felon's punishment, should be his. No individual excepting myself and the clerk of the institution, who must necessarily be admitted to the secret, should know or have any reason to suppose that he was not a convict; but the term of his imprisonment was to depend entirely upon his own will. If at any time he desired to be released, he was only to signify his wishes to me, and he should be set at liberty. This event, I predicted, would speedily take place, but he as resolutely asserted the contrary. An examination of the prison, which I allowed him to make in company with an under-keeper, resulted in the selection of the weaving business for his employment; he also designated the number of his cell. I ought not to omit to state that he had also stipulated for the use of writing materials; which being a favor then not unfrequently accorded to the better behaved convicts, I did not hesitate to allow. He gave his name, which he acknowledged to be an assumed one, as Edward Green. On the next day he made his appearance at an appointed hour, and after going through the usual initiatory proceedings, was conducted to the weavers'-shop and duly installed at a vacant loom. He made rapid proficiency in his trade, at which he soon became so exceedingly apt and ingenious, as to become a great favorite with the contractor in that department. He was in other respects equally exemplary. For many months I closely watched his conduct, but at length insensibly acquired the habit of regarding him as a convict, and seldom thought of the circumstances attending his incarceration. It will not be a matter of surprise if I say that I thought of them now, and sought carefully to recall every trifling particular of his appearance and deportment. Every thing seemed to confirm my suspicions, and my first official act, on arriving at home, was to summon him before me. In a few moments he entered the room, pale, languid and trembling.

'I have sent for you, Mr. Green,' I said, 'to offer you your liberty. In so doing, doubtless, I anticipate your wishes.'

'I know not by what means you have discovered my thoughts,' was the quick reply, 'but such is certainly my desire. For several weeks I have been anxiously awaiting your return, for this purpose.'

'You must not be alarmed,' I rejoined, 'if you find me in possession of secrets in relation to yourself of much greater moment than this.'

A quick suspicious look was the only reply to this remark.

'Do not believe me capable,' I continued, 'of feigning a knowledge that I do not possess, for the purpose of entrapping you into disclosures prejudicial to your interests. A desire for your welfare, and that of him for whom you have suffered so much, alone induces me to give so much pain to *Miss Louisa Wentworth*!'

I was talking to marble ! Breathless, pale, and statue-like, she stood for a moment before me, and then fell fainting into my arms. She soon awoke to consciousness, and attempted hesitatingly and with much embarrassment to speak. I interrupted her as follows :

‘Do not speak now. Be not distressed. Your secret is safe, even from Mr. Lincoln, if you desire it. For that gentleman I will despatch an immediate messenger. In the mean time, abide in my family. In the adjoining room you will find the trunk which you left in my charge, and which will doubtless furnish you with the means of making your toilet. When this is done, I will conduct you to Mrs. Rushton, who is fortunately so good a wife as to have no curiosity at my bidding.’

Looking the thanks which she could not utter, Miss Wentworth withdrew into the apartment designated, and in a short time reappeared, neatly and tastefully arrayed, and looking, I think, as truly beautiful as any being I had ever beheld. Yet there was a decided shade of care upon her countenance. We were about leaving the room, when she detained me, and speaking for the first time in her true character, though evidently not without great effort, she said :

‘You have spoken of Mr. Lincoln in terms of respect. Tell me if you too believe him innocent ?’

‘His innocence,’ I replied, ‘is fully established.’

A gleam of rapturous delight illumined her beautiful features for a moment, and was as rapidly succeeded by a gush of tears. ‘Thank God ! it is enough !’ she exclaimed ; and sinking upon the sofa, for many minutes her sobs, and the convulsive heavings of her breast, testified her irrepressible emotion. She had before heard of his pardon, but knew nothing of its cause.

When she had become sufficiently composed I introduced her to my family, in the best manner I could without infringing upon her secret, and by the stage-coach of the same evening sent an express messenger for Mr. Lincoln. In the mean time Miss Wentworth manifested the greatest solicitude lest her adventure should be discovered. Although she seemed to repose great confidence in me, and talked freely with me on the subject, it was never without the most profuse blushes. She even designed to conceal it from her lover ; and it was not without many arguments that I persuaded her to the contrary. I believe it was only the idea that it would be positive injustice to withhold from him the most important secret of her life which finally induced her to change her mind.

The mystery of the letters was easily and satisfactorily explained, without reference to the agency of a third party. The particulars it would now be tedious to relate. The two cells were in immediate proximity, and only a moderate degree of ingenuity was requisite to effect such an object.

Within a few days Mr. Lincoln arrived. I shall not be guilty of the folly of attempting to describe the meeting between him and Miss Wentworth, of which I was unavoidably a witness. Imagination, with her Daguerrean powers, will readily draw a picture here which would defy the portraiture of words.

The world does not often atone for its wrongs. When it does, its

reparation is ample. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln took at once the highest stand in the respect and affections of society ; and their continued devotion to each other was a rare and beautiful specimen of that love which constitutes the few points of contiguity between earth and heaven.

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H Y M N S   T O   T H E   G O D S .

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N U M B E R   N I N E .

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T O   J U N O .

MOTHER of gods ! devoutly we inoline  
 Our willing knees before thy holy shrine,  
 Where Imbrasmus runs seaward strong and swift,  
 Through the green plains of Samos. Lo ! we lift  
 Gladly to thee our many-voiced strain,  
 Sung never to thy majesty in vain.  
 The day wears on ; the expanding sun sinks low,  
 While in the East thy messenger's bright bow  
 Gladdens the vision of thy worshippers :  
 Among thy garlands a sweet soft wind stirs,  
 Where thy loved flowers, oh ! Queen of Heaven, divine,  
 White lilies with the dittany entwine,  
 And the gay poppy. Wilt thou deign to hear  
 Our solemn chant, loud, earnest, and sincere,  
 And grant our prayer ? Come from Olympus down,  
 In regal glory, with thy starry crown,  
 Thy sceptre flashing with great gems, wherein  
 Thy cuckoo broods ; let not the lingering sun  
 Set in the sea before our glad eyes greet  
 Afar the glitter of thy snowy feet,  
     Sandalled with ivory,  
 That shame the fairest of our green isle's daughters,  
     And flash upon the undulating sea  
 Like star-light on a blue lake's sleeping waters.

Power, Empire, Virtue, all are in thy gift :  
 Inspired by thee, low men their eyes uplift,  
 As hawks to the sun, and aim at high estate,  
 And reach it, while the mighty and the great,  
 Toppling like towers, fall headlong. By thee urged,  
 Man, in the sloughs of wretchedness immersed,  
 Arms him anew with courage resolute,  
 Bears pain and evil with endurance mute,  
 And grows divine in virtuous fortitude :  
 Woman, by thee with constancy endued,  
 In ill report and evil fortune clings  
 More closely to her husband's side, and brings  
 Her lovely patience ever to his aid  
 In the world's trials. Power and Empire fade,  
 And are dissolved like a thin summer cloud,  
 But Virtue is immortal. Men have bowed

A thousand years before thy many shrines,  
Clamoring for power ; but rarely one inclines  
In prayer for virtue, truth and constancy,  
Before thine altars the obsequious knee.

We, prostrate at thy feet,  
Of these, the only true and priceless treasure,  
Do humbly and beseechingly entreat  
Thy majesty benign to grant us ample measure.

Where tarriest thou, CITHÆRONEIA, now ?  
Perhaps upon some mountain's regal brow,  
Cyllene or Oromedon, inclined,  
No cares of state disturbing thy great mind,  
Thou seest below our lovely Grecian isles,  
And the great sea that undulating smiles  
On their calm slumber ; round thee hoary firs  
Shake their tall heads, and many an old beech stirs  
In dreamy murmur ; while, some limb upon,  
Watching the broad red eye-ball of the sun,  
Thy kingly hawk, sitting with outspread wings,  
Rocked by the mountain breezes, idly swings :  
Or, in some shady and secluded nook,  
On the green margin of a leafy brook,  
Lulled by its murmuring into tranquil sleep,  
While thy young nymphs demurely round thee keep  
A patient vigil. In whatever spot  
Of rarest beauty — cave, lawn, dell, or grot,  
Cool glade, deep vale, or silver-sanded shore,  
Or river-bank shaded with sycamore —

Hearken, O, lovely Queen !  
To the loud echo of our plaintive voices !  
Approach us while the laughing earth is green,  
And the young Spring with buds and golden flowers rejoices.

Oh ! Queen of Heaven, loved of the laughing Hours,  
Let snowy-shouldered HEBE, crowned with flowers,  
Before the advent of the evening star  
Harness thy peacocks to thy jewelled car :  
Leave for a space the mighty THUNDERER's side,  
And thy swift birds let sweet young IAS guide  
To our fair isle ; stay not thy flashing wheels  
On the dark Euxine, ploughed with many keels,  
Or where the vexed Propontis hoarsely swells,  
In Cos or Naxos, or the Arcadian dells.  
Come, thou heaven's wonder ! to our island first,  
Where thou wast born, and by the Seasons nursed !  
By those sweet hours when all thy glorious charms  
Were first encircled by Jove's mighty arms ;  
When thy large eyes, magnificently bright,  
Looked into his with mild and softened light,  
And on his breast thou hid'st thy blushing face,  
Lovely in virgin innocence and grace ;  
By those sweet hours, come ! — while the Day still rides  
The crimson cloud-surge — to these innocent brides,

Who watch the fading sky,  
Their breasts with fear and rapture palpitating,  
For thee, who must their virgin-zones untie,  
Since Day's first dawn before thy leafy altar waiting !

ALBERT PIER

## STRAY LEAVES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY 'ASHTON.'

'Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,  
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!'

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

DEAR F — : There are seasons in the lives of all, mile-stones, as it were, in the journey of life, when the soul seems to pause and look back upon the road already traversed: memory retraces the past, and full oft she but lifts 'the coffin-lid of love and hope and joy.' She brings before us so much to regret, of broken vows, of misspent time and talents, of hasty words and acts, and so much to mourn in the once warm hearts forever silenced in the night of the grave, that even the most light-hearted and thoughtless have their serious hours and their silent communings with their better nature. Such seasons are the commencement of the New Year, our birth-days, the anniversaries of the death of beloved friends, and the like. Such a season is the present to me; and amid the thoughts that always accompany the advent of another year, is now indissolubly connected a record of sorrow.

New Year's week a twelvemonth since clothed our little household with gloom. The returning anniversary and the late terrible explosion of the Steamboat Louisiana have brought it vividly before me. I have lived it all over again; 'the beloved and true-hearted has been with me once more; the bleeding wounds have bled afresh, and grief unavailing has worn still deeper traces among the heart's memories. I have taken my journal and re-read these sad passages in our family history. I give it to you, dear F — , just as it stands there; not for anything extraordinary in its incident or its details, but as one individual record of suffering among the multitudes who have been hastily summoned from this world in the same manner. Oh! what an expressive prayer to me is that in the Litany which says: 'From *sudden death*, good Lord, deliver me!'

'How strange and mysterious is the power which presentiments will at times exert over the mind! There is a latent tinge of superstition in every heart, and strange tears will at times fill the soul with dread; grim phantoms, waving us back from threatened danger. Can it be that spirits from the shadowy world are privileged to warn us of evil! Vain are their prophetic forebodings! The ill is undefined, and we know not which way to turn to escape. Even now these sentiments are called forth by my present feelings. A cloud is upon my spirit; a fearful dread oppresses me; and as I write, a cold hand arrests mine, chills my blood, and palsies my fingers. What threatens? Let me see clearer, or warn me not at all.'

Thus far had I written at a late hour of the night. All had retired; but overpowered by gloomy thoughts, I had been striving to wile them away with my pen, when a quick loud rap at the door, not far from

which I was sitting, under the presence of my excited feelings, made me almost fall from my chair. 'The Messenger of Evil!' involuntarily burst from my lips; but as the rap was repeated, I hastily opened the door, when the familiar form of S—— met my eye. 'Why,' said I, smiling, for I was completely reassured, 'you nearly frightened ——.'

A glance at his pale face as the rays of the lantern which he carried fell upon it, made me pause suddenly.

'Where is H——?' said he, without a reply.

I pointed to his bed-room door. With hasty strides he was by the bedside. Without a moment's pause he abruptly exclaimed:

'H——, I am fearful there is one of our number less.'

His manner and looks alarmed H——, who started up: 'What, what have you heard?' With unnatural calmness he answered:

'The captain of the *Maria*, that is now at the landing, says the —— steamer has been blown all to pieces, and every soul on board killed!'

A dearly-beloved brother had left us but a few days previous, on the boat which had met with this awful disaster! The particulars, as far as they could be gathered respecting the ill-fated boat, were, that while rounding to at some small landing to take on a passenger, she had blown up, with a most terrific explosion, resulting in the loss, as the report first reached us, of all on board. Allowance of course was made for exaggeration; but from the peculiar construction of the boat we could hardly hope that any of the passengers had escaped.

Long, long were the hours of that terrible night. Sleep visited no couch, but vain tossings to and fro. Controlling my own feelings, I urged upon H—— to try to sleep, if he would husband his little remaining strength, for he had been scarcely able to sit up for weeks; but now, in the strength of his excited feelings, he had resolved with L—— to set out by land, at the earliest dawn, in search of certain information, as well as to soothe and succor ——, if alive and suffering; or, fearful thought to dwell upon! to bring home his remains, if worse had befallen him.

Before light next morning our melancholy family were gathered round a sad breakfast-table. Before we met next at the social board, how much of the agony of hearts made desolate might we not know! How fearful were our forebodings as we recalled his unaccountable reluctance to depart; yet each one strove to reassure the other by the assumption of cheerfulness; but as the parting came, and the two who were to journey as speedily as possible to learn how great a wo was ours, clasped our hands, we could not restrain ourselves: the smothered sobs betrayed our inward conviction that there was little hope.

They left us: I need not trace the heavy hours as they dragged along, with all the agony of suspense. At such times the heart finds some relief in action; the consciousness that they are doing something; but we could only remain passive and *wait*. We were tortured by the conflicting rumors which each boat that came, and had passed the wreck, brought with them; but hope sprang up in our weary hearts, as we heard from a sympathising, noble-hearted friend, who sought every boat to bring us consolation, that Captain B——, of the ——,

whom we knew well, said that he saw all of those who were killed as he passed, and was sure that — was not of the number, or he should have recognized him; neither did he hear his name as among the wounded who had been carried back into the country to different houses in the sparsely-settled 'Bottom.' And how that hope vanished as another boat brought a paper which professed to give authentic information of the disaster, and *first* upon the list of killed and wounded, as we read through blinding tears, stood the name of our beloved one! Ah! what a day was that! It was hoping against hope to believe him living. A violent storm raged without, and all nature seemed to share our grief. How that day passed I know not. Too deep in my heart for time ever to obliterate is engraven its mournful remembrance.

The succeeding day brought a messenger, who said he came from —; that he sent him, fearing that we might hear various rumors and suffer on his account. We knew his kind heart, ever thoughtful of others, and the more readily credited the story. He said — would have written, but that both his hands were slightly burned; that he had been blown into the water, but not seriously injured, and would be at home in a few days. For a messenger with such tidings, too much could not be done. Joyfully was he rewarded for his tedious journey, and many were the blessings showered upon him as he retraced his steps. Singing and cheerful voices reëchoed through the dwelling, and we felt how much dearer he was to us all for the danger through which he had passed. As time passed on, many a longing gaze was cast down the street. At every carriage and unusual sound our hearts beat with joy and expectation.

At length, when we began to feel some misgivings at our ready confidence in the strange messenger, for that which the heart hopes it will readily believe, we received a letter from H —:

*'Log-Cabin, two miles from the Wreck.'*

' — is living, but oh, my God! in what a state! Bruised, maimed, and burned in all parts of his body! I cannot hope that his life will be spared, although the physicians think he may recover. An internal injury seems the most serious one. He breathes with great difficulty. I look at him, and money-making lies in the dust. Were the wealth of the Indies to flow into our coffers, it could not compensate for the agony he is now enduring. You know his uncomplaining disposition and never-ceasing anxiety to hide all his sufferings from others, and yet he groans continually. L — has been forced to leave the room several times, to conceal his emotions. Oh, God! what would I not give to place our beloved brother where he was but one week since! In addition to his sufferings caused by the explosion, he was, after lying in the mud and water for about two hours, as near as we can ascertain (he was not quite insensible, but deranged), thrown into a lumber-wagon, upon a wet mattress from the boat, without hat or coat, and rapidly driven over a rough road two miles, to this cabin, where we found him. This exposure, with that he had already undergone, from one leg and foot, and they are now very much swollen. We had great difficulty in finding him, as we could get no information of him, but went to every cabin we could hear of. He had lain three days without a change of clothes, or his face being washed, but had recovered his senses, and called me by name when I opened the door of the room where he was lying. I should never have known him. His face was as black as a negro's, being covered with mud, and the cement, etc., from the boilers. My heart's blood seemed to stand still when I saw that it was indeed himself. The miseries of a life-time went over me in one short moment!

'Quiet your minds as well as you can. All that money and love can do for him shall be done. It is sixteen miles to the nearest town, but to-morrow we shall endeavor to move him there. We almost fear the result, but he will surely die in this miserable place.'

Two days after the receipt of this letter a messenger came to us from G —, with a comfortable carriage, and a letter, saying that — had borne his removal pretty well, and seemed a little better, and desired to have C — with him, as he would not be able to be brought home for five or six weeks. C — left in half an hour and travelled

rapidly. Five miles from G —, she met H — and L — bringing home the remains of our beloved brother !

He was gone ! — gone in his youth, while his heart beat high with joyous anticipations of the future ; a heart which was the abode of truth and love to all his kind ; a heart in which dwelt all that was ' pure, lovely, and of good report ; ' a heart that always responded to the notes of distress, that felt for the poor, the fatherless, and the afflicted ; whose hand grew not weary in well-doing, whose foot was ever welcome in the sick chamber, and whose smile was ineffably dear to all who knew him.

' None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise.' Poor human nature never took a lovelier form than that of our dear friend. He is gone ! — the victim, not of the withering hand of disease, nor of the righteous judgments of Providence, but of the *carelessness* of a fellow man.\*

Oh ! ye in whose hands for the time being are entrusted so many lives upon our public conveyances, would that you could have gone with me in that mournful procession to the silent grave :

'To pay the last sad duties, and to hear  
Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid  
The first earth thrown ; sound deadliest to the soul !  
For, strange delusion ! then and then alone  
Hope seems forever fled, and the dread pang  
Of final separation to begin !'

Could you have read the heart-felt grief that rested upon the countenances of those who but a few days before numbered the departed as one among them ; could you have returned with me to the home and hearts made desolate by that awful blow ; have marked the wretchedness of those to whom he was so dear ; have seen the strong man's tears ; been with the aged sire, when with trembling hand he opened the letter that told him another child had gone before him into eternity, imprinting still another line of suffering upon his cheek, and hastening his faltering steps to that house prepared for all living ; could you have seen those brothers and sisters that gloomy day after the funeral, as they looked upon one another and the conviction came home to them that another link was indeed broken, another tie sundered in that circle ; could you have marked the vain endeavor to converse, as they gathered round the tea-table, and heard the rising sigh as they remembered *what* had collected them all at the same time at one table ; the tears which would force their way, as they glanced at the vacant place, and thought of him upon whom the sod was resting, whose voice was hushed, no more to mingle with theirs ; and still more, could you have known, as the daily routine of life resumed its way, how the heart was made to feel its desolation ; the thousand familiar things with which his memory was connected ; could you have known how the ear unconsciously listened for the familiar footstep, and how suddenly memory, like a dead

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\* At the time of the explosion there was very little water in the boilers of the steamer. The passengers were burnt with the cement, etc., but not scalded. The captain had evaded the law respecting the number and qualifications of the engineers, and had but one engineer and a boy ! The boy had charge when the accident took place.



weight, fell upon the heart and whispered, 'He comes no more!' could you have seen and known all *this*, even you, reckless men! must have wept!

Oh! for what wo and utter wretchedness have you to answer? Palliate the matter as you will to your own consciences, what compensation for suffering like this can you make? — and in the world to come, what can you offer?

Yet HE would have said: 'FATHER, forgive them!'

# SPRING-TIME AND SONG.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORN LYONS, LL.D.

MELEAGER, the first compiler of a Greek Anthology, is said to have been born at Gadara in Palestine, about the first century before Christ. Unlike many of those who make selections from the writings of others, he was himself an author of no little ability. Sir WILLIAM JONES says, that his *Idyll of Spring* contains all possible graces of description, and that a more beautiful poem can hardly be found.

THE rains and storms of Winter all are past,  
And purple Spring is come with smiles and flowers :  
The dark Earth now puts on its pure green crown  
Of early grass ; the tender plants arise,  
Gay with young leaves : the radiant meadows laugh,  
And blithely drink the bright fresh dews of morn ;  
Sweet morn that fills the springing herbs with life.  
The soft wind bears rich spoils from new-born roses.  
The shepherd on the mountain side is glad,  
Waking his reeds ; the goatherd sees with joy  
His fair white kidlings frisking in the vale.  
The mariner, far out on the wide sea,  
Swells his broad canvass with light western breezes.  
The rustic youth, in honor of that God  
Who loads with clustering grapes the fruitful vine,  
Now bind their heads with flowering ivy wreaths.

Their own rare works supply the cheerful bees  
With welcome toil. Lo, gathered on the hive  
In busy troops, the murmuring architects  
Build up of sweet clear wax their fragrant cells.  
The tuneful birds make music all about :  
The halcyons by the wave, the quick loud swallows  
Round the deep eaves, the swan beside the river,  
The nightingale unseen in copse or grove.  
And now, when plants unfold their tender leaves,  
When flowers are all in bloom, when shepherds pipe,  
And happy flocks are out on every field,  
When sailors plough the deep, when BACCHUS dances,  
When birds pour melody from brake and stream,  
And bees are humming at their pleasant labors,  
Must not the poet too rejoice and sing ?

## L I L L I T H É.

SHE sleeps a dreamless sleep, my stricken flower :  
Her life went out like the soft breath of rose  
Or lily in its gentle evening close :  
She died as violets die—my fragile flower.

The tender snow-drop nestles on her tomb,  
And tearful evening-buds infold, in closing,  
The latest straggling ray that gilds the gloom,  
To warm the sod where my love lies reposing.

And watchful spirits through the summer air,  
In bird-like forms and hues of glorious dye,  
Wing to their tuneful requiem for the fair  
And kindred Jor that's perished from the eye.

## C A M D E N   A N D   I T S   A S S O C I A T I O N S .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE are many places in this country which are interesting to visit, from their associations with the past, from their intimate connection with events which form prominent portions of our early history as an independent nation. Such a one is Camden, in South Carolina; which place, aside from its general beauty, its eligible and pleasing location on the banks of the 'Wateree,' its genial temperature of climate, and its rich and productive territory, is a spot so hallowed by its having been the seat of important scenes in our 'War of Independence,' and so conspicuous in the annals of the United States, that a visit to it cannot be wholly devoid of interest to any one. To me there is an unspeakable solemnity hanging over these old 'battle-grounds of freedom,' and I love to wander over them and recall the scenes once enacted there.

At the close of a sultry day in the last of August, I strolled out from the village of Camden, and after passing the cemetery, which lies on the very southern extremity of the town, beheld stretched out on my left, the broad plain on which was fought the battle of Camden; thither I wended my way, and hitching my horse to an old cannon which still stands like a sentinel to guard the field, I entered the building which was the head-quarters of Cornwallis during his winter's sojourn in Camden; an antique, gloomy-looking edifice, now tenantless, and fast falling to decay. This old mansion is situated on the south-eastern extremity of the battle-ground, in a position so elevated as to command an extensive view of the surrounding country. The landscape presented to me from the piazza of this house was rich and pleasing, par-

ticularly so at such an hour, for it was the close of day, and that day was the anniversary of the battle.

The lingering beams of the declining sun played upon the gilded spires of the distant village; a gentle, balmy, and refreshing breeze stirred into music the foliage-laden branches of the trees; the 'Water-ree,' like a silver band, stretched far across the country, while yet beyond were extensive cotton-fields, skirted by the deep green of the Carolina pine. No sound of martial music nor clash of arms, as in days gone by, disturbed the silence of the scene, but all around was peace and quietude.

Sixty-nine years ago, and how different was the scene, yet how alike the days! for then, as now, it was bright and beautiful. The night before the battle was sultry and hot; the stars shone dimly through the hazy atmosphere, and the crescent moon was scarcely visible. As the sun went down that night a dense vapor arose from the river, which, ere midnight, had enshrouded every thing. The British and American armies had been encamped for a week at no great distance from each other, both prepared for an engagement, yet each unwilling to hazard an attack. Despatches having been sent to Lord Cornwallis, who was at that time absent from Camden, acquainting him with the position of affairs, he immediately, on their receipt, hastened on to Camden to take command of the British force. His presence increased the courage of the soldiers, and he instantly resolved upon an attack. Orders were accordingly given to that effect, and about midnight his army commenced marching.

General Gates, who was at that time in command of the American army in the South, having concluded, without knowing of Cornwallis's movement, that to longer defer an attack would give his enemies an opportunity to augment their force, had likewise resolved to hazard an immediate engagement, and the same night, and about the same hour, the American army, with noiseless steps, moved on toward the British camp. Thus both armies were marching through the gloom and darkness of night on the same road, in opposite directions, each unaware of the other's movement.

The night wore on, and two hours had thus passed away, when the advanced guards of both armies fell upon each other. Surprised and confounded at this unexpected meeting, for a moment both recoiled, but instantly recovering, opened a sharp volley of musketry. The silence, which had hitherto been profound, was succeeded by the uproar of battle, and the darkness was dispelled by the discharges of fire-arms, the unsteady light of which revealed both armies to each other. A brisk scattering fire was kept up on both sides for a few moments, but soon ceased, as though by mutual consent, and darkness and silence profound as before followed. A few prisoners were captured on both sides, from whom the commanders learned each other's intentions.

It was yet two hours before morning, and during the remainder of the night both armies retained their respective positions. Day dawned at last, and with its first breaking both armies were in readiness for the conflict. The position of Gates was unfavorable, although he had the advantage in point of numbers; but forming his army into three co-

lums, with the regular troops of Delaware and Maryland under command of Major-General De Kalb for a reserve, he awaited the advance of the enemy.

Cornwallis having formed two grand divisions of his army, with each wing resting on a swamp, and narrowing in front, ordered his columns to advance. On they came, with banners waving and steel flashing in the bright sunshine of early day, and marching directly on the American centre-column, charged with impetuous fury on the Virginia and North Carolina regiments, pouring into their ranks a deadly fire. Unused to war, and disordered by the first volley of the enemy, which had thinned their numbers, and seeing their dead and dying companions lying in heaps around them, the terrified Virginians broke and fled; and, after a feeble resistance, a part of the North Carolina regiment followed their cowardly example. The British, encouraged by this unexpected success, followed them as a shadow, and were with loud shouts of exultation crowding them down, and scattering death broadcast among them, while Gates and Caswell were striving to rally their frightened soldiers with words of cheer, and examples of noble courage, but with little success. The British were flattering themselves that the victory was well-nigh won, when General De Kalb, at the head of his veteran troops, rushed with fearful fury upon the main column of the British, and, with undaunted front, pierced their very centre, and rolled the column back upon itself. Still pressing on, this noble band dealt death and dismay to all before them, and the enemy's ranks were fast melting away. Once and again had they charged at the bayonet's point, and volley after volley had been made and returned, with direful effect; when Cornwallis, seeing that this column alone could not long withstand the impetuous force of De Kalb and his braves, ordered his whole force to bear down at once upon them. De Kalb seeing the vast numbers of the British turning toward his little band, knew too well, alas! that all hope of success was vain, for his soldiers, having borne the whole brunt of the battle, were fatigued, and their numbers reduced; but maddened by the conduct of Gates in refusing his advice before the battle, and incensed at the conduct of the Virginia and North Carolina troops, he resolved to stand his ground, and firmly determined to do or die. His soldiers, although aware of the hopelessness of their position, were ever ready to follow their noble-hearted leader, and this time roused all their energies for the final conflict.

The charge was deadly and terrific: long and well did each sustain the close and bloody contest; thrice did the British charge in full force at the bayonet's point upon this resolute host, and thrice were beaten back with mortifying loss; but now again they charge with overwhelming fury upon a leaderless column: De Kalb had fallen, pierced to the lungs by a musket-ball, and bleeding profusely from eleven wounds. A few of his soldiers gathered about him as he fell, and shielded him from the fury of his enemies; but the main body of his troops, disheartened and leaderless, fled the field, and left the British victors, both armies having suffered greatly.

De Kalb was taken prisoner, but soon died, blessing the cause of

freedom and the country of his adoption. A marble monument of respectable size marks the spot where De Kalb fell, a feeble testimonial of our respect and obligations to the brave German who, from no motive save disinterested patriotism, and sympathy in the cause of the oppressed, offered his life a sacrifice on the altar of freedom. On one side of this monument are inscribed the following words :

'TO DE KALB,  
'A GERMAN BY BIRTH,  
'BUT IN PRINCIPLE  
'A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.'

On the opposite side is inscribed a brief record of his many virtues as a citizen, and his high qualities as a soldier.

It is said that De Kalb had a presentiment that he should be killed in this battle, and remarked to a brother officer the night previous to the engagement, in a melancholy manner : 'To-morrow will be my last.'

It was night ere I left the battle-field : the sculptured monuments of the grave-yard near by, and the lofty steeples of the village churches, loomed in the dim distance. In returning to the town I passed many little mounds, scattered here and there over the plain, that told too plainly, alas ! of bones crumbling beneath, which, once animated with life, fought valiantly for freedom.

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LINES WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

How sweet 't is at midnight to lie  
At length by the side of the deck,  
And gaze on the bright moon on high,  
That threatens no tempest nor wreck !

See the cloud that now passes beneath  
The round of her beautiful crest ;  
'T is a fair cloud, resembling the wreath  
Of snow on a hill of the West !

And the ocean is calm as a lake,  
Where the winds have been laid long ago ;  
Not a wave is seen rising to break  
The silence that reigns with its flow.

But the dolphin is sporting to-night,  
And the Nautilus stretches his sail,  
Of crimson and pink, with delight,  
In the balm of the moonlight pale.

Yet slowly he drifts by the ship ;  
For the breath of the maiden you woo  
Falls scarcely more light on your lip  
Than the air on his silken canoe !

DR. DICKSON.

## S O N N E T

SUGGESTED BY THE LIFE-LIKE PAINTING OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD, MADE IMMEDIATELY AFTER  
DEATH, BY MILLER.

TRIUMPHANT Genius, o'er the couch of death,  
Gazes upon the pale and lifeless clay  
To catch life's latest ebb, the eye's last ray,  
And the faint tremor of the parting breath,  
Ere they have fled : to immortality  
Then strives with magic pencil to restore  
Each lovely look and lineament it wore ;  
The rosy cheek, the bright and sparkling eye,  
The softened tints, through which the power of thought,  
With life, and health, and the blood coursing warm,  
Seem beaming forth from that loved, lifeless form ;  
Till the fond mother, by the likeness caught,  
Believes her darling boy is yet possessed,  
And ope's her arms to clasp him to her breast !

JAMES WYNN, M. D.

## T H E S A I N T L E G E R P A P E R S .

'ALL ready for a start,' was the summons, twice repeated, in the clear cheerful voice of Macklorne, which awakened me from a refreshing sleep, but a few minutes, apparently, after I had fallen into it. I sprang up, and for a moment was lost in that bewildering unconsciousness of time, and circumstance, which often attends the slumberer when suddenly roused in a strange place. I looked around the room; the curtains were drawn across the windows, so that it was quite dark; I put forth my hand to grasp the nearest object; I strained my eyes to discern a familiar one. 'Sleepers — sleepers — almost five o'clock — a hot cup of coffee ready, and no time to be lost — come, come!' brought me to my senses and out of the bed at the same instant.

'I will be with you in five minutes,' cried I.

'You shall have ten,' replied Macklorne, good-humoredly, as he made his way down the stairs. I stepped to the window, and drawing aside the curtains, threw it open and looked out. The air was cool and fragrant; the dawn was perceptible by a few faint lines which streaked over the east; every thing was still, except that there were occasional signs of returning animation among the inhabitants of the poultry-yard, while the bark of a dog, from a distant cottage, was answered at intervals by the mastiff of mine host.

At the door of the inn stood the 'fuhrwerk,' before which was harnessed the smart 'keppel' of the kind-hearted Catharine.

I dressed myself quickly, and hastened down to the public room, where the table was already laid for us, with boiled eggs, rolls, and

fresh butter. I found my companion in as cheerful a humor as ever, enjoying with great zest, the idea of our morning's expedition. In two or three minutes Catharine herself entered with the coffee, her natural German quietness entirely forsaking her, under the excitement of this novel enterprise. We soon despatched the morning meal; and, after parting salutations with the young hostess, we drove off.

I found that Macklorne had perfected all his arrangements, for in the bottom of the wagon nestled an urchin, who was to take the conveyance back from Dresden.

We went on for a little while without a word being spoken. At length Macklorne broke the silence: 'What is your plan?'

'I have matured none,' said I. 'I am to meet Heinrich Wallenroth at the Stadt-Prüssien as soon as we get to town; in the mean time, I would advise with you.'

'Well, then,' he said, in a half playful, half serious tone, 'let us resolve, in the first place, that Montbeliard, or Vautre, as you name him, shall not marry your cousin; and, secondly, let us discuss the various means to be adopted to carry out the resolution.' Suddenly changing his tone, he continued: 'I *know* this Vautre; he is the only human being toward whom I have a settled and unalterable feeling of abhorrence. It would be a charity to plunge a dagger into your cousin's heart, rather than give her up to him.'

'But if Leila is determined, in consequence of ——'

'I care not for that,' interrupted Macklorne. 'She must be forcibly prevented; then she can not reproach herself.'

'How shall we find Vautre?'

'I will find him in two hours after we get to Dresden,' returned my friend.

'And what after he is found?'

'I should be tempted to destroy him,' said Macklorne, 'but that must not be. Let us see what you can effect with your cousin; after that we will turn to the count. And remember, I hold myself bound to you, as knight or squire, as principal or second, against one or against a thousand, in single fight or in the *melée*, rescue or no rescue, unto the death.'

The conversation was carried on with animation, and with that peculiar confidence produced by congenial feelings, and a unity of purpose.

In this way we drove along; the road was familiar to my companion, who often turned aside into pleasant lanes and by-paths, in order to shorten the distance. At first, the inhabitants of the cottages were just rising as we passed; after a while, we witnessed, through the windows, active preparations for breakfast; farther on, they were partaking of the meal, and soon were seen commencing upon the labors of the day.

A few minutes before ten we reached Dresden. We stopped at a small inn before we came to the better part of the town. Leaving the lad to procure refreshment for himself and horse, and return to the half-way house, we walked on together a short distance, when Macklorne, after giving me general directions by which I could find the

Stadt-Prüssien, and, promising to be with me in two hours, crossed over, turned down a narrow street and disappeared.

I proceeded to make my way to the hotel, which I reached after a walk of half a mile, having once or twice missed the direct course. Wollenroth was standing on the steps, anxiously gazing at each person who passed. He greeted me as if we had been friends from childhood; but dejection and despair were in his look.

'She will not see me,' he said; 'My friend, what can be done? From this day, life has no charm — death no terror. Do not desert me; I put myself in your hands; only act — *act*, for Heaven's sake.'

We went into a private room, and sat down together; he became more composed, and informed me that Leila feared another meeting would be more than she could bear, that he had taken neither food nor rest since he left me, but had walked up and down the streets the whole night, and only came to the hotel to meet his appointment.

For a few moments I felt altogether at a loss. Heinrich seemed to depend entirely upon me, and I found myself, as it were unconsciously falling back upon Macklorne. I began to think over the whole affair with seriousness. I tried to survey it in a practical, matter-of-fact way. How should I act? What could I do? How far ought I to interfere? Leila was the betrothed of Vautrety by the solemn appointment of a dying father, and who could tell what might depend upon the fulfilment of the troth? On the other side, the conviction that it was obtained by fraud; the absolute abhorrence of Leila to the count, and her repugnance to the union; the complete sacrifice it would effect of two young spirits, made me consider almost any course justifiable to relieve them.

I thought of the interview I had witnessed between Leila and Vautrety in St. Kilda; of the scorn with which she then dismissed him from her presence; of his threat, and of her proud defiance. A chill ran through me as I contemplated the end. My visit to St. Kilda, my interviews with Leila, our relationship, her apparent fate, crowded tumultuously upon me. Must one so young, so fair, so noble, be destroyed without an effort in her behalf? What if she conscientiously insists on keeping the promise to her father; shall those not bound tamely witness the sacrifice? I was roused also to attempt something, by the resolute tone of Macklorne. The careless, cheerful, but honest and clear-sighted wanderer, on this occasion threw aside his humor, gayety, and indifference, for an unconquerable resolve. But I was a stranger in Dresden; I knew no one in the town save Wallenroth, who did not himself reside there; and so had to ask again: 'What can we do?'

Wallenroth was really incapable of advising. The blow had fallen so suddenly that he was stunned. I repeated some words of comfort, but they seemed tame and common-place. I assured him I would devote myself to the cause of Leila, but felt that my efforts were insignificant. I tried to cheer him, but only became myself the more dejected. At length I entreated him to seek repose. This he refused, until I suggested that he would need all his strength to carry out the plan we were to consummate, when he took some refreshment and attempted to sleep.



I had some time to wait before I should meet Macklorne, but I could not occupy it.

I had anticipated pleasure on entering the brilliant capital of Saxony. Here was a check to every feeling like enjoyment. How different my thoughts from those I indulged in but the day previous, when, enchanted with the idea of throwing myself upon the world, I set out from Leipsic, and climbed with Macklorne the vine-clad hills with an unbounded sense of freedom in the prospect. My life-motto came to my mind :

*Sed mihi res, non me, rebus, submittere conor.*

‘I will not yield to the circumstance,’ I exclaimed, aloud ; ‘it may effect my course of action, but myself—never. Courage ! our cause is a good one.’ Before the time expired for Macklorne’s appearance I had regained my equanimity, and was ready to act with resolution.

My friend had been as good as his word. He had discovered where Vautrey lodged, but evaded my inquiry when I asked how he had done so. I told him briefly what had passed between Wollenroth and myself, and we concluded, as the only alternative, that I should visit the count, without delay, for we could decide on nothing until we knew the position he would assume.

I directed my steps to No. — in the König Strasse. My last interview with Vautrey had been when interested for the safety of Glenfinglas, I went to request him to abstain from an affray. The last time I had seen him, except on the previous day, was when, after being hurled from the cliffs by Donacha MacIain, he was drawn up, bleeding and insensible.

I could not decide in what way to approach him. I thought it best to leave that until I should learn the nature of my reception. Arrived at his lodgings, which were in the finest part of the town, I sent my name to the count, and was presently waited upon by his old valet and requested to step into his private room. I found him in a rich dressing gown, in an easy chair ; the room in disorder : having the appearance of preparation for a journey or removal. Articles of fancy, destined apparently for a lady, were scattered around, and every thing exhibited an unsettled state of things.

As I entered, Vautrey rose and came toward me. Holding out his hand, he said, ‘This is I presume the Mr. Saint Leger I met in Scotland, although I should not now recognise you. We are older—both of us—than we were five years ago. I remember there were words between us. I will say, let them be forgotten. I suppose you come to be present at the bridal. You have lived some time in Leipsic, I believe.’

This was spoken naturally and without effort, while he retained my hand which it was impossible for me not to have extended to meet his own. ‘But sit down,’ he continued, ‘Miguel, some wine. When have you heard from our Scottish friends ; do you fancy that bewitching Ella as much as ever, or have you lost your heart here, where maidens are more amiable, if not more captivating ? Seriously, how are your friends at home, and how are you ?’

I was mastered at the outset by the careless freedom, ease, ready

appreciation and cleverness of this profound dissimulator. His practical world-knowledge seemed an over-match for the book-wisdom of the student. I felt that there was a force brought into the field, against which I had none similar to oppose; and that I was in danger of losing the day, not from want of strength to conduct the contest, but from loss of the vantage ground. A straightforward course was the only one for me to pursue. As soon therefore as Vautrey paused in his inquiries, I replied, quietly, that my friends at home were well, that I had not come to Dresden to attend the bridal, but to see what I could do to prevent it, and to that end had in the first instance called upon him. I went on to say, Vautrey showing no signs of impatience, that I believed the proposed union would make Leila miserable, and that I trusted, unpleasant as the truth might be, he was incapable of destroying the happiness of so lovely a creature by insisting on the fulfilment of a promise made to soothe the last moments of a dying father.

He listened with composure, until I finished. I had expected to be interrupted but he had learned the lesson of absolute control.

'Saint Leger,' he now said, 'you expect to see me angry — most men would be so — at this unwarrantable interference between Leila and myself; for I cannot presume that you have her sanction in calling upon me;' I shook my head; 'but,' he proceeded, 'I am not angry; I have lived too long to be angry; beside I take what you have said in good part, believing that you are honest. I will be equally frank with you. I have lived in the world and have had my pleasure in it; I have gratified my senses, I have pleased my tastes; what wealth could purchase or health could enjoy I have possessed; I have never missed my aim, nor been cheated of desired revenge; I have been successful with women and have defied men; the world has been my minister and it has served me faithfully; for all that, at six-and-twenty I am sated; these things no longer attract or please me. I seek some new life, I search for a new enjoyment, and I would find it with Leila Saint Leger. She is mine,' and his eyes glistened with triumph, in spite of his cool manner; 'mine, by every thing that can make oaths binding. Through life I have pursued her, and now she shall not escape me. Do not think, however, that I would sacrifice her. I know the sex. She will at first resist my approaches, she will be unhappy, she will not love me; but time will cure all this. You do not taste your wine; come, drink to my happy union with your cousin.'

'Excuse me, count, but as I have broached a disagreeable subject, let me finish it. What you say does not alter my opinion, that Leila's happiness is now irrevocably at stake, and that, as a man of honor, you should release her from the promise that binds her. I perceive you will not yield. Are there no considerations which I could urge to change your decision?'

'What mean you?' he asked, quickly, while a slight red spot glowed on either cheek.

'Your fortune is ample, count, as you have said; but it might be doubled.'

'By Heaven, you shall pay for this!' he exclaimed, starting to his feet: 'but no, there shall be no more violence,' he said, in a lower tone,

as he resumed his seat. 'I understand you, Saint Leger, but you do not understand me; you have had little opportunity to know me, and I acquit you of intentional insult. Others may call me what they will; unscrupulous, abandoned, a debauchee, a villain; but in this business I have, as I said to you, a new purpose, a new hope. I tell you, I have set my life upon this venture, and with my life only will I abandon it. Say no more to me. Leila, I know, does not authorize this application; you can not get her consent to your interference; but I give you credit for good purposes, else I had not listened a moment. As it is, you must be satisfied. I offer you my hand again; I do not ask you to pledge me in the glass; let the wine remain untasted, if you will have it so, but — you are the nearest relative Leila has upon the continent — will you not be present at the ceremony? It will take place to-morrow evening at seven, precisely in the cathedral.'

'I will be there, Count. Good morning.' I turned and left the room.

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INVOCATION TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

COME to me when AURORA opens her eyes,  
Beneath a heaven of blue and cloudless skies;  
Come when bright day wanes wearied to repose,  
And one by one Night's watchful eyes uncloses.

II.

Tell me, in tones of music from thy soul,  
All the wild thoughts beyond the will's control:  
Whisper of loveliness and all things dear,  
That charm and soothe in Life's terrestrial sphere.

III.

Catch from the sunbeam a translucent veil,  
Sip from the dew-drop trembling in the gale,  
Add to the lustre of thy beaming eyes  
A ray from those that sparkle in the skies.

IV.

Deck thy white robes with mosses from the dell,  
Bind up thy hair with wreaths of pearly shell,  
Sandal thy feet with tender fragrant leaves,  
Bear in thy hand the wand TITANIA weaves.

V.

Steal from pale Memory all her subtle power,  
Be but for me in this delicious hour:  
Come in the morning or in evening gloom;  
Come by the light of stars or silver moon.

VI.

Oh! come, with nature and with freshness sweet;  
Come, and let music echo from thy feet:  
So shalt thou type and herald precious be  
Of every beauty, and all joy to me.

## The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

VOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '86: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: THE FOURTH OF JULY: LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. II.

APRIL 1, 1860.

No. 2.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

OUR readers and patroons and dvertising list are kindly requested to bear with the delay of our issou, which has now been intercected for some two months by sickness and ther causes, and our travel into Aransaas territory. From the many inquiries which have been made for s, we believe that the Flag-Staff is firmly planted on the top wave of an advancing public opinion, and gifted with eagel wings, and a heart of oak, incited by moral purposes, devoted to advertisements and all causes of reform, (we are appy to inform our readers that our sick brother is better) knows no retiring ebb, but keeps right on. May the tide continue to flow! Corn, hay, oats, grits as usual taken in exchange.

Reader, we are now sitooated in our offis, and returned to an exciting life of mind for your good. We shall institute the Flag-Staff on till better fundamentals. We are afraid that we carried it in some hings too extravagantly fur. Too much of one thing is good for nothing. We mean to go hully for he practical, for in this ked'ntry whatever is n't practical is an impractability, as our old aunt Sharlot used to say. That was 1 reason and a good reason too, why we emporary stopt the Flag-Staff. It vas to git breath, hitch up, go to

Arkansais, (where we see Albert Pike) and then begin anew, fresh as a bridegroom with his hair new reaped, shone like a stubble-field at harvest home. In the West we see a good many newspapers, but as we said before, they can't write. There 's no moral design into 'em. They never been bred up to the pen, which if they do not, it is legitimately impossible that any thing excelsior in the way of literature should be attained, and so we told Albert Pike.

But they can do a great many other things and *do* do them, which would astonish an Atlantic mind in those interior States. They will take a slip of land runnin' out in the Misippi river, and in two or three days build up a considerabul town where there was nothing but mud and a hull army of ke-blunk bull-frogs. In a short time more that town will have a board of Aldermen, who save money enough out of public taxes to meet together in sotial turkle-soup dinners and on keg oysters brought from the East. Bime by you see Astor-Houses and long lines of shops with calico hung out, and mercantile agencies from New-York with big rings on their fingers, cut a swell at the hotels and drink champagne. Bime by that town will have what is called '*the tong*,' a sort of Quality, who live in

three-story housen, a good ways off from the calico flags, and the ladies wipe their sweet pretty mouths with fine cambric with a hem-stitch or lace border all round it two or three inches deep, covered with musk, and twelve o'clock get into a nice carriage at the door, with a stag's head onto the pannel, or an eagle with his wings spread out, or a lion standin' on his hind legs, coupant and roarin' as if he had just come out of the woods. And if you go into rooms at nights, you will listen to sweet sounds of peanas, and see Polkas danced, and a great many brave beaux who would n't be out of place even in Bunkum or Broadway. Bime by as civilization advances, there will be great commercial failures called smashes, and the pier-glasses and window-curtings under the hammer, and then up on their legs again as if nothink had happened, and begin the world anew. Never despair is the motto in this part of the wurruul. But we wisht you could see their steam-boats and sail into 'em like we done. Great mammoth, anaconda like structures, as long as a degree of latitude in jography; fine cabins almost too good to spit on; state-rooms a good sight better than we can afford to live in to home; meals containing the fat of the land, and they run in a hull forest of pine-wood, pitch and tar in the bilers, and run races, which, when they do bust, they rain down a whole shower of arms, legs and bodies from those not so fortunate to escape onto the adjacent ked'ntry. An accident of this kind occurred one day in advance of our travel, and three persons who had agreed to subscribe the Flag-Staff blown up; a dead loss to us. We mean to send the sheet entirely gratis to the widows. Go thou and do likewise. In poli-

tics, they are extremely savage and go for the Union to a man. Not one of them will hearken to any such thing as dissolve the commonwealth, but leave it just where WASHINGTON left it; and palsied be the arm that would scratch out one star from her escapement!

Schools and eddication is flourishin'. For eddication is the cretawn-in' glory of the Uniten'd Stets.

Albert Pike lives at Little Rock, and wrote 'Hymns to the Gods,' and we dined with him, when he praised our Flag-Staff, and said it was written in a good English style, in answer to which, we replied to him, that that was all we aimed at to make ourselves understood; that writing was our Fort, from which nothing but a troop of Ingens could drive us out. 'Says he,' pouring out another glass of apple-jack, (and we donethe same,) 'do you remain entranced just where you are. Daniel Webster in the Senate, and Noah Webster in the spelling-book, could not do more for the ked'ntry than you are doing in that sheet. Put me down for a subscriber. Send it to Little Rock in a strong wrapper.' For which we thanked him, told him our pay was in advance, and asked him to write 'Hymna to the Gods,' which he sot right down and done, but we lost it on the Missouri river, where our hat blew off to the valy of three dollars, for which we patronized the Arkansais hatters and bought a fur cup. He is an excellent man, and fought in the Mexican war. Bears is plenty and buffalos further West. But more anon, Sir.

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A CLOSE, miserly man who lives in his own house, is like an oyster confined to his shell by a *hard heart*.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the difference between 'Humbug' and 'Bugbear.' We are surprised at the question. Humbug is not Bugbear; and wicy-wercy, any more 'n Bugbear is Humbug and wicy-wercy. They go on their own hook, and hooking is too good for either of them. Let's go into the question a little. You see they're both bugs, only one has *hum* before it, and the other *bear* after it. So then the distinction lies not between *bug* and *bug*, but between *hum* and *bear*. Now we're comin' to the very marrow of the subjeck, which we mean to skoop out of the bone with the handle of the table-spoon of common sense, and lay it on the toast of intelligence, and sprinkle it with the red-pepper of humor. Well a humbug is in its natur small, buzzing and contemptible like a fly or a musketer, and though there may be a great humbug, it is only the *hum* that is great, but the bug is really little. Bime by it flies in the lamp of exposure and then you see it aint much. A bugbear is a great big thing, as big as a mountain that has got no existence at all, but it is in the imaginations of men, and that's the same thing as if it was alive and kickin' like a polar bear. That's our definition, but we have n't looked at Noah Webster.

To an 'Old Friend' who sends us a plate of shin of beef soup, we thank him most cordially, and may ten per cent. of it be returned into his own buzzum.

SOME men the more you know of them you like them less. Other men, the less you know of them, you like them more. We are sorry that it is so, but so it is.

At a large and fully attended meeting of the people of Bunkum on Tuesday night, it was voted that the thanks of the community and a small silver-cup be presented to Mr. J. W. Todlemus, 'for straightforward conduct as a fellow citizen and a man.' Mr. Todlemus returned thanks in a set speech, in which he said that his desire always should be both in the transactions of his Soap-Factory, and in his political, moral, social, family, and other relations, to toe the straight chalk-line of duty. — (*Cheers*.)

At the same time and place, a handsome medal was presented in the name of several gentlemen passengers on the 'Streak of Lightning' Ferry-Boat, to Captain Mix, for having steered clear of a large cake of ice day before yesterday. Captain Mix returned thanks. — (*Cheers*.)

CALIFORNY. — The wonderful doin's in these diggin's still continoo, and its more like Jack and the Bean-Pole than any think we pretty near ever knew. The following remarkable suckumstanse occurred; and when we say that we had it from the identical individoal, our word will not be disbelieved. A young man named Silvester Snaps, of an enterprisin' turn, went out with three or four hundred dollars, and at Panama was robbed, and devil as many pennies had he to save his life. The robbers cut out the whole pocket of his coat, where he had his pocket-book, with a pedn-knife or sharp razor; and when he put his hand in for to get it, lowen and behold it was gone! What does he do? Shed tears? Friends and fellow countrymen, *no!* He lands at St. Francisco without a cent;

and, shavin' himself with his own razor and washin' himself with his own soap, walks through the streets, fresh as a bridegroom. Presently he sees two men at a stand-still, talking. Goin' promptly up and listening to their conversation, he hears one of them say, 'I'd like to do the job for you, but I can't do it; my hands is full.' With that he turns off. Our young man says, 'What is it you want done?' Says the other, 'It is to hang some walls with cotton cloth, as we can't get no other material.' 'Oh,' says the stranger, 'I can do that as well as any body. Only give me a few tacks.' So he does it, and gets two hundred dollars. After that, walkin' about the town, he sees a great many bottles thrown out, as if good for nothing; and while revolving this fack in his mind, he hears a store-keeper say to a ship-captain, 'We can't store them 'ere brandy-hogsheads any more. We are sorry for it, but we want the room.' 'Oh,' says our native of Poughkeepsie, New-York, comin' up, 'How much brandy have you got?' says he. 'Two hundred dollars' worth,' said the other. 'I'll buy it of you,' said he. With that he planks down the cash, and goes and gathers up the bottles. That bottled brandy he sold for one thousand dollars. With that he pushes off for the mines, with a wariety of articles, which he sold for ten times the valy. Bime by he finds a stream which he reckons can be turned from the bed. He hires some men at twenty-five dollars a-piece a day to work onto it, makes the stream squirt off its waters in another way, and there he digs out fifty thousand dollars right off, with which he came home, and is now living at the Astor-House, drinking his champagne wine, and will proba-

bly marry a wife before another year is out, and live as handsome as any man need to live.

### Poetry.

#### THE CONFIDENCE-MAN.

##### CANTO I.

THERE WAS A MAN NAMED DICKERY DOCK,  
Who in the opera took delight;  
He wore a very lustrous stock,  
And gloves most innocently white:  
His birth-place never has been known,  
Nor where his history began,  
But he 's become, as all will own,  
A very celebrated man,  
Now this same man, named DICKERY DOCK,  
Whose character was but a wreck,  
It must be said, had little stock,  
Except the stock about his neck.  
He put his black moustache in pawn  
Where'er he went to any place;  
And save the coat which he had on,  
Which fitted with exceeding grace,  
And save the figure which he cut,  
Few lists of figures did he run;  
For though he always put down 0,  
He was not known to carry 1.  
He boarded at the Vast Hotel,  
And drank his bottle of wine a-day,  
Until one morn the master said:  
'Dear Sir, there 's twenty bottles dead:  
Our rule is in advance to pay.'  
Straight he unfurled a roll of bills,  
And said with wounded dignity,  
Turning as red as turkey-gills:  
'Most certainly—most certainly,  
I'll pay the score and get me hence,  
Where I'll not meet the like offence;  
For it is very plain to see  
You have not any confidence  
In me.'

'Oh! no,' the other quick replied,  
Seeing the cash he could provide:  
'Dear Sir, we have, believe it true,  
The utmost confidence in you.  
Take back the funds, pay when you will,  
And eat and drink and sleep your fill.'  
'Not so,' the guest replied; 'you may  
Receive the cash; I'd rather pay.'  
So taking up the host's receipt,  
He walked for pleasure in the street:  
Six months or more the time passed well  
In boarding at the Vast Hotel,  
Till one day he, quite satisfied,  
With all his trunks absqueinted.

##### CANTO II.

ONE who had loaned (the story goes)  
Our friend a hundred dollar bill,  
(He did it sore against his will,  
Beheld his pleasant face no more,  
Till one day at DELMONICO'S  
He saw him enter at the door,  
The adept, who had been to school,  
Resolved to play the part of 'Cook,'  
Nor ever waited for a dun;

But acquainting through his glass, said he:

'Excuse me; but, are you the one  
Of whom I borrowed once a V?

Nay, do not seem to take offence;

I'll pay it back undoubtedly:

For it is very plain to see

*You have not any confidence  
In me.'*

The other, thrown from off his guard,

Replied: 'I wish not to be hard:

I want the money, it is true,

But I have confidence in you.'

'Come then and take a walk,' said he,

'To my own house in Avenue D.;

Advance a step or two before,

My wife will see you at the door,

And lecture me to-night:

I'll go and get my other coat,

Where I've a hundred dollar note,

And set the matter right.'

Then his friend's arm he did release,

And straight accosts the star-police.

'Pray take that villain to the Tombs:

He stole a great-coat from my rooms.'

With that, in spite of kicks and blows,

A broken head and bloody nose,

By force, to cut the matter short,

They bore the sufferer to the court:

The accuser was upon the ground,

The innocent robber to confound.

Said he: 'I now will hasten hence,

To get the needful evidence.'

But ere he went, with accents bland,

Extending his sinister hand,

He said, and smiled quite pleasantly:

'It grieves me very much to see  
*You have not any confidence  
In me.'*

PERHAPS the Holy Scriptures were never so much read as now-a-days; and good need of it, for never was the world wickeder. Among other improvements, we observe a great store of books upon Bible characters; a kind of filling up of scrip-ter narrative. We think we see a human hand filling up the story of Ruth. We have had from two or three different quarters the 'Women of the Bible.' There is lately advertised 'The Young Men of the Bible.' Who will edit a new work to be entitled 'The Babies of the Bible?' Friends and fellow-citizens, don't make the good book a plea for mere book-making. If you are doing it for the good of your feller men, not a word to say; but if you are doing it because it is lucrative, persuading yourself that the motive is different, then we say

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look out what you do. It is the 'Book of Books.' It shines by its own light, and do n't borrow its excellence from pure white paper and picters. Its great outlines will impress the mind better in their nakedness than by any touches which your pencil can put in. Make books on something else.

WE would like to ask our co-trumpetry journalists what is a *pen-shong*? We hear that word very often in conversation. That it is not in Walker's or Webster's we know; that it is incorrect, we are inclined to think. We heard a ferocious-looking young man cross over the Brooklyn Ferry-Boat, where they have improved the cabings wery much, and like a drawing-room, say that he had a pen-shong for music and opera. We judged from the context of his conversation, which did not contain a thimble-full of brains, that his parents allowed him a *pension* for to indulge his taste in these things, and to buy Macassar oil to furbish up his whiskers and keep his mustashes in twist, and buy new heads to his cane after he had sucked the old ones off. Who will inform us what is a penshong?

WILL 'Row-de-dow' call at our office, and we will then explain to him why we could not insert his composition on 'Neutral Relations' in the Bunkum Flag-Staff? First of all, it is full of little i's as a butterfly's head; and would n't mind this, were it equal to a butterfly in other respects, which it is not, candidly so to speak. Its ideas are somethink like a butterfly, sure enough, because when you go for to catch them, you can't do it. Besides that, the style is as much in-



volved as a man that can't pay his dets. There aint no weight or heft in the sentiments: they're as light as day. He can't write.

MR. CODDLE.—We met our old friend, Captain Coddle, of the 'Medicated Apple-Saäs,' in the street to-day, with a big watch-chain and seal hangin' down in front of his little rotund belly, and his cheeks shining like a horse just curried off. The 'Saäs' is rapidly filling his pocket with rocks, besides doing good to his feller men, especially those with febrile affections. He spoke with much feelink of those who travestied his department of medicine, palming upon a gulled and taken-in community a fictitious article. These will be prosecuted to the utmost limits and jumping-off place of the law, and three such cases are now in chancery. We notice that the imitators are in the market in full blast. The other day we read of 'Compound Medicated Squash-Jam.' Gentlemen, do n't carry the medicated business too far. One such valuable remedy as the Saäs may do well enough, but too much druggin' is injurious to the coats of the stomach. We are requested to call attention to an advertisement of 'Cod-Liver Oil,' which will be found in another columé.

TALKING FOR BUNKUM.—This has got to be a very common thing since we set up the Flag-Staff. Before that, nobody had a good word to say for the place, and now the Members of Congress, since the beginning of the session, have been doing nothing else but talking for Bunkum. The worst of it is, that while they receive their eight dollars a-day, they are doing nothing for the ked'ntry; and, instead of

clamping the glorious Union, and making it strong, we are peskily afeered that before they get done sitting (and when they do begin to sit they always sit as long as a tailor making a pair of breeches) they will rend this glorious Union into fragments, which, if they do, we hope that the President of the United'en Stets will leave the White House for the white horse, and command in person a ship of war against John Calhoun. Calhoun is well enough in his place, (although he has been sick,) and though we wish him well, far rather had we that he would stay sick, and even dead, and have the ked'ntry in convalescence. The congressional watch-makers are only fit to take the watch of the Constitution, with all its works, and smash it right onto the grëound; if they ask bread, giving him a stun.

JENNY LINN.—This great cantatreechy has been hired for the American Museum, a very worthy place of entertainment. We stépt in there the other day and see the negroes of the Amistad in black wacks; also General Jackson, Polly Bodine, and the Duke of Wellington and fancy-glass blowing, and got weighed, (a hunderd and thirty-one pound: we never shall be a Jerusha;) afterwards went upstairs and see a pantomine and Mr. Rice and sundries. At night, on the top of it they have a big light, which sweeps the whole heaven like a broom, as if it would rub out all the pavement of stars, and take the moon by surprise. But if she do come, we hope they won't charge over half a dollar, otherwise we won't go and see her. We've been enough taken in by forinners already.

## Advertisements.

**COD-LIVER OIL! A CERTAIN REMEDY**  
FOR CONSUMPTION AND ALL INCIDENT DISEASES; HEALS UP THE LUNGS, RESTORES THE LOBES, CURES BROWN-CREATURES, DESTROYS COLDS, ASTHMA, HICCUPS, NIGHT-SWEATS, COUGHS, EXPECTORATIONS, COLD FEET, SENSE OF GONENESS AT THE PIT OF THE STOMACH, PAINS IN THE SIDE, TURNS, SPELLS, ATTACKS, AND PATTENS UP THE WHOLE BODY, MAKES THE SKIN SMOOTH AND SLICK, AND RESTORES THE FUNCTIONS OF VITALITY, and is never known to fail in all cases where it has yet been tried. The subscriber has received fifty barrels of this soothing remedy from his old-established fishery at Passamaquoddy Bay, and is prepared to supply the bill to consumers without delay. Consumptives are respectfully invited to walk in and look at his assortment. Those who are far gone are most earnestly requested to call before they take to their beds and it is exceedingly too late. The cadaverous cheeks of half those whom we meet in the streets might be rectified by a timely application to this mighty Healer, which is taking the place of Nuxia, Blowing Tubes, Syrup of Liverwort, Wild-Cherry Bark, and Mrs. JARVIS'S Cold Candy. Far be it from us to intimate a word against Mrs. JARVIS'S Cold Candy: it done General JACKSON much good, as see his hand and seal in her window, and HENRY CLAY'S throat is benefited very much; but that excellent woman would not, we presume, were the truth candidly known, pretend to say that it could pluck up consumption by the roots, although the consumption of the candy is very great. This the Cod-Liver will; and not only so, but prevent a return. Out of an exceedingly numerous array of testimonials it affords us much pleasure to affix the following:

'Boston, March 1, 1850.

'DEAR SIR: I was apparently far gone with hectic cheeks and cough to match, when the Cod-Liver Oil was recommended to me as a forlorn-hope. I made my will, had night-sweats, settled up my business, and was troubled with a dry hacking cough. My bad debts I forgave, and my expectorations were very distressing. Those who came to see me had the impoliteness to say, 'He's a dead man!' in their very eyes, and all my symptoms were bad. Dr. BOLUS said there was no hope of me, and my wife, who was very unwell, took an affectionate leave of me by her very looks, when the Cod-Liver Oil arrested my attention as I was reading a newspaper. Codfish balls I never liked, but Cod-Liver Oil I resolved to try as a remedy; and when I say it worked charms, the half nor the quarter has not been said. I had tried young Dr. HUMBUG'S Syrup of Saxafax, and old Dr. HUMBUG'S (the original inventor) Compound Concentrated Syrup of Saxafax, and no use. One gallon of this placed me where I am now, on my two legs, and ready to run for a wager. Please place my testimonial on record, out of thanks, out of gratitude for this great discovery.

**DIXBY'S PATENT AIR-TIGHT STOVE.**—Nobody ever seen a more complete invention than this. All you got to do is to put in the hickory wood, set fire to it with a little kindlin', shut the door clust, and there you have your fire, all winter. It is air-tight, consequently the heat do n't escape no wheres; and the fire never goes out, cause it can't git out. Invented by Mr. URIAH DIXBY, to Bunkum, Main-street, 56.

**FOR SALE** by the subscriber, a choice invoice of POP-GUNS, just imported in brig 'Schlewig,' from Bremen. **WILLIAM JAMES,** Main-street, Bunkum.

**FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.**—The subscriber offers the above reward to any one who see my dog Porto kill a sheep, as the subscriber don't believe he did do it.

BROWN, or SHOATO.

**WANTED,** in a genteel family, a highly respectable young lady, who must be a member of a church, to teach six lovely children Italian, French, music, and all the English branches of education. The family being small, she will also be expected to do the chamberwork and washing. No salary will be given, the advantage of having a good home being sufficient compensation. Address Box No. 1, Post-Office.

## Prospectus.

**THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF** is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individuals. Our brother has also written to us in most flattering terms of our journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, who is all smiles and dimples, is engaged—not to be married, reader, though that is an event no doubt to take place—but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it occurs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. PRINCIPLES OF NINETEENTH, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head:

**THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF**  
IS EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

It gives us pleasure to state that the 'Flag-Staff' meets with the warm approbation of our brother, from whom the following is an extract:

'DEAR BROTHER: I like your 'Flag-Staff' very much for the independent course it pursues; and people in this part of the ked'ntry approve it very highly. Uncle JOHN is sick with the rheumatiz, but now better. Please set me down for one subscriber. Your affectionate brother,

'PETER WAGSTAFF.'

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. **WANTED, AN APPRENTICE.** He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once a week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Heichabonnuck, Cornum, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montank Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. **RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE,** named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, flippenny bits, and United States' currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store-pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grise, hay, old rope, lamb's wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, camp oil, but'rut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-

root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock gum, bacon and hams, ginseng-root, vinegar, punkins, ellacompaine, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, sapeago cheese, old junk, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

Those who do n't want the last number of the FLAG-STAFF please return it to this office, post paid, as the demand for that number is very great. A patent churn and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspection.

FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER; PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.

WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once-a week.

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### N A R R H A L L A .

O'er an old ruined gateway  
 PHILOSOPHUS hung,  
 And wildly his rattle  
 And bell-cap he swung;  
 And wildly he shouted  
 His wanton halloo  
 To the masquers who streamed  
 O'er the pavement below;  
 'To moonshine and torches  
 Bright eyes add your light;  
 Rush, rush to the revel!  
 Be glorious to-night!  
 Come dance to the organ;  
 Be glad, one and all;  
 Ye magnified monkeys,  
 Come haste to my ball!'

As his mask bore a genial,  
 An exquisite grin,  
 Through the vine-covered portal  
 Came guests sweeping in;  
 Through torch-light and shadow,  
 O'er terrace and stair,  
 The halt and the healthy,  
 The brown and the fair:  
 'To-night hide your reason  
 And sense in your pocket,  
 And when we find leisure,  
 At leisure we 'll mock it;  
 Let each sensible speaker  
 Be jammed to the wall,  
 Or kicked out of doors,  
 Ere we open our ball!

'For the fool is a wise man,  
 The wise man a fool,  
 And the best of all lords  
 Is a lord of mis-rule!'  
 Thus screamed the masked jester  
 Aloud 'tween his teeth,

But fiercely a proud lip  
 Was curling beneath,  
 And fiercely he muttered  
 In different style,  
 While madly his bell-cap  
 He jingled the while:  
 'I was cuffed when a sage,  
 Now I'm praised as buffoon;  
 And since I *do* pipe,  
 They shall dance to my tune!  
 Yes, dance to the devil,  
 Great, middling and small;  
 Much good may it do them  
 Who haste to my ball!

'There are some who find folly  
 A wearisome task;  
 Beware lest you show it!  
 Oh, loose not your mask!  
 If fools, let them slumber,  
 Or change with the crowd;  
 If wise, let them whisper,  
 But never aloud.  
 I know you, I know you!  
 Peace, patience awhile!  
 Be fools, but be masters  
 Among the canaille;  
 Think, think what you will,  
 But like lunatics squall;  
 And then you 'll be leaders  
 To-night in the ball!

'Come, listen, good people!  
 Hip! ho there! halloo!  
 I 'll tell you a story  
 Both merry and true:  
 I once lived in a city,  
 An age ere the flood,  
 Where all men were prudent,  
 Wise, learned and good:

And was told in a vision  
 To say to the town,  
 That on the next Sunday  
 Much rain would come down ;  
 And whoe'er should be spattered  
 By one single drop,  
 Must have all his reason  
 Washed off by the slop :  
 And all became crazy,  
 The great and the small ;  
 In fact, just like us,  
 Who are here at the ball !

' But in those early ages,  
 To add to their woes,  
 They had no umbrellas,  
 Or water-proof clothes ;  
 And as they were wise  
 They all laughed at a dream,  
 And, returning from meeting,  
 Were soaked in the stream :  
 So when I went out  
 On that same afternoon,  
 I found every mortal  
 As wild as a loon ;  
 Yea, fairly demented,  
 Uproarious all,  
 Quite fit to be present  
 To-night at the ball !

' There was one jolly fellow  
 Had dug up a pile  
 Of bright yellow dust,  
 Which he guarded the while ;  
 And several were fighting,  
 And diverse were drunk,  
 While some in polemics  
 Were dreadfully sunk :  
 And others were raising  
 A terrible clamor,  
 As they bid for a maiden  
 Just brought to the hammer,  
 While many were gabbling  
 Of stocks' rise and fall ;  
 Yes, you understand that,  
 Some of you in the ball.'

' The one-eyed may be great  
 In the land of the blind ;  
 But a sage among fools  
 Is a long way behind :  
 For I really found out,  
 To my greatest surprise,  
 That I was the mad man  
 And they were the wise ;  
 Lord ! lord ! how they hooted !  
 One cried, rather stern,  
 Lo ! here comes the dreamer !  
 Quick ! *à la lanterne* !

Philadelphia, 1850.

So I ran for my life  
 From the crazy men all,  
 Yes I, your great leader  
 To-night in the ball !'

' Yes, they were all glorious,  
 I only was sad,  
 How I longed to strike in  
 With the rest and be mad !  
 In a rut in the road,  
 Still a puddle I found,  
 And straight in that puddle  
 My reason I drowned ;  
 I ought to have drunk it,  
 But that I forgot,  
 For scarce had I touched it,  
 When reason was not :  
 I would I had soaked me,  
 Soul, marrow and all,  
 Like the maddest, the bravest  
 Who scream in our ball.'

' Ho ! look at this pretzel,  
 Or carnival cake ;  
 'T is made in the form  
 Of a two-headed snake ;  
 It hideth great mysteries,  
 Great jokes, I may say ;  
 It is man, 't is the world,  
 'T is the all of to-day,  
 And its two heads betoken  
 The sorrow and mirth,  
 Or the wisdom and folly  
 Which govern our earth ;  
 Or the pain and the pleasure,  
 The bad and the good,  
 Which circle in all things  
 By dry land or flood ;  
 And it feeds on itself  
 And it feeds on us all,  
 As we feed upon it  
 To-night at the ball.'

' Hurrah for the bright world,  
 So green and so round !  
 Hurrah for the maidens  
 That on it abound !  
 Hurrah for the wild ones  
 That give it a tone :  
 Hurrah for the *MASTERS* !  
 Who claims it alone.

(*sotto voce*)

Who will claim till he lose it,  
 For thank God ! some day  
 These masks and our folly  
 Must vanish away ;  
 Alas ! that till then  
 We must dance on the floor,  
 And howl with the wolves  
 Till their madness be o'er.

MINSTER CARL.

## O N B E A R D S .

NUMBER ONE.

‘*LORD* worshipping’d might He be ! what a beard thou hast got !’

‘— His beard grew thin and hungry, and seem’d to ask him sops as he was drinking !’

‘— *WHY* should a man whose blood is warm within sit like his grandstire cut in labaster ?’

‘— *WITH* beard of formal cut.’

SHAKESPEARE.

I REMEMBER that Stuart the artist—of course I mean GILBERT STUART, to whose facile pencil so many of us are indebted for the living portraits of our dead fathers ; and some of my readers (those happy post-nati !) for the portraits of their grandfathers—well, Stuart, having been commissioned to perpetuate the effigy of an honoured and distinguished merchant of New-York, chose to represent him in a contemplative mood, dwelling in his interior mind, and grasping unconsciously, with his right hand, the right-hand-lapelle of his coat.

The friends of the Gentleman called on the artist to remonstrate against the untoward posture he had thus assumed. Stuart would hardly listen to them, and gave free vent, as was his wont, to his impetuous humour : ‘Does not the man stand so, half the time,’ said he, ‘when he is thinking of his ships and cargoes and planning his future voyages and combinations ? I will not alter a touch of the brush ! Every one has his own proper attitude, his own proper physical development of mind, and when I have caught it, I make use of it as an additional feature to the face ! But, Gentlemen, do not take the picture ! No man loves and honours WILLIAM CONSTABLE better than myself ! I will hang the portrait in my chamber, and so help me—as I alter one touch of the brush ! Not one touch ! no ! never ! no ! no ! It is the man himself ; and, what is more, there is Stuart in every line and shade of it !’

Mr. Liston, the British minister, afterwards Sir Robert Liston ; the scholar, the christian, and (which embraces both) the GENTLEMAN—being one of the party, advanced, and in his courtly and I will say his precious manner observed, ‘Mr. Stuart, you have convinced me that you are entirely in the right ; and that I, at least, have been entirely in the wrong ; but do you know that you have struck me very forcibly by the remark, that *every* man has some one posture or attitude peculiar to himself—the idea is quite new to me ; is that really your fixed opinion ?’

Stuart, quieted by this assuasive gentleness from such a person, answered, ‘So far as my observation has extended, may it please your Excellency, I shall certainly answer in the affirmative.’

‘You and I are old friends, you know,’ said the minister, ‘and in the presence of such an observer as yourself I suppose nothing could have

escaped—may I ask if you have ever noticed any such mannerism or peculiarity of attitude in—myself, for example?’

‘Surely,’ said Stuart; ‘and if I were to paint your Excellency to-morrow—and I could not luxuriate in a subject more to my fancy, and to my heart—I should certainly sketch you with the fore-finger of your *right* hand resting upon the little-finger of the *left*.’

Mr. Liston looked down upon his hands at the moment, and found them to his surprise in the position that Stuart had indicated. ‘Bless me!’ said he, ‘how far it was from my thoughts that I could ever have been supposed guilty of such an inexcusable *gaucherie*!’

‘It is *not* such, permit me to say it,’ replied the great painter; ‘it is *the spirit speaking in dumb shew*! and it is the province of the true artist to watch, to study, and to record these its manifestations!’

—Now then for BEARDS!—BEARDS are these additional features of the face, these manifestations of character, each chosen by the individual himself, that the bearded part of the community of this metropolitan City of New-York have selected for the amusement of its unpretending citizens. Chosen at this moment, my masters, when wars and tumults of war have subsided before the Smile of the God of peace, and the round Globe itself is performing its graceful orbit in a hymn of Joy!

Now, when our noble-hearted and conquering soldiers and naval officers have returned to the garb and aspect of the civilian and the private Gentleman, charming us with their unaffected, gentle, unassuming manners and appearance, God bless them!—an entirely different class of persons are parading up and down Broadway with imminent danger to the domestick hopes of the quiet fathers or would-be-fathers of the city; greasy Citizens, bearded like pards, or rather like brushes; or sitting down perchance to their boarding-house dinner-tables, and staring upon a loin of veal, or a mutton-cutlet, with a singular and most-uncalled-for ferocity of countenance toward these reliques of their late relations: imitating, quite unnecessarily as I cannot but think, the appearance of the dying Cataline in the spirited description of the historian, where he says ‘*ferociamque animi, quam habuerit vivus, in vultu retinens*.’

I would not object—I could not have the heart to object—to the soft silky well trained moustache of one of our leisurely lads who has nothing else in the world to do but attend to his toilette, and spend gracefully the money that his father acquired, and perhaps went to the devil for. These are not the creatures of whom Beatrice in the play says, ‘Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard upon his face!’—and I might well admire a pair of moustaches like those of the late renowned Mehmet Ali Pasha of Egypt, that were taught to grow upward, diminishing in volume, until the fine master-hairs of the ends mingled with the long lashes of his brilliant eyes; and that when he was transported with rage or engaged in battle coiled themselves up around his mouth like snakes, all animate with individual life, to relax and then to dart backward to their former position as soon as he had pronounced a sentence of death, or had inflicted with his own resistless scimitar the coup de grace upon some deadly foe.

There is a propriety, a certain keeping in all this, that the beholder would not otherwise than enjoy—but to see our yard-wide men, who in their youth have never imagined a beard at full length except upon a maniac or a religious enthusiast, or Abraham in the Primer dismissing Hagar, coming forth, in this community of sober merchants, with their strait, stiff, red, or pepper-and-salt bristles, occupying the thoughts of peaceful men and disgusting ad nauseam those of a more refined class, is an enormity no longer to be endured in silence.

There is a fellow that it is my mischance to be acquainted with, with a form of body carved out of a cheeseparer after dinner, who wears a red stiff brush at the extremity of his chin, of the very hue and wirey consistency of the beard of Judas Iscariot, as he is represented to the life by the old masters of Italy! It is impossible to look at him, and at his eyes which are also red, without thinking at once of 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils!' Do you know that this animal, who ought never, under any circumstances, to have lived elsewhere for a moment than in the solitude of a crowd; where he might hope by the uniformity of his equipment to escape observation; or else in some darker place of concealment—could you believe that he wears it, (this badge!) because without it he is 'hardly satisfied,' he says, with the profile of his chin?

A tall pepper-and-salt bearded man, thin as a lath, (for nature is gratifying him with a redundant commodity of hair had done all that she intended to do for him,) ran awkwardly the other day against the stove-pipe of a sprightly servant boy, who, setting the M. P.'s\* at defiance, was cleaning the pipe upon the side-walk. 'Halloo! mind what you are about!' exclaimed the lad. Then looking up at the aggressor, and examining him with an arch and kindling eye, added, 'Do that again, if you dare! If you do, I'll use you to clean out my stove-pipe—you are just the instrument I was looking for!'

I must close my Essay; for I find myself subsiding into too cheerful a strain of mind for the effectual discussion of so serious a grievance; a nuisance Mr. Editor, a crying nuisance, from which our very pulpits are not wholly exempt! I forbear at this time to say more. I had intended as might be inferred from my motto to have written of the thin and hungerly beards; and the stray hairs, that like only children excite the unlimited affection of their possessors. But I refrain, my dear Sir, I refrain until some less good-humored moment.

Let the Ladies, the fountains of joy, the stars of civilization, let the LADIES take the matter up. I will not ask them to '*set their faces against it*,' as that would be the surest way of eternal perpetuation. But I would conjure them to decree, that no man in these piping times of peace shall be admitted to their bright society, from this day henceforth, who shall hereafter wear any thing beyond a well-trimmed whisker; or the dark, the soft, the silky moustache of seventeen to twenty-four; or the animated and self-existent ornament and illustration of the visage of the renowned Pacha of Egypt.

JOHN WARREN.

\* THESE Letters, (of far higher significance and importance in Great Britain,) in New-York are employed as the distinctive indication of the Municipal Police.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE EAST:** Sketches of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. By the Rev. J. A. SPENCER, M. A. Elegantly Illustrated from Original Drawings. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. London: JOHN MURRAY.

HERE is a sensible and entertaining traveller, who has wisely given the 'go-by' to disquisitions on antiquity, history, chronology, and critical dissertations on science in its various relations to Egyptian or Hebraistic lore. The letters in the volume before us were written as they profess to be, and at the time when they are dated, while yet the impressions which they describe were fresh in the mind of the writer; and they were addressed, in all the familiarity of private correspondence, 'to one at home dearer to him than all else in the wide world, and had most of all in view her interest and pleasure.' Mr. SPENCER did not misjudge in believing that many a reader would love to hear of those sacred regions where our LORD walked in the days of His flesh, and to learn how full of Scripture is the Holy Land at the present day. On this point we cannot forbear quoting, in this connection, an eloquent passage from a review of WILKES' 'Narrative of the Dead Sea Expedition' in the last issue of our friend Rev. H. B. BASCOM'S 'Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South:'

'WHAT though the ancient outward show and grandeur of Palestine have departed? What though the chosen tribes, ejected from their homes, wander, a 'hissing and a by-word,' among the nations of the earth? What though Jerusalem, that name so full of inspiration, is inhabited and oppressed by the Arab savage and the heartless Ottoman, and the mosque of Omar crowns the summit of the mount where ABRAHAM offered up his only son, and the gorgeous temple lifted its splendid dome amid the serene intensity of oriental skies? What though, beneath its sacred palms, the fanatic Moslem pores over the pages of his Koran, chants his prayers, or meditates upon the Paradise of his prophet? What though, amid the surrounding desolation and wretchedness, the traveller looks in vain for a single object which can remind him of the splendor and magnificence of the Hebrew kings? What though the frown of JEHOVAH seems to spread a pall of gloom over all its hills and valleys? Yet is there not a halo of glory encircling every mount, and sacred memories hovering over every valley and plain; a spirit that moves amid the storms of the mountain and the mists of river and sea; a voice from its groves and its grottoes, which tells, now in exulting, now in sad and mournful tones, of the splendor and the beauty of other years, when all this land was 'even as the garden of the LORD.' Though the temples and palaces and walls and monuments of former years have vanished, like the mists of morning, yet here is spread forth the same plain which glowed in the light of the advent; here are found the localities that witnessed the coming, the wonders, the life, the death of the world's REDEEMER; here are the summits where he taught, where he died, and from whence he ascended; here rolls the same sea whose billows crouched in meek submission at his feet, and in its depths are reflected the same stars which then, as now, looked from their quiet thrones upon the departing storm. Here Jordan glides, with his limpid waters and beautiful cascades, the same as when he was baptized by the prophet and acknowledged by the SPIRIT. Here is the mount where MOSES and ELIAS appeared with him, and the Divinity within shone so resplendently through the thin veil of humanity! There is an indescribable feeling of awe and wonder in the consideration of these scenes, stealing over the heart, like a breeze over a wind-harp, awakening music sad and mournful. The glory with which the art of man once invested this land has met the fate which its origin rendered probable, perhaps necessitated; but the *moral* glory with which the hand of JEHOVAH has invested it shall linger while its waters roll or its mountains tower.'



Of these and kindred scenes our author has given very clear and striking descriptions ; which, taken in connection with the numerous illustrations, from the pencil of an accomplished artist, cannot fail to afford to every reader a vivid picture of the Holy Land. The work is dedicated, in a neat and appropriate tribute, to Hon. ZADOCK PRATT, President of the Mechanics' Institute, New-York, 'as a slight testimonial of grateful recollections of more than a year spent in travel with his son,' Mr. GEORGE W. PRATT, a young gentleman of fine gifts and acquirements, among which an aptness and capacity for oriental studies are deemed by the author peculiarly prominent. The volume which we have thus too hastily noticed cannot well fail to find wide and marked favor with the public.

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**TURKISH EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS: The Wonders of Remarkable Incidents and the Rarities of Anecdotes.** By AHMED IAN HEMDEM THE KETKODI, called 'SOHAILEE.' Translated from the Turkish by JOHN P. BROWN, Esq., Dragoman of the United States' Legation at Constantinople. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. London: 'American Agency,' Bow-Lane, Chesepide.

It would be a work of supererogation to commend the execution of the translation of this various and entertaining volume to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the work has been for many years the 'Oriental Correspondent' of this Magazine ; and both in his original sketches of life and scenery in the East, and in various translations from the literatures of the Orient, he has proved himself one of the most popular and most widely-read among all our foreign contributors. The present work, so pleasantly rendered by our correspondent, the celebrated orientalist, Baron VON HAMMER, pronounces to be by far the most interesting book that has been published at Constantinople. It cannot fail to amuse the general reader by its agreeable and entertaining representation of oriental society, sentiments and manners. The translator does not challenge the criticism of the orientalist by a scrupulous technical accuracy of rendering, although he has 'aimed ever to preserve it as much like the original as possible.' If indeed it be 'only a promise of better things in future,' it will, while securing for itself popularity, pave the way for a ready reception of its successors. 'I have here collected,' says the Turkish editor, in characteristically 'effulgent' phrase, 'these pearls from the seas of authentic works, and these sparkling jewels from the mines of celebrated authors, in which are folded and contained the histories of the ancients, with the accounts of the best of the learned and the philosophers. I have selected its contents from the most remarkable events and the strangest occurrences, and have spent the capital of my life in acquiring the valuable and choice extracts found in it. I translated them from the Arabic and Persian tongues, wrought them into a new form, and gave them new light and expression in the Turkish idiom ; giving to my book the title of 'Remarkable Events and Strange Occurrences.' In this work I have particularly attached myself to collecting such tales and narratives as are authentic and instructive, and at the same time, more or less curious ; so that their moral application 'will be seen by every one.' Professor SALISBURY, of Yale College, the American editor, pays a just tribute of praise to the American publisher for issuing at his own expense the first work ever introduced to readers in the United States directly from the East. The volume is characterized by the uniform typographical neatness of the works from the press of our 'American MURRAY.'

THE COSMOS: A SKETCH OF A PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German. By E. C. OTTE. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the evening of life, when rich in the accumulation of thought, travel, reading, and experimental research, Baron VON HUMBOLDT produced the work, two out of three volumes of which are before us. The first volume comprises a sketch of all that is at present known of the physical condition of the universe; the second comprehends two distinct parts, the first of which treats of the incitements to the study of nature afforded in descriptive poetry, landscape painting, and the cultivation of exotic plants; while the second and larger part enters into the consideration of the different epochs in the progress of discovery and of the corresponding stages of advance in human civilization. The third volume, the publication of which has been somewhat delayed, will comprise the special and scientific development of the great 'Picture of Nature.' In the present volumes, all the foreign measures are converted into corresponding English terms, and are translated from the original *in extenso*, the translator not conceiving himself justified in omitting passages simply because they might be deemed slightly obnoxious to English prejudices. A fine portrait of VON HUMBOLDT faces the title-page.

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE, OR MENAGERE. By ALEXANDER SOYER, Author of 'The Gastronomic Regenerator.' Edited by an AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER. In one volume. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THERE are comprised in this volume nearly one thousand receipts, for the economical and judicious preparation of every meal of the day, with those of the nursery and sick room, with minute directions for family management in all its branches. Surely such a book will supply a very important desideratum. The American editor has presented the work as its author wrote it, with the slight exception of a few verbal corrections here and there, necessary to render the meaning of the author more plain, erasing certain directions for cooking different kinds of game and fish unknown in the new world, and omitting the purely local information and scraps of history, which would only have increased the cost and bulk of the book without adding in any way to its value. It is a common error to suppose that French cookery is more costly and highly-flavored than the English; an examination of the work before us proves that the reverse is the fact, and that M. SOYER's system, which has rendered him famous in Europe is not only simple and economical, but the best adapted to insure the enjoyment of health, the elevation of the mental faculties, and converting the daily necessity of eating into a source of daily enjoyment. The work under notice is adapted to the wants and habits of the middle-classes, and calculated for the use of the great bulk of American families. 'M. SOYER,' says the editor, 'is the good genius of the kitchen; although he is the renowned *chef* of one of the most sumptuous of the London Club-Houses, and the pet of aristocratic feeders, he has labored continually to elevate the mind, and better the condition of the poor by instructing them in the art of obtaining the greatest amount of nourishment and enjoyment from their food. The dietetic maxims and culinary receipts of M. SOYER are not less needed in the United States than in England; but for different reasons. Happily, our countrymen do not suffer for lack of raw materials, so much as for lack of cooks; and, in the 'Modern Housewife' of M. SOYER our housekeepers will find a reliable guide and an invaluable friend.'

**SKETCHES OF MINNESOTA, THE NEW-ENGLAND OF THE WEST.** With Incidents of Travel in that Territory during the Summer of 1849. In two Parts. By E. S. SEYMOUR. In one volume, with a Map. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume affords useful and reliable information on the history, topography, climate, and the agricultural and commercial resources of a territory which, in the view of the author, is destined soon to become one of the most flourishing states in the Union. 'The plain relation of important facts,' says the author, in a brief and comprehensive preface, 'and the composition of a work of a practical character have been the object sought.' We can bear witness, from an examination of his pages, that in this regard that object has been accomplished. A considerable portion of the work, we are informed, was written at the West during the prevalence of cholera, when DEATH was making sad inroads in the social circle; when general debility, a lack of mental and physical energy, was prevalent throughout the community, and but few were qualified for physical and less for literary employments. On this ground it is, that Mr. SEYMOUR asks indulgence for a neglect of 'elegance of diction' and 'play of the imagination common to such works, many of which are calculated rather to amuse than to instruct.' There is a slight touch of wholesome satire in this. A 'play of imagination' such as that exhibited for example by MUNCHHAUSEN LANMAN, would hardly have been a desirable substitute for the interesting facts and authentic statements clearly and attractively set forth in the well-printed pages before us.

**CUBA, AND THE CUBANS:** comprising a History of the Island of Cuba, its present Social, Political, and Domestic Condition: also its Relations to England and the United States. By the Author of 'Letters from Cuba.' In one volume. New-York: SAMUEL HURSTON, 139 Nassau-street.

SEVERAL of the opening Letters in this interesting volume appeared originally in the KNICKERBOCKER, and excited much attention: the later portions of the work are fully equal, in extent and exactness of important information, to the preceding sketches. The attention both of England and the United States is now directed with eager interest toward Cuba. The rapid occurrence of political events, as is well remarked by the editor in a brief preface, seem to involve a convergent force that is hastening some great consummation: 'If all do not agree as to the result which these changes are to bring, no one can shut his eyes to the changes themselves. They have multiplied within the year; they are multiplying; they will continue to multiply. The conservative and the radical, the ultra whig and the ultra democrat, are all overwhelmed by the resistless course of things, if they stop even but a moment to contemplate it. What is to be done? Shall we attempt to stay this irresistible progress, and be swept away by it; or shall we rather do what we may to control and direct it? As to Cuba, a word only need be said. With or without the United States, she will soon be free from Spanish dominion; and — which is of greater consequence to this country — if free without our aid or influence, she falls to England. How will the United States relish the possession by that nation of a point which commands the Gulf of Mexico and the mouth of the Mississippi?' The analysis of Cuban taxes in the present volume is we believe the first of the kind ever attempted; and the chapters on the social and domestic manners of the Cubans, on religion and education, cannot fail to interest the reader.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY. — Of this work, now published in 'Parts' by the BROTHERS HARPER, we have read the first two numbers. It seems so much interest, that we shall proceed to present several passages which impressed us in a desultory perusal; pencil in hand the while, 'for the benefit of description-list,' as our friend and contemporary of 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff' would phrase it. Nothing can be more natural and evidently thoroughly truthful in the opening chapters of the work, which consist of, and are entitled, '*Recollections of the Early Life of Robert Southey, written by Himself, in a Series of Letters to a Friend.*' These recollections commence with the writer's earliest memory, brought down to the period of his life when he began to make a sensation in the world of literature. We shall proceed at once to our extracts from this entertaining-instructive mélange. We are surprised to find that one who has so well defined the 'net purport and upshot of war' as has SOUTHEY in his 'Battle of Blenheim,' should himself have had such warlike propensities when he was yet but a mere

a great desire to be a soldier: Colonel JOHNSON once gave me his sword; I took it to bed, to sleep in a state of most complete happiness: in the morning it was gone. Once I sat grass in what we call a brown study; at last, out it came, with the utmost earnestness, to MARY: 'Auntie POLLY, I should like to have all the weapons of war, the gun, and the sword albert, and the pistol, all the weapons of war.' Once I got whipped for taking a walk with my man barber who lived opposite, and promised to give me a sword. This took a strange turn as about nine years old. I had been reading the historical plays of SHAKESPEARE, and concluded there must be civil wars in my own time, and resolved to be a very great man, like the EARL OF ARBUTHNOT. Now it would be prudent to make partisans; so I told my companions at school that I was a very good woman, and had taught me to interpret dreams. They used to come and tell their dreams to me, and I was artful enough to refer them all to great civil wars, and the appearance of a very great man who was to appear — meaning myself. I had resolved that TOM should be a man too, and actually dreamed once of going into his tent to wake him the morning before he was full was I of these ideas.'

THEY speaks most affectionately of a lovely young sister who died in his early childhood: 'She was a beautiful creature, the admiration of all who beheld her. My father was one day walking with her down Union-street, when WESLEY happened to be coming up, and the old man was so struck with the little girl's beauty that he stopped and exclaimed, 'Oh! sweet creature!' took her by the hand, and gave her a shilling. That which in affliction we are prone to think a blessing, and which, upon sober reflection, may be justly thought so, befell her son afterward — an early departure to a better world. She died of hydrocephalus, a disease to which the most intelligent children are the most liable. Happily neither her parents nor her grandfather suspected, what is exceeding probable, that in her case the disease may have been induced by their dipping her every morning in a tub of the coldest well

water. This was done from an old notion of strengthening her : the shock was dreadful ; the poor child's horror of it, every morning, when taken out of bed, still more so. I cannot remember having seen it without horror ; nor do I believe that among all the preposterous practices which false theories have produced, there was ever a more cruel and perilous one than this.' Are there not many of our readers who can bear testimony to the justice of these strictures upon a practice at once absurd and cruel ? We were not a little amused at this 'passage' in the life of old gouty Lord BATEMAN : 'An odd accident happened to him during one of his severe fits, at a time when no persuasions could have induced him to put his feet to the ground, or to believe it possible that he could walk. He was sitting with his legs up, in the full costume of that respectable and orthodox disease, when the ceiling, being somewhat old, part of it gave way, and down came a fine nest of rats, old and young together, plump upon him. He had what is called an antipathy to these creatures, and, forgetting the gout in the horror which their visitation excited, sprung from his easy chair, and fairly ran down stairs.' There is a forcible lesson, well worthy 'the attention of parents and guardians,' in the following record of the manner in which a portion of his time was passed from the age of two years to six, while residing at Bath with a maiden-aunt :

'I HAD many indulgences, but more privations, and those of an injurious kind ; want of playmates, want of exercise, never being allowed to do anything in which by possibility I might dirt myself ; late hours in company, that is to say, late hours for a child, which I reckon among the privations (having always had the healthiest propensity for going to bed betimes ;) late hours of rising, which were less painful, perhaps, but in other respects worse. My aunt chose that I should sleep with her, and this subjected me to a double evil. She used to have her bed warmed, and during the months while this practice was in season, I was always put into MOLLY's bed first, for fear of an accident from the warming-pan, and removed when my aunt went to bed, so that I was regularly awakened out of a sound sleep. This, however, was not half so bad as being obliged to lie until nine, and not unfrequently until ten in the morning, and not daring to make the slightest movement which could disturb her during the hours that I lay awake, and longing to be set free. These were, indeed, early and severe lessons of patience. My poor little wits were upon the alert at those tedious hours of compulsory idleness, fancying figures and combinations of form in the curtains, wondering at the moles in the slant sun-beam, and watching the light from the crevices of the window-shutters, until it served me, at last, by its progressive motion, to measure the lapse of time. Thoroughly injudicious as my education under Miss TYLER was, no part of it was so irksome as this.'

His aunt, we are informed, among other indulgences, took him occasionally to the theatre : 'When I was taken there for the first time, I can perfectly well remember my surprise at not finding the pit literally a deep hole, into which I had often puzzled myself to think how or why any persons could possibly go.' Those who have attended a 'spelling-bee'—and what reader who ever went to a district-school in the country but *has* attended them ?—will call to mind a familiar and pleasant scene while perusing the annexed extract. The child, it should be premised, has grown up to be a school-boy :

'Twice during the twelve months of my stay great interest was excited throughout the commonwealth by a grand spelling-match, for which poor FLOWER deserves some credit, if it was a device of his own to save himself trouble and amuse the boys. Two of the biggest boys chose their party, boy by boy alternately, until the whole school was divided between them. They then hunted the dictionary for words unusual enough in their orthography to puzzle ill-taught lads ; and having compared lists, that the same word might not be chosen by both, two words were delivered to every boy, and kept by him profoundly secret from all on the other side until the time of trial. On a day appointed we were drawn up in battle array, quite as anxious on the occasion as the members of a cricket club for the result of a grand match against all England. Ambition, that 'last infirmity of noble minds,' had its full share in producing this anxiety ; and, to increase the excitement, each person had wagered a halfpenny upon the event. The words were given out in due succession on each side, from the biggest to the least ; and for every one which was spelled rightly in its progress down the enemy's ranks, the enemy scored one ; or one was scored on the other side if the word ran the gamut safely. The party in which I was engaged lost one of these matches and won the other. I remember that my words for one of them were 'Crystallization' and 'Coterie,' and that I was one of the most effective persons in the contest, which might easily be.'

Hear the 'testimony' borne by an ingenuous boy to a practice in some families much better honored in the breach than in the observance : 'I dreaded nothing so

much as Sunday evening in winter: we were then assembled in the hall to hear the master read a sermon, or a portion of *STACKHOUSE'S* History of the Bible. Here I sat at the end of a long form, in sight, but not within feeling of the fire, my feet cold, my eyelids heavy as lead, and yet not daring to close them, kept awake by fear alone, in total inaction, and under the operation of a lecture more soporific than the strongest sleeping dose. Heaven help the wits of those good people who think that children are to be edified by having sermons read to them! There is something not a little laughable in *SOUTHEY'S* first dream: 'The earliest dream which I can remember related to my aunt: it was singular enough to impress itself indelibly upon my memory. I thought I was sitting with her in her drawing room, (chairs, carpet, and every thing are now visibly present to my mind's eye,) when the devil was introduced as a morning visitor. Such an appearance, for he was in his full costume of horns, black bat-wings, tail, and cloven feet, put me in ghostly and bodily fear; but she received him with perfect politeness, called him dear Mr. *DEVIL*, desired the servant to set him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favored with a call!' We were struck with this instance of a fair blossom falling of ultimate fruit, a boy whose appearance, we are told, prepossessed all who saw him: 'My mother was so taken with the gentleness of his manners, and the regularity and mildness of his features, that she was very desirous I should become intimate with him. He grew up to be a puppy, sported a swallow-tail when he was fifteen, and at five-and-twenty was an insignificant withered *homunculus*, with a white face shrivelled into an expression of effeminate peevishness. I have seen many instances wherein the promise of the boy has not been fulfilled by the man, but never so striking a case of blight as this.' The reader will admire with us the subjoined affectionate tribute to the writer's mother:

'I do not believe that any human being ever brought into the world, and carried through it, a larger portion of original goodness than my dear mother. Every one who knew her loved her, for she seemed made to be happy herself, and to make every one happy within her little sphere. Her understanding was as good as her heart: it is from her I have inherited that alertness of mind and quickness of apprehension, without which it would have been impossible for me to have undertaken half of what I have performed. God never blessed a human creature with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a tenderer heart. I remember that when first I understood what death was, and began to think of it, the most fearful thought it induced was that of losing my mother; it seemed to me more than I could bear, and I used to hope that I might die before her. Nature is merciful to us. We learn gradually that we are to die; a knowledge which, if it came suddenly upon us in riper age, would be more than the mind could endure. We are gradually prepared for our departure by seeing the objects of our earliest and deepest affections go before us; and even if no keener afflictions are dispensed to wean us from this world, and remove our tenderest thoughts and dearest hopes to another, mere age brings with it a weariness of life, and death becomes to the old as natural and desirable as sleep to a tired child.'

One is continually struck, in reading *SOUTHEY'S* letters, with the terseness, the extreme simplicity and sententiousness of his style. Observe the following segregated examples: 'As no madman ever pretended to a religious call without finding some open-eared listeners ready to believe in him and become his disciples; so, perhaps, no one ever composed verses with facility who had not some to admire and applaud him in his own little circle.' — 'It surprises me to perceive how many things come to mind which had been for years and years forgotten! It is said that when earth is flung to the surface in digging a well, plants will spring up which are not found in the surrounding country, seeds having quickened in light and air which had lain buried during unknown ages — no unapt illustration for the way in which forgotten things are thus brought up from the bottom of one's memory.' But we must pause; satisfied that the reader, after perusing the foregoing passages, will require no recommendation of ours to procure the numbers whence they are taken, as well as those which are to succeed them.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — THERE has been a feeble crusade started recently against Sunday journals, the labor upon which, unlike that required for the papers of the succeeding day, is performed in advance of 'holy time.' Now we would do nothing to sanction the desecration of the Sabbath; on the contrary, both by precept and example, we hope always to be found on the side of morality in this regard. But there is such a thing as misinterpreting what the 'breaking of the Sabbath' really is. The man who, in all the pride of wealth, goes in his sumptuous carriage to the portals of the house of God, and there leaves his coachman (with no soul of his own to save, of course, any more than the horses he drives) to sit on his box while his master and family recline upon damask cushions, and make their responses from prayer-books of velvet and gold, such a man has no idea that he is accessory to breaking the Sabbath; but is his coachman, idly cracking his whip while his master is 'at worship,' any better engaged than the little boy who is supporting a widowed mother or a destitute brother or sister by selling to the poor man, who may desire it, a well-conducted Sunday newspaper; a newspaper containing information which, perhaps, incessant labor during the week only renders *accessible* to him on that day? With deference to less rigorous judgments, we think not; nor do we deem the reading of such a journal, during a leisure hour on the Sabbath, at all calculated to disqualify the mind of any thinking man for the subsequent reception of religious truths, through the appointed modes and channels appropriate to the day. We spoke, in a recent subsection in this department, of the effect which a too stringent application of moral and religious requirements sometimes have upon children; and we have seen those remarks quoted and favorably commented upon by secular and religious journals in different quarters of the Union. 'There are,' says the humane and *practically* religious author of *'The Song of the Shirt'* —

'THERE are some moody persons, not a few,  
Who, turned by nature with a gloomy bias,  
Renounce black devils to adopt the blues,  
And think when they are dismal they are pious.'

men who, in endeavoring to force others to 'follow in their footsteps' and imitate their example, exercise any thing but a salutary influence upon society. There is such a thing as 'putting too much Sabbath into Sunday,' especially for the young; making it a day to be dreaded rather than a season to be cherished. We are reminded, in this connection, of the Scotch professor, who during a Sunday walk happened to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had accidentally picked up, when a sanctimonious person gravely accosted him, and said with great seriousness, 'Ah! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath!' A walk in the country on Sunday, and a survey of the works of an all-bountiful CREATOR, at a time when leisure gives force and stability to good impressions, we have heard denounced as sinful. Denunciations of acts so innocent and simple as this have the effect to create a reaction in the minds they are intended to direct. Hood, in his satire called *'An Open Question'* — as touching the propriety of 'the authorities' not permitting persons walking through one of the London parks on Sunday afternoon to pass through that portion of it which was devoted to the purposes of a zoological collection — has a few stanzas which will by some readers perhaps be regarded as in point. And we would farther ask the reader, who may chance to have the London edition of Hood's poems in his library, to turn over the leaves of the first volume

until he comes to the '*Ode to Ræ Wilson.*' He will find in that admirable and most trenchant satire some of the strongest arguments, in favor of the position which we have assumed, that we at least have ever encountered. But to the present extract :

'To me it seems that in the oddest way  
(Begging the pardon of each rigid Soclus)  
Our would-be keepers of the Sabbath-day  
Are like the keepers of the brutes ferocious:  
As soon the tiger might expect to stalk  
About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,  
As any harmless man to take a walk,  
If saints should clap him in a cage on Sunday—  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

'In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,  
As surely as I am a christian scion,  
I cannot think it is a mortal sin,  
(Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion.  
I really think that one may go, perchance,  
To see a bear, as guileless as on Monday;  
(That is, provided that he did not dance),  
Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday—  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

'In spite of all the fanatic compiles,  
I cannot think the day a bit diviner  
Because no children, with forestalling smiles,  
Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor;  
It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,  
That what we christen 'natural' on Monday,  
The wondrous history of bird and beast,  
Can be unnatural because it's Sunday—  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

'Whereon is sinful fantasy to work? [Haven't  
The dove, the winged Columbus of man's  
The tender love-bird—or the filial stork?  
The punctual crane—the providential raven?  
The pelican whose bosom feeds the young?  
Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday  
The feathered marvel with a human tongue,  
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

'The busy beaver—that sagacious beast!  
The sheep that owned an Oriental shepherd;  
That desert-ship, the camel of the East,  
The horned rhinoceros—the spotted leopard;  
The creatures of the great CREATOR'S hand  
Are surely sights for better days than Monday?  
The elephant, although he wears no band,  
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

'What harm if men who burn the midnight oil,  
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,  
Seek once a-week their spirits to assail,  
And snatch a glimpse of 'Animated Nature'  
Better it were if, in his best of suits,  
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,  
Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes,  
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There is something worthy of heed in the closing argument of these characteristic lines. Something we think should be conceded to the *conservative* influence of interesting and instructive Sunday journals upon a class of readers, who but for them might, and doubtless would, be far less innocently employed than in their quiet perusal by their own hearths. 'Finally, and in conclusion,' we marvel much that well-meaning and pious persons in our day cannot revolve in the great wheel of reform without rushing at once to the periphery. . . . HAVE you never felt, reader, just at this season of mid-March, the force and truth of the ensuing observations? Our only wonder is, that another should have expressed so perfectly our own thoughts and emotions, a hundred times awakened and experienced, in the early 'spring-time of the year': 'There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring, which is among those influences of nature the most universally recognised, the most difficult to explain. The silent stir of reviving life, which does not yet betray signs in the bud and blossom; only in a softer clearness in the air, a more lingering pause in the slowly lengthening day; a more delicate freshness and balm in the twilight atmosphere; a more lovely yet still unquiet note from the birds, settling down into their coverts; the vague sense under all that hush, which still outwardly wears the bleak sterility of winter—of the busy change hourly, momentarily at work—renewing the youth of the world, re-clothing with vigorous bloom the skeletons of things; all these messages from the heart of Nature to the heart of Man may well affect and move us. But why with melancholy? No thought on our part connects and construes the low, gentle voices. It is not *Thought* that replies and reasons: it is *Feeling* that hears and dreams. Examine not, O child of man!—examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer



thysself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the season of change, from the dim Border Land.' . . . THEY have a choice specimen of 'high old art' at Washington, if we may judge from the 'prepared report' of a correspondent at the national capitol: 'By the way, talking about 'picters;' they have a new one in the Rotunda, which the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff' ought to notice. General WASHINGTON, of course, occupies the middle. He is wrapt in a white sheet, and looks very like an *old* woman of the 'middle ages' doing penance before a church door. Three or four fellows in the fore-ground, whose faces must have been drawn with a blister-plaster, are each of them making violent efforts to stick a carrot into his eye. Three 'Model Artistes,' without a rag on, are jumping over his head; and one of them, just visible behind an enormous breast-work, is going to drop a well-scoured beetle-ring on his naked skull. All around and behind are the portraits of GUY FAWKES, HOOKEY WALKER, Mr. GREEN, JOHN SMITH, BILLY PATERSON, SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, Captain JAMES RILEY, FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO, WOUTER VAN TWILLER, and JUDAS ISCARIOT, making horrible contortions. In short, it is a very striking historical 'pieter.' The artist is some relation of the young genius who was taken by his father to POWERS, that he might learn to 'sculp!' . . . Our Burlington correspondent's story of '*The Profane Man who could n't do Justice to his Subject*' was written for and published in the 'Gossip' of the KNICKERBOCKER years ago. . . . We wish that every one of our readers could hear that accomplished musical artist and natural gentleman, our friend Mr. JOSEPH BURKE, sing the following, in his rich, melodious, rollicking manner. It is better than a concert, especially with our old friend 'BROUGH' to 'come in' in the chorus:

SAINT PATRICK was a gentleman,  
And he came of decent people,  
He built a church in Dublin town,  
And on it put a steeple;  
His mother was a GALLAGHER,  
His father was a BRADY,  
His aunt was an O'SHAUGHNESSY,  
First cousin to O'GRADY:

Good luck attend Saint PATRICK's fist,  
For he was the saint so clever,  
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And he bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,  
And so 's the hill of Howth, Sir;  
But there 's a hill much higher still,  
Much higher nor them both, Sir:  
'T was on the top of that high hill  
Saint PATRICK preached his sarmin't;  
He drove the frogs into the bogs,  
And he bothered all the varmint:

Good luck attend Saint PATRICK's fist,  
For he was the saint so clever:  
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And he bothered them for ever!

There 's not a mile in Ireland's isle  
Where the dirty varmin's musters,  
But there he put his own fore-fut,  
And murdered them in clusters;  
The toads went pop, the frogs went plop,  
Skep-dash into the wather,

And the snakes committed suicide,  
To save themselves from a slaughter!

Good luck attend Saint PATRICK's fist,  
For he was the saint so clever;  
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And he bothered them for ever!

No wonder that we Irish boys  
Are so free and frisky,  
For sure Saint PAT, he taught us that,  
As well as drinking whiskey;  
No wonder that the Saint himself  
To drink it should be willing,  
For his mother kept a shebeen-shop  
In the town of Inniskillen.

Good luck attend Saint PATRICK's fist,  
For he was the saint so clever;  
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And he bothered them for ever!

Oh! was I but so fortunate  
As to be back in Munster,  
'T is I'd be bound that from that ground  
I never more would once stir;  
'T was there Saint PATRICK planted turf,  
With plenty of the peatien,  
With pigs galore, magnumstore,  
And cabbages and ladies!

Good luck attend Saint PATRICK's fist,  
For he was the saint so clever;  
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And he bothered them for ever!

On the shores of Lake Ontario, near the village of Oswego, or 'Swago' as they used to call it in the 'ked'ntry,' there are hundreds of those peculiar holes or cells made by

bank-swallows. On one occasion there was a tremendous gale on the lake, the effect of which was thus described by an eye-witness to the 'ear-witness' who gives the record to us: 'I never see such a gale in my life — never! It blew so hard that it blew all the sand off the bank, and left the swallow-holes sticking out a foot and a half!' Not unlike the Irishman's explanation of how cannon were cast: 'You take a round hole, and run iron or brass around it!' . . . We heard to-day a laughable *Anecdote of a Man with a big Foot*. He was a Buffalonian, who must be living now, for a man with so good a hold upon the ground is not likely to 'drop off' in a hurry. He stepped one day into the small shop of a boot-maker's in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked CRISPIN if he could make him a pair of boots. Looking at his long splay pedal extremities, and then glancing at a huge uncut cow-hide that hung upon the wall, he said, 'Well, yes, I guess so.' 'What time will you have them done? To-day is Monday.' 'Well, it'll depend on circumstances; I guess I can have 'em done for you by Saturday.' On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots: 'Have you got 'em done?' said he, as he entered the little shop. 'No, I have n't — I could n't; it has rained every day since I took your measure.' 'Rained!' exclaimed the astonished patron; 'well, what of that? What had that to do with it?' 'What had THAT to do with it?' echoed CRISPIN; 'it had a good deal to do with it. When I make your boots I've got to do it out doors, for I have n't room in my shop, and I can't work out doors in rainy weather?' It was the same man of 'large understanding' whom the porters used to bother so, when he landed from a steamer. They would rush up to him, seize hold of his feet, saying, 'Where shall I take your baggage, Sir? Where's this trunk to go, Sir?' . . . We had 'taken our pen in hand' to express our surprise at the magnitude of the neatly-executed and exceedingly corpulent catalogue of Messrs. Cooley and Keese's great Trade-Sale of Books, etc., and to designate some of the 'good bargains' which it offers to the book-loving public, when we encountered, in the columns of a daily contemporary, the paragraph which we should have written, though, as RICHARD the Third has it, 'not so well, perhaps.' We can at least say 'ditto to Mr. BURKE,' and accordingly do so: 'The sale will commence at their rooms on Thursday, the twenty-first instant. It is, we believe, the largest catalogue ever issued in this country, and may well be, as it fills a large octavo of three hundred and twenty-eight pages. The sale comprises invoices from more than one hundred and fifty of the most prominent houses in the country, and includes, beside, books, paper, paper-hangings, stationery, stereotype-plates, and binder's leather. It will doubtless be a grand reunion of members of the trade from all parts of the country. This is to be the last sale by Messrs. COOLEY and KEESE before they remove to their spacious and elegant rooms in the fine stone building on the corner of White-street and Broadway, a location admirably suited to the wants of a firm dealing so largely in objects of literature and the fine arts. We observe that they announce coming sales of three great and well-known collections of books; the library of Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL, the stock and library of the late WILLIAM COLMAN, and a library of ten thousand volumes collected in Europe. . . . Our country friend, the 'Peasant Bard,' who wrote several years since for these pages the beautiful *Lament of the Cherokee*, and in a late number, *The Minute-Men*, sends us the following stanzas. In his note to the EDITOR, the writer observes: 'I have had no great nautical experience, but was once witness to the heaving of the lead in a storm. We were passing over shoal water; and several times, as the vessel plunged down into the trough of the sea, we felt her keel grind upon the bottom. The mate, who was lashed in the chains, heaved the

lead, and 'called off' in true sailor style, and cheerily; but still his face wore the expression of a sinner on the 'anxious seat.' The danger passed, the shoal deepened, and he sang out, 'By the deep nine!' with a will. It was a novel and stirring scene to me, a boy, and made an abiding impression on my memory; the result of which is the production of the accompanying song, composed this day, after the lapse of many years!'

'When wearing off the shore, with the breakers on the lee,  
The wind through the cordage piping loud and dearly,  
As the shoal deeper grows, it becomes the sailor's fears,  
As tremblingly he listens, and the saving call he hears:  
'By the deep nine! by the deep nine!'

'When murky is the night, and the misty wind is free,  
When black is the sky above, and blacker still the sea,  
When uncertain the landfall that dimly looms ahead,  
Then ye'll heave-to, my hearties! bear a hand with the lead:  
'By the deep nine! by the deep nine!'

'Lashed o'er the drenching waves, the hardy sailor stands,  
His eye is quick and certain, and ready are his hands;  
Right cheerily o'erhead, then, the plunging lead he swings,  
Down, farther down, it goes, and he musically sings:  
'By the deep nine! by the deep nine!'

'And ye who are voyaging o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
Let judgment be your compass — your lead let prudence be;  
Should Passion's current take you toward a wrecking reef,  
Be wise to put about as soon as Prudence sounds relief:  
'By the deep nine! by the deep nine!'

'The gallant ship, the *Union*, our brave old fathers built!  
Her keel was laid in hearts'-blood of willing martyrs' split!  
Then beware, ye who sail her along the flood of time!  
Keep her bearings, keep her soundings — she'll float to the chime:  
'By the deep nine! by the deep nine!'

'WHILE travelling up the Mississippi river a short time since,' writes a *Massachusetts* correspondent, 'I fell in with a man who had made several excursions beyond the Rocky Mountains. He abounded in jokes and anecdotes of the 'far West,' and among other amusing incidents he related, was the following: 'About three years ago, a lady in Connecticut, believing that the Lord had called her to go to the 'far West' and christianize and civilize the Indians, left her home, where her charms had never been appreciated, to fulfil her 'mission;' and after a tedious journey of two months, she arrived at the place which was to be the seat of her missionary labors. Here she remained nearly a year; when, finding her progress slow, and her efforts in the work she had undertaken of little avail, she returned to Independence, Missouri, intending to tarry there awhile, and prepare notes and collect materials for a work on 'The Far West and its Wonders.' The landlord of the hotel where she was boarding asked her one day if she would not like an interview with a famous 'mountain-man,' who had just returned from a long trip to the mountains, intimating that he could furnish her with interesting facts. 'Oh, yes!' said she, in true Connecticut style, 'of all things in this world I *should*! Do pray ask him in!' Now HARRIS was indeed a famous 'mountain-man;' famous as the best guide, the 'crack shot,' the greatest wag, and most consummate liar, of all the host of untamed spirits that roam among the mountains. Acceding to the lady's wish, the landlord brought HARRIS up and introduced him. He was bidden to take a seat; whereupon the lady commenced questioning him concerning his adventures in the mountains. She was seated near a table, on which lay her note-book; and as HARRIS recounted his perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, she noted them down word for word. As

he told the stories he had often told before, while sitting by the forest camp-fire, to a band of rough companions, he forgot his 'whereabout,' and was soon spicing his tales with an occasional oath. The lady was somewhat surprised and not a little scandalized at this; but as yet she placed implicit confidence in his veracity, and at length asked him if he had ever seen in his travels any petrifications. 'Oh, yes, Ma'am,' said he; 'about them things I can tell you something interesting, and so strange, that if I had not seen it I should be tempted to doubt its truth myself. As my companions and myself were travelling near the Yellowstone Forks, one afternoon last winter, where the snow was very deep, we suddenly came upon a spot, on the side of a mountain, where every thing looked fresh and green: the trees were covered with foliage, the birds were singing merrily in the branches, the grass was waving in the breeze, and in short, Ma'am, it looked like a spot of summer dropped into the middle of winter. The sight was so strange, that we concluded to 'camp, although it was yet two hours before sundown; so, unpacking my mule, I took a hatchet and went to a log, thinking to hew off some kindling-wood. I struck, and the hatchet glanced. I looked at the edge; it was turned! That log, Ma'am, was petrified! I then went to a tree that looked green, with birds singing on its branches. That too, Ma'am, was petrified; and, Ma'am, the very leaves and grass were petrified; and stranger still, Ma'am, the birds themselves were petrifications!' 'Ah, yes!' said the lady, smiling exultingly, as though she had now caught him; 'but you said the birds were *singing*!' HARRIS was perplexed; he had gone too far; but resolving not to back out, he exclaimed, 'Yes, Ma'am, by — they *were*! — the very notes in their throats were petrified!' The 'Notes on the Far West' were suddenly discontinued; HARRIS was dismissed; and that chapter on petrifications is not yet concluded! Our correspondent reminds us of a kindred hoax that was perpetrated upon one Mr. JOHN ROSS DIX, or JOHN DIX ROSS, who came over from England to enlighten the people of this 'wooden country' some four or five years ago. He was reading to us in the sanctum from his '*Notes on America*,' and thereabout especially of them wherein he spoke of New-York. The following was a passage: 'In the 'Bowling Green,' a round 'square' at the foot of Broadway, near the Battery promenade, is a fountain, built of primitive rock, in every variety of uncouth raggedness and irregularity. It is erected upon the spot where rest the remains of the Old Gray Horse rode by General Andrew Jackson at the great Battle in New-Orleans, Missouri!' We could not resist an uproarious guffaw, that waked the sleeping echoes of the sanctum: 'Who in the name of all that is fabulous gave you *that* interesting piece of information, Mr. Ross?' we asked. 'A gentleman on the Battery,' said he, 'when I was pencilling some memoranda for my 'Notes,' and to whom I mentioned their object. He must have been a *Numbug*, I think, d'ye kno'!' Well, we rather suspect he *was* 'open to that objection' at the time he imparted the foregoing 'fact' for English readers. . . . WELL, we are to have JENNY LIND, the charming vocalist, whose fame has filled the world; and for this consummation, which has been so long devoutly wished, the people of this country are indebted to the indomitable enterprise and public spirit of Mr. P. T. BARNUM, the opulent proprietor of the Philadelphia and American Museums. It is not saying too much to assert, that this gentleman is the only American proprietor who would have offered the magnificent terms, by the tendering of which he has secured for our citizens so great a musical luxury as the performances of JENNY LIND. For the present we call attention to the following, which we take from the columns of a daily contemporary, simply premising that Mr. BARNUM will place the price of tickets giv-

ing admission to M<sup>lle</sup> LIND's performances in this country at the lowest remunerative rates :

'In London the price of tickets ranged from five to fifty dollars; in the provinces of England, from three to fifteen; on the continent, the same; but have very often been sold at auction for enormous sums; and we have now before us an account of two concerts given by her in the town of Norwich, in England—a place of about eleven thousand inhabitants—where four thousand one hundred and forty-three tickets were sold, which realized about nine thousand three hundred dollars, in a mere village; which concerts were to enable her to establish a fund for the purchase of fuel for the poor of that place in winter. M<sup>lle</sup> JENNY LIND's whole career, from her *début* to her retiring last year, has been one continued series of unapproached enthusiasm and triumph. Through town and country, at home and abroad, amid the gayeties and splendor of the palace, and the lowliness of the cottage, all have but one feeling toward her—an admiration which amounts almost to adoration. Her voice seems to be a spell which totally entrances her hearers. We were, a few days ago, conversing with some gentlemen who had, in England, on two occasions, paid twenty dollars to hear her, and only once succeeded in getting a place, all of whom declared their inability to describe the wonderful and enchanting powers of the sweet songstress, and who said that they were for a time literally unconscious of every thing around them; that they were riveted with delight, and seemed to be listening rather to the music of celestial beings than to a creature of earth. There is one great and indisputable fact, which, when considered for a moment, puts aside all questions concerning her superiority; which is, that throughout all Europe, and by all classes, she is believed to be the greatest and most wonderful vocalist that ever lived. We shall, ere she arrives, be enabled to give our readers a series of statistical facts connected with the career of this illustrious cantatrice, for which we have already written to some friends in Europe, and on whose authority we can rely. Mr. BARNUM is entitled to great credit for the courage he has evinced in even attempting (setting aside his success in arranging) this great undertaking; and the American people fully appreciate his noble and great anxiety to give them an opportunity of hearing this greatest of all artists. It is to be hoped that he will carefully adopt some plan whereby as many as possible may be able, with perfect comfort to themselves, to see and hear the 'Nightingale of Sweden.'

THERE is a good deal of valuable instruction, especially for the young and impetuous, conveyed in the lines entitled '*An Illustration.*' We hope the lesson which they convey will not be altogether lost upon one little girl whom we wot of—the treasury of many fond hopes and anxious expectations :

WERE ELLA C—— a watch, the spring  
Would move with such a power,  
A common 'scapement' would not bring  
Its index to the hour.

Or if an hour-glass, she'd not wait  
For single sands to pass,  
But choke at once its narrow strait  
By crowding down the mass.

An arrow sped with ELLA's force  
Would gyrate in its flight,  
And take a wild erratic course  
If feathered not aright.

A ship that carried such a sail,  
With all her canvases spread  
Would surely founder in the gale,  
If not well ballasted.

A Hare and Tortoise ran a race,  
The Hare went very fleet;  
The Tortoise took a plodding pace,  
He plodded on—and beat.

Of motive power a two-fold share  
This favored child has brought;  
Two-fold should be the pilot's care  
To guide it as he ought.

W. J. J.

MUCH amused to-day by this passage in a letter of a correspondent from whom our readers hear frequently, and from whom, as we have good reason to know, they are always well pleased to hear. He has been preparing a new work for the press, touching which, and *en passant*, he observes: 'I would fain hope that it may find more readers than its predecessor, which was published by the HARRERS, and made something of a little book, and of which I may say, if it *had* a reader, I never heard of him. Such casualties, like most others in life, are nothing when a man is used to them, and I claim to be in that position. In reference to this position, the HARRERS once said, that the reason why I had not readers like other authors, was that others wrote to suit the public, and I wrote to suit myself. Again, they claimed that the way to obtain readers is to write anonymously; and as a clue to the influence of anonymous authorship, one of the brothers told me the following anecdote: They published an imaginative work anonymously, written by Mr. A——. They were immediately asked the name of the author, but they protested that they were not at liberty to tell, 'although they would say confidentially that they would *not* say it was

not written by LIVING.' This was enough for the querist, and he forthwith proclaimed, with many knowing gesticulations, that LIVING was the author. The currency of this report soon brought another to inquire the name of the author, and he was told by the HARPERS that they would not say the book was not written by PAULDING. Some other authors were named, in the same way, to different inquirers, until the whole literary public were in commotion in relation to the authorship, and the book acquired a great notoriety; and being deemed the production of a man with acknowledged talents, nobody presumed to doubt its value, lest he should thereby publish his own defect of discernment. But the poor author began to be jealous at seeing his laurels worn by strangers, and imprudently claimed them for himself; when suddenly all who had praised (presses, editors and readers,) began to feel that they had been hoaxed, and made to give currency to spurious coin, and forthwith attempted to retrieve the false step, and show that they knew gold from tinsel, by all manner of ridicule of the work, until it sank into oblivion.' . . . We have sincere pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the '*New-York Organ, a Family Companion*,' which we are well pleased to learn has not only a very wide circulation, but is increasing beyond all former precedent. It deserves this success, not only because it is faithful to the inculcation of its own temperance principles, but because of the taste, industry, and good judgment with which it is conducted. Its literary selections and its editorials would do credit to any journal, foreign or domestic; and we are glad that a moral design may be subserved with the adjuncts of talent, skill and good taste. We commend '*The Organ*' to our readers and the public at large, confident that it will be found to confirm in all respects the justice of our encomiums. . . . 'K. A.' of St. L.—may be well assured that we feel, and know well *how* to feel, the sympathy of which he speaks, with such natural and sincere emotion. Verbal defects, however, in the fervent lines enclosed, prevent their insertion. There is hardly a medium of excellence in the manner of blank-verse; and the recurrence, especially, in the present piece, of lines closing with a preposition or a definite article is fatal to the melody of the verse. The *thoughts* expressed are beautiful. . . . 'I do n'r think,' writes a Western-New-York correspondent, from whom we are always glad to hear, and whose 'good words' are cheering to us, 'I don't think that any of your law stories beat one told of Justice G——, of the Sixth District. He was holding the summer circuit in Chenango County. The day was very hot and sultry. A very fat old lady was called upon the stand as a witness. She took a seat, pulled out a handkerchief, and tried to wipe off the perspiration from her face, but the more she rubbed, the redder her face grew, and the faster the great drops of sweat rolled down. At length, in a perfect agony of heat, she began to untie her bonnet-strings, but her 'fingers were all thumbs,' and she only succeeded in tying a hard knot. Finally she turned to the judge, who is celebrated for his urbanity and kindness to the sex, and asked him to untie it for her, which of course he did. 'There, thank ye, Judge,' said the old lady, with a profound courtesy; 'when I have any thing to do, I always like to *strip to it*!' The court immediately took a recess. — In the early settlement of this county, a carriage-maker took a young lad, who wished to learn the trade, about fifteen miles, to a lawyer, to get his indentures of apprenticeship drawn. He went early, and reached the place at what is now about early breakfast-time. The attorney immediately set to work to draw the articles, which he promised to have done at noon. The master and boy adjourned to the tavern, kept by a celebrated publican, old Colonel H——, whose buxom wife was the neatest and cleaverest of landladies, and

spent the time quite pleasantly, drinking the Colonel's flip, and eating his lady's hot cakes, until the time appointed. He then called, and found but little progress had been made in his business. The lawyer was very busy, but something of a bungler, (quite unlike any of the profession now-a-days,) and he went away again, and took another mug of flip. So he kept calling, and being put off, until near night, when he grew impatient, and said to the boy: 'Come, HORACE, we may as well start for home, for your time will be out before he gets the indentures drawn!' . . . We write this subjection of 'Gossipry' with one of SPENCER, RENDELL AND DIXON's gold pens, the best, the most perfectly quill-like instrument, we ever 'took in hand.' It is a positive luxury to use it; and we know of nothing to add to that luxury, except the ability to use it as Mr. DIXON himself does; the most elegant penman and fancy scribeographer we ever saw put pen to paper. The appointments of the pen are complete. Its parts, including a pencil and case for leads, slide into each other in the most compact form, and the whole is exquisitely neat and finished. The depository of these pens is in Broadway, nearly opposite the Franklin House. . . . There are several clever 'Queerities' in the 'Stray Leaves' of 'ASTRON.' We annex a few 'samples': 'Looking over for the twentieth time the never-tiresome 'Gossip' of our bond KNICKERBOCKERS, ('thank you!') several anecdotes of our preaching brethren brought to my mind various *queerities* that had fallen upon my own ear from the sacred desk, which I am tempted to relate; and although I hold

'THAT church-ladders are always mounted best  
By learned clerks and Latinists professed,'

yet to many of our itinerant clergy more education would be of great benefit; and I hope the day is not far distant when the powers that be will 'lay hands suddenly upon no man,' or at least give him no authority to teach others, until he has been taught himself, and has a good common education, if nothing more. To hear the most lay of all subjects touched upon as it is sometimes done by those who have evidently mistaken their vocation, is shocking to one endowed with a fair share of veneration; and if at the same time he possesses a keen sense of the ludicrous, he can scarce restrain a smile at that which pains him. But to the 'pi'nt,' as a worthy friend of mine always says. Last season, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, I rode out with a friend to — chapel, where a quarterly-meeting was being held, and numerously attended. The sermon must have been half through when we took our seats in the crowded aisle. I attempted in vain to catch the thread of the discourse. Finally, the preacher passed a moment, and said: 'Respecting the young man whose funeral (i. e. funeral sermon) I am preaching, as SHAKESPEARE says, 'Murder will out, and nobody knew any good of him.' He gambled, run horses, and bet onto 'em; used profane language, broke the Sabbath, and my dear hearers and mourning friends, we all know where the Bible says such folks will go!' Imagine the feelings of the mourners; yet an only sister was among them at the time. At another time, an odd specimen of humanity was copying the pulpit, and attempted to wind up a *loud* and not uninteresting sermon with a description of Heaven, its joys, ambrosial fruits, golden streets, and crystal streams; its freedom from man's constant earthly attendants, pain, sorrow, and care; and when he seemed to have exhausted his imagination and his vocabulary, he added, as though a far more perfect idea might have been comprised in few words, 'In short, my dear brethren, Heaven is a real Kentuck sort of a place!' I need not add, that the speaker was a Kentuckian. The same preacher taking for the theme of his sermon 'Women,' thus equivocally complimented the sex: 'I should n't think it jist right, or accordin'

to scriptur', to call ladies' — Kentuckians and western preachers generally do not preach to men and women, but to ladies and gentlemen — 'angels, but I will say they are next to it; they are indeed *fallen angels*!' Another, of the same persuasion, I heard in a sermon (?) talk of the '*eticutte*' (etiquette) of the kingdom of Heaven! My risible muscles were also once severely put to the test by a certain 'teacher,' who was enlightening a very respectable audience upon the various matters touched upon by St. PAUL. He was a small-headed, small-voiced, squeaking speaker, and every word was drawled to twice its original length. 'PAUL,' said he, 'says you must n't have two wives, but you may have one wife' — a long pause — 'if you can get her!' But enough of the pulpit for this time.' . . . SOUTHEY speaks, in one of his letters to an early friend, of his keen enjoyment of the *sense of smell*. 'WORDSWORTH,' he remarks, 'has no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened: it was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of Paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. The fact is remarkable in itself, and would be worthy of notice, even if it did not relate to a man of whom posterity will desire to know all that can be remembered. He has often expressed to me his regret for this privation. I, on the contrary, possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odor and call up the ghost of one that is departed.' We confess to a keen appreciation and enjoyment of all pleasant odors. The scents of fresh hay, of leaves in their incipient decay, of odorous woods, of fruits and flowers, these we can recall by a mere exercise of the memory. As we were passing through the hall of a little inn at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, on a recent winter-trip to Red Hook, there came from the open cellar door a damp cold odor of apples in bins; and we could have told, from one inhalation, what apples were there. 'Seek-no-further,' were they, and Spitzenbergs. No mistake about it! . . . 'CHILDREN,' writes a friend, 'say as queer things as their elders. I stopped a few moments the other day to look at a group of children who were playing in front of a school-house. One little fellow, about five years old, appeared to be no favorite with the rest; and while I stood there, he swore most lustily at something or other. A fat curly-headed little girl spoke up quickly: 'BILLY, if you say such bad words you can't go to heaven;' then laughing out, she clapped her hands with childish glee, and exclaimed, 'Goodey! goodey!' There was no malice in this, but satisfaction and delight apparently, that he would not in heaven interfere with their sports. BILLY did not heed the warning, but directly repeated his 'bad words' with more emphasis. This time a little lame girl, with dark eyes, and a solemn cast of countenance, spoke up: 'BILLY, if you say such words you 'll be buried way down — she pointed to the ground — down where you 'll burn like every thing!' 'I don't care,' responded BILLY, beckoning with his hand over his shoulder: 'come, DEVIL,' he shouted, 'come!' The little things seemed thunderstruck by the action, and scampered away into the house, in terror lest his SATANIC MAJESTY should accept the invitation. . . . SOUTHEY, speaking to a friend of that species of verse which we 'at the same time detest and praise,' says: 'There was not a false quantity, nor a grammatical fault, nor a decent line, in the whole piece.' The early school-mistresses of England, 'according to history,' must have possessed rather limited acquirements: 'Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire fifty years ago, used to say, when they spoke of a former pupil, 'Her went to school to *we*!' . . . WE have omitted to mention the recent death of Mr. T. PENDLETON



COOKE, of Virginia. He was an early contributor to the *Knickerbocker*, and was a poet of deservedly good repute. He leaves behind him a large circle of friends, who deeply lament his untimely departure from among them. A few months before his decease, he communicated the following beautiful '*Lines to my Daughter Lily*,' to the pages of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' Magazine:

'Six changeful years are gone, LILY,  
Since you were born to be  
A darling to your mother good,  
A happiness to me:  
A little shivering, feeble thing,  
You were to touch and view,  
But we could see a promise in  
Your baby eyes of blue.

'You fastened on our hearts, LILY,  
As day by day wore by,  
And beauty grew upon your cheeks,  
And deepened in your eye;  
A year made dimples in your hands,  
And plumped your little feet;  
And you had learned some merry ways,  
Which we thought very sweet.

'And when the first sweet word, LILY,  
Your wee mouth learned to say,  
Your mother kissed it fifty times,  
And marked the famous day:  
I know not even now, my dear,  
If it was quite a word,  
But your proud mother surely knew,  
For she the sound had heard.

'When you were four years old, LILY,  
You were my little friend,  
And we had walks and nightly plays,  
And talks without an end:  
You little ones are sometimes wise,  
For you are undefiled;  
A grave grown man will start to hear  
The strange words of a child.

'When care pressed on our house, LILY,  
Pressed with an iron hand,  
I hated mankind for the wrong  
Which fastened in the land:  
But when I read your young frank face,  
Its meanings, sweet and good,  
My charities grew clear again;  
I felt my brotherhood.

'And sometimes it would be, LILY,  
My faith in God grew cold,  
For I saw virtues go in rage,  
And vice in cloth of gold;  
But in your innocence, my child,  
And in your mother's love,  
I learned those lessons of the heart  
Which fasten it above.

'At last our cares are gone, LILY,  
And peace is back again,  
As you have seen the sun shine out  
After the gloomy rain:  
In the good land where we were born  
We may be happy still;  
A life of love will bless our home—  
The house upon the hill.

'Thanks to your gentle face, LILY,  
Its innocence was strong  
To keep me constant to the right,  
When tempted by the wrong:  
The little ones were dear to Him  
Who died upon the Wood—  
I ask His gentle care for you,  
And for your mother's good.'

These lines are very touching: and the reader will lament, in common with the writer's bereaved friends, that a heart so warm should now be cold and silent in the grave. . . . A KEEN appreciator of the humorous and the burlesque, who writes a story *almost* as well as he narrates one, sends us the following. It would try the sides of a dyspeptic Quaker on 'First-Day:' 'And the wilderness shall Blossom as the rose.' We were always 'forcibly reminded,' as our friend Dr. VAN VELSON used to say, of this passage whenever we met the good-natured, rosy face of Blossom—Colonel Blossom, of the Canandaigua Hotel, in days of yore, when coaching was all the go, and the fastest kind of going was by the 'Telegraph'—not over the wires, two hundred thousand miles a *minute*, but by the good old-fashioned fast-coach 'Telegraph,' six miles an hour, and no *mistake*; through to Buffalo in sixty hours, with good luck, and did n't get 'stuck' in the neighborhood of Onside Creek. But we made it a *p'int* to stop with Blossom one night, any how. Blossom! chiefest of BONIFACES! thy face radiant with good humor and comfortable dinners; thy eye sparkling with wit and mirth; and thy whole outward man suggestive at once of good things past, present and to come! Alas! where be thy jests and dinners now! Blossom is not! We have stood within the halls made pleasant by thy superintending presence, before the horrid shriek of the steam-whistle profaned the solitude of the forests, and as the reflux wave of time rolled back upon us the recollection of: former years; how when at night we gathered around the social fire-place, and he

tended to the wonderful adventures of the travellers who had been all the way to Niagara and Genesee Falls; Blossom was there, ready for his quiet joke; and he was the meekest of men when seeking for it, and offended nobody. I used to think he went into the baggage-room to laugh alone, so unoffending was he. But we are getting off the track. How he loved a joke for the joke's sake! We must mention one. Lobsters were formerly quite scarce at Canandaigua, on account of their not being found in the waters of Canandaigua Lake, nor in the streams circumjacent! Blossom had been to the city, procured a fine one, packed it carefully, and took it home with him. The fact was duly proclaimed, the lobster boiled, his friends invited — and the supper came off. There was a quaint, dogmatical old fellow, a shoe-maker named JOHNSON, an authority in the village, who had lost all his teeth but two, and those were in opposite sections of his mouth. He had never seen a lobster, nor had the slightest idea of what kind of an animal it was. Blossom, tipping the wink to his confrères, helped him to one of the claws, as large as a stone, and about as hard. 'How do you eat the 'tarnal thing, any how?' said JOHNSON. 'O go right ahead with it,' replied BLOSSOM, 'just as it is; need n't be afraid of it; do n't want any seasoning.' After diligent but somewhat protracted efforts, the old man succeeded in drilling a hole, and establishing a suck, got a taste of the interior. Seeing this position of affairs, BLOSSOM, with the most imperturbable gravity, inquired: 'Well, how do you get along? — how do you like it?' 'Waäl,' said the old man, 'I kind o' like the *petk* on 't!' The company only smiled; they did n't laugh, until the old gentleman left; and he do n't know any thing about it to this day — they were so polite and well bred! Blossom's spirit must linger about there yet. A friend of mine stopped at the hotel a short time since, and took his seat near the blazing fire, and formed one of quite a large circle of smokers. Presently a fancifully-dressed young gentlemen entered, and stepping within the circle, planted himself directly in front of one of the gentlemen enjoying his Havana, who was expectorating in sundry directions, between his legs, on either side, in curves, and, as it were, in a fit of desperation, after accumulating a full supply, in a direct straight line. The young dandy, apprehending the discharge, moved one side. 'Do n't stir, Sir; do n't disturb yourself,' said the smoker; 'I think I can spit *through* you!'" . . . THERE are few of our readers who do not well remember the '*Philadelphia Museum*,' published by E. LITTELL, Esq., with a single exception, the best publication of its kind ever issued in this country. That exception is '*The Living Age*,' a weekly publication, in the book form, now issued in Boston, under the supervision of the same competent editor. We content ourselves, on this occasion, by calling especial attention to the *Advertisement of 'The Living Age'* on the third and fourth pages of the cover of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER; simply adding, that we fully indorse the encomiums which are there passed upon the work by some of the first minds in the country, and that we shall take frequent occasion hereafter to show 'the reason of the faith that is in us.' . . . A MISSIONARY in China writes: 'The sky is in a universal flutter of kites. I counted this afternoon, from my window, ninety-three, which were flown at various heights with great skill. Some represented hawks, and admirably imitated their manœuvres in the air, poisoning themselves, and sailing and darting; gaudy butterflies floated around, and dragons, formed of a long succession of circular kites, with a fierce head, flew about the sky. The majority were of merely fanciful shape. Loud noises, like a wind instrument, could be heard from them. The most amusing form was that of a huge fish, as it swam through the blue above, moving its tail and fins with a ludicrously natural effect. Those like animals are also flown in pairs, and made to fight.' We sent up a Chinese

kite for 'Young KNICK.' once, a present from a friend. It was made of the softest Chinese paper, gorgeously painted with the choicest colors of the 'celestial flowery land.' It was in the shape of a fiery dragon, and when it glared down upon us with its great eyes from the sky, it looked like AROLLYON in our first copy of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' when he 'straddled quite over the whole breadth of the king's highway,' squared off, and told CHRISTIAN to 'come on,' for he was ready for him! The appearance of that awful dragon in the air, which was full of American kites, not only made a terrible fluttering among the latter, but brought a street-full of boys to look at 'Old KNICK.' on the top of the house, who was 'at the wheel,' as it were, of the odd craft, and navigating it to the best of his ability. But more about kites anon. We want to tell our metropolitan boys how to make and sail 'em. There's a great deal of ignorance afloat 'in community' on this subject—a great deal. . . . Mr. WEBSTER, in his recent speech, speaking of political becoming sectional—'religious' disputes, observed that 'it was in the nature of man, that religious disputes are apt to become warm.' We thought of this while reading the annexed passage in the last 'Methodist Quarterly Review,' South:

'DR. DIXON and Dr. LEE are both wrong, if they intend to say Dr. PROR has been engaged in any controversy, strictly and properly speaking. It is but just to him to add, that with a skill in priestcraft, and without a talent for controversy, he descends to a point infinitely lower. Witness his skill in the art of defamation as exhibited in his critique of the 18th October, 1848, upon the 'Appeal' of the Southern Commissioners; and in his editorial of September 6th, 1849; productions which, in point of taste and temper, would do honor to any huckster in the lowest markets of London, or any fish-woman that can be found short of the Five Points, in any part of the City of New-York.'

It strikes us, on a hasty perusal, that this language would be considered rather 'strong,' even in a 'secular' journal. . . . LAUGHED to-night at a Panama joke a good deal. You see, when Mr. and Mrs. F—— left San Francisco, among other pets, they had a handsome little native-born spaniel, not a 'woolly' spaniel 'anymore,' but like unto it, which was a great favorite. Its personal habits, however, were not of the cleanliest, and the sailors, who had the 'corrective' of them on deck, did not greatly affect that duty; and so it chanced that one dark night that four-legged pet disappeared. Great was the lamentation of Mrs. F—— thereat. 'Hope darkened into doubt, doubt into fear, fear into despair.' 'Where can the poor little fellow be?' said she, for the twentieth time, to the captain, at breakfast, on the morning of the third day after the loss of her favorite. 'I've sat up,' said the captain, musing, 'sometimes till two o'clock in the morning, to see if I could catch 'em at it. I never could do it! I don't know how it is,' he added, consolingly, after a long pause, 'but we've lost fewer dogs overboard this trip than on any previous passage.' The passengers who heard 'what the cap'n said,' inferred that all farther inquiry for the missing spaniel would prove 'adacititious and supererogatory.' . . . It was a 'pleasant sight to see' 'Young OLLAPOD' and 'Young KNICK.' the other evening, at a circus in the 'City of Brotherly Love,' their hands over each other's shoulders, enjoying the wonderful 'sports of the ring' and the ancient jokes and tricks of the clowns. Thought was busy, as we regarded these young spirits; 'and therewithal the water stood in our eyes,' while their's were swimming in laughter. But it was only an epitome of life, in its best estate—smiles and tears. . . . We commend attention to 'The Mysterious Pyramid' in preceding pages. The style is a mingling of CHAMFOLLAIN and SAM. SLICK, LAYARD and JACK DOWNING; while the dramatic portion is a cross between VICTOR HUGO and Mrs. RADCLIFFE. . . . Mr. BASS, a worthy man and an excellent actor, has taken the Astor-Place Theatre for the spring and summer season, with a very talented company. We shall advert more at large to his arrangements in our next number. . . . 'THERE is much knowledge of human nature, as well as how

satire, in the tale which ADDISON tells of the atheist, who, bewailing on his death-bed the harm his works would do after he was gone, quickly repented of his repentance when his spiritual adviser unhappily sought to alleviate his grief by assuring him that his arguments were so weak, and his writings so little known, that he need not be under any apprehensions. The dying man had still so much of the frailty of an author in him as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answering the good man, asked his friends where they had picked up such a blockhead, and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition.' This reminds us of a certain publisher of a Magazine, who clipped off the end of an article by the late SAMUEL L. KNAPP, because it was taking up too much room; and who, when remonstrated with for putting a 'full stop' to his piece, where there should only have been a comma, after several abortive attempts at pacification, said, 'Oh, let it go in, KNAPP, let it go in! It's well enough as it is; just look at it; see, now; beside, you know, nobody'll read it! So what's the odds?—what's the odds, KNAPP!' The paper was withdrawn. . . . 'CHARLES DICKENS, according to an English paper, is received in the best English society. He lately dined with LORD JOHN RUSSELL and a party of the highest rank.' So says a metropolitan daily journal. 'Well, what of it?' Distinction in literature is a better title than inherited dulness, and quite as honorable as mere political distinction. But Mr. DICKENS is not now for the first time holding a prominent place in the highest intellectual and noble circles of the metropolis. He has heretofore frequently entertained, and been entertained by, the nobility of England. . . . THE twentieth volume of our old and esteemed contemporary, the '*New-York Spirit of the Times*,' makes its appearance in a new and tasteful typographical garb, and now presents an added attraction to its thousands of readers. In the character and variety of the contents of '*The Spirit*,' as with appropriate sententiousness it is aptly termed, 'for short,' no change was needed, or desirable. Under the able editorial management of WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., who has stood at the helm of the popular craft from its commencement, it has obtained a celebrity which few similar journals enjoy, and which it has fairly and honestly earned. Of all our sports of 'forest, field and brook,' it has been the steady supporter and conservator, and it has embodied in its capacious columns various articles, in prose and verse, of rare merit. It has, as it always has had, our best wishes for its triumphant success. . . . 'PUNCH' has established a '*New French Vocabulary*,' after the popular method of '*French made Easy*.' His first lesson is limited to the 'calls' common at a London inn:

## IN A TAVERN.

## Waiter.

What have you got to peck?  
 Bring me two mutton chops—under done.  
 Where's the catsup?  
 Another bread.  
 A nip of mild beer.  
 A Welch rabbit.  
 A pot of stout.  
 A pint of half-and-half.  
 A go of brandy-punch.  
 A screw of tobacco.  
 Bird's eye and returns, if you please.  
 Bring the bill.  
 How much have I to fork out?  
 All right! There's the tin.  
 Hand me my four-and-nine.  
 That's the ticket!  
 Good bye, old cock!

## DANS UN CABARET.

## Garçon.

Quoi avez vous gagné de becqueter? [faites.  
 Apportez moi deux moutons tranches—dameus  
 Où est le chat souper?  
 Un autre pain.  
 Un pincée de bière amiable.  
 Un lapin des Galles.  
 Un pôt de robuste.  
 Une litre de demie et demie.  
 Un aller de o-n-v ponche.  
 Une vis de tabac.  
 Oiseau œil et rétors, s'il vous plait.  
 Apportez le bec.  
 Combien ai je de fourchette dehors?  
 Tout droit! Là est l'étain.  
 Menez par la main mon quatre et neuf.  
 Cela est le billet!  
 Adieu! mon vieux coq.

In a recent trip to Philadelphia—which, since the death of one who made it a

pleasure always to visit it, we had not seen — we were struck with many changes, that have greatly improved and beautified the village — for Philadelphia, though an immense place, is still only a very large village. The absence of shipping is the first thing which will strike a New-Yorker, and the next, the narrowness of the streets, in comparison with the principal streets and avenues of the 'Commercial Emporium.' The small number of steeples, also, is another defect in the appearance of Philadelphia, although we remarked several new and tasteful ones, which have done much to improve the general aspect of the place. We were taken by a congenial and obliging friend to see many of the prominent objects of attraction, some of which we had hoped to be able to advert to. We must say that *Fairmount* retains all its original and even much added loveliness. It is indeed a most charming spot; marked every where by the exercise of good taste in its embellishments, and a beauty of position which nothing could enhance. *Girard College*, looming in the distance above the city, like the Parthenon at Athens, as you approach or depart from town, is a magnificent structure, replete with beauty, sublime in its vastness, and only little in the little use to which it is now applied; the only purpose to which any of its halls and apartments are now devoted being to 'startle the marble echoes,' and afford a store-room for the miserable household furniture of the 'old miser, who gave the money to build the edifice, when he could keep it no longer, and *must* give it to somebody.' This, reader, is Philadelphia criticism, not ours; for verily, it was a pleasant thing to look down from the marble roof — a matchless prospect does that roof afford! — upon the blue uniform'd orphans disporting in the spacious grounds, 'turning to mirth all things of earth,' and secure against want and all vicious influences. . . . The following lines were penned by Lord Nozoo, in 167—. They first appeared in the ———, about the time of the reign of the first ———, in England:

'For years, upon a mountain's brow,  
A hermit lived — the LORD knows how.

'Plain was his dress, and coarse his fare;  
He got his food — the LORD knows where.

'His prayers were short, his wants were few;  
He had a friend — the LORD knows who.

'No care nor trouble vexed his lot;  
He had a wish — the LORD knows what.

'At length this holy man did die;  
He left the world — the LORD knows why.

'He 's buried in a gloomy den,  
And he shall rise — the LORD knows when!

We beg to say to 'FATHER AARON' that we consider '*Slavery in the District of Columbia*' a theme better befitting partisan or sectional journals than the pages of a literary Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER. At all events, the paper is not to our taste: it therefore awaits the order of the writer at the publication-office. . . . We suppose every body has long before this seen BURTON in '*The Serious Family*.' His impersonation of the 'big-gun' of moral reform, AMINIDAS SLERK, is one of his happiest efforts. It is oily and unctuous, side-splitting, a great promoter of jollity, and a smoother-down of incipient wrinkles and the ugly crow's-feet of care. The character is by no means original, however; it is a decoction of 'MAWORM' and 'CANTWELL,' with a due infusion of the old stock hypocrite, the middle-aged, white-cravatted, Methodistical sneak of the stage. The moral of the play is also old. Many of the sentiments, and the wholesome truth that Captain MAGUIRE teaches Mrs. CHARLES TORRENS, namely, that men will seek abroad for the pleasures which are denied them at home, are to be found in the old comedy of 'The Way to Keep Him.' . . . NOTICES of GOUFIL AND VIBERT'S Engravings, 'Pendennis,' PHILIPS AND SAMSON'S 'Shak-speare,' 'King of the Hurons,' 'The Two Worlds,' 'AGASSIZ'S 'Lake Superior,' etc., are not overlooked, but only of necessity delayed. 'The same' of contributions.

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## LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11. — We have been so fortunate as to hit the good season in these latitudes. With a favorable breeze, a clear, bright sky, and pleasant temperature, we speed along to our destination, and were at noon to-day about two hundred and ten miles distant from Princes' Island, and off the mouth of the Quorra.

Among other results of our visit to Wydah, not the least agreeable is the abundance of fresh fruit and provisions, thanks to the 'dashes' of Señor de Lonza, his son Antonio, and the native governor. Our table would do credit even to one of our best city hotels; and so far as the mere animal comforts are concerned, we have every reason to be thankful and contented.

To give some idea of the nature and value of our 'dash,' I may be allowed to state, that the amount, as calculated, aboard, is made to be about two hundred and seventy-five dollars; a very pretty and acceptable compliment, as all will acknowledge. Beside bullocks, cows and goats, a couple of monkeys were added to our collection of beasts and birds, and variety and amusement are afforded by the unusual sounds which pervade the ship, and vex the dull ear of night, and clash with sleep. But fortunately for peace and comfort, every day diminishes the evil, and we shall soon be reduced to the antics of the three monkeys, who begin to get accustomed to their new quarters, and furnish us with quite a supply of interest and amusement.

I omitted to state, in my description of our Wydah visit, that among other strange things told of our old host De Lonza, it is said that he has procured and keeps for family use three silver coffins, one valued at two thousand dollars, and the others at eighteen hundred. They are reserved, we are told, for himself, his favorite wife, and eldest son. This may give some idea of the luxurious habits and singular character

of our worthy entertainer. But it is quite enough to sit down at his well-loaded table, to see the abundance of precious metals in his possession, and to experience the effect of his liberality, to be convinced of the power, wealth and influence he enjoys among the people. His house is quite a spacious and conspicuous mansion, constructed like many others of the better class of foreign residents, of stone, and stuccoed, with very thick walls and lofty ceilings. Its only drawback is a straw-roof, which, while it adds to its singularity, detracts very much from its beauty and appearance. His son Antonio has built himself a more modern and comfortable dwelling, where solidity and taste have been somewhat consulted. It is near his father's, and has the advantage of being well tiled, and is consequently better protected against fire, and makes a better external appearance. One of the rooms has a kind of mosaic floor of hard cement and pieces of cocoa-wood interspersed.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.—This morning we had one of those sudden but brief rain-squalls, so common as you approach the line; but it was followed by a bright and breezy day, and we are enjoying a navigation hard to be excelled for comfort and progress. At noon we were about ninety miles from Princes' Island, which is in latitude one degree thirty-three minutes north, and longitude seven degrees twenty-seven minutes east; so that we may expect to make it to-night, and enjoy a little rest and refreshment. West Bay, whither we are bound, is represented to be very quiet, and the surrounding scenery of the most delightful character. Truly will it be delightful to recreate the eye with the sight of fresh verdure, deliciously cool looking streams and picturesque mountains and valleys, after so long a banishment from the aspect of Mother Earth.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13.—Behold us at West Bay. We came to anchor about noon, and found 'The Boxer' awaiting us, having arrived on the ninth. A British man-of-war brig, 'The Dolphin,' Hon. Lieutenant-commanding Boyle, was also anchored in the harbor. We were fortunate in making the island in such good weather, having enjoyed a fine view, even far out at sea, although the peaks and flanks of the mountains were often shrouded in vapor. The appearance of this part of the island is picturesque and singular. The land rises in large and fantastic shapes, the hills clothed to the very top with the dense greenery of nature, and dipping gracefully and verdant into the sleeping ocean. The contrast between this little ocean gem and the late flat and monotonous land we have been coasting adds materially to the pleasure of the view, and makes this beautiful spot even more beautiful and charming than it is in point of fact. The ship is now more comfortable and easy than we have experienced for a long time past, the bay being well protected and sheltered, I believe, from swells and winds, particularly at this season of the year. 'The Needle,' a mountain which shoots up, in a long and slender shaft of a conical shape, to a height, I should suppose, of about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, some three or four miles inward, and visible, I am told, from every part of the island, presents a most extraordinary spectacle. It is nearly in the centre of the semi-circle which embraces the harbor, and looks down upon the surrounding lofty hills, with its heads and sides every

now and then clothed in the clouds which are floating about in every direction, and seem to take peculiar pleasure in creeping along its precipitous flanks and reposing on its spear-like peak. A short distance from it, and nearer the water, is a kind of huge amphitheatre, flanked with two large sugar-loaf-looking hills, which serve as a vast gateway to the precincts, and fit theatre for the combat of some giant gladiators and the conflict of some mighty beasts. Around in every direction, wherever the eye alights, fantastic and towering peaks and cliffs are multiplied and piled together in glorious variety and confusion. Nature seems to have been truly prodigal to this sea-girt isle, and in mountain and valley, sky and water, has enriched it with gifts that must stir the dullest spirit and attract the heaviest fancy. Magnificent scenery, luxuriant forests, pure water, varied skies, may be visited and enjoyed; and yet though the face of Nature be so exquisitely beautiful, here we are told lurk the latent principles of the fever, and give it the character of being sickly in the extreme; so deceptive is outward show, so lurks the serpent in the grass.

The island is thinly inhabited, and belongs to the Portuguese. There is another harbor on the north-east, called St. Antonio, but it is represented to be inferior to this bay in anchorage and health. In face of us, as we swing, is a small, insignificant-looking fort, with the flag of Portugal above it; and a sergeant brought a paper aboard to-day for the insertion of our name, nation, voyage, etc. A native village of slaves is situated in this vicinity, and their mistress, a lady named Madame Fareira, has property here, and accommodation at her house for officers visiting the shore. Her slaves bring off vegetables, fruit, etc., and I trust we may find something acceptable in that line. I intend to take an early opportunity of visiting terra firma, and hope to gratify eye and fancy with the beauties of this imposing scenery.

After a late dinner in the cabin, I joined our 'First,' who was going ashore to see about watering the ship. We landed just abreast the ship, in comparatively quiet water, and found some of Madame's blacks lounging about the pretty, pure, crystal-like stream, which finds its purling way to the ocean. Passing over this refreshing-looking brooklet, which, hot, bath-forbidden as we have been for so long a period, presented almost an irresistible invitation to us to plunge gayly in, we climbed up the steep path that leads through flourishing groves and trees, with tropical names and produce, to the residence of the 'Grande Dame' of the neighborhood. Our Kroomen, who rowed us to the beach, decked off in their Sunday muster, white, clean-looking rig, with their honest faces and manly figures, contrasted finely with the ragged, half-clad, ill-conditioned island-escort that did us the honor to receive us upon landing, and follow us up the mountain-path. After a little climbing and scrambling up the precipitous and slippery path, we arrived at a collection of negro huts, constructed of wood and thatched, boasting of but one small door or opening to let light and air in, and dirty and dark-looking to us, but palaces no doubt to people whose climate frees them from the trouble of donning much clothing, or caring for houses when they live mostly out of doors. A few more scramblings up the hill-side and the stone steps, rudely inserted for the accommodation of



pedestrians, brought us to the mansion of the 'Madame,' to which we were introduced by Lieut. D. and the master who had preceded us, and made themselves acquainted with the inmates. We were introduced to the 'Lady of the Manor,' a stout, buxom, and rather good-looking woman, a mulatress as to complexion, and to her small husband, decidedly her lesser half, to a Portuguese surgeon and lieutenant of artillery, just recovering from the fever. The latter speaks English very well, having been educated at the English college in Lisbon, and appears to be a modest, intelligent young man. Madame Fareira is surrounded by quite a colony of slaves, owns property elsewhere in the island, and occupies a long low stone building, with a large portico in front, and nestling in the close embraces of the impending mountain, having a retired, picturesque appearance, and commanding a fine view of the bay and ocean. She must be quite a rich proprietor, for it is told of her that she, some time ago, made a trip to Europe, where in six months she spent four hundred thousand dollars, besides losing sixty thousand through the negligence of her agents and the effects of her absence. We were politely received by our hostess and her friends, and were obliged, owing to the lateness of the hour, to decline a cup of coffee, and make our way back to the ship again.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14.—This morning the British cruisers, the Brigs Bittern, commanded by Captain Hope, and Kingfisher, Commander Horton, came in from Lagos. The arrival of these vessels, and the presence of the Boxer and ourselves, have communicated quite a lively appearance to this otherwise quiet and lonely harbor; and all the sights and sounds usual when men of war come together prevail at present.

The clouds that are almost constantly drifting about, along and above the peaks of the hills, gave us a specimen of tropical weather this morning. The rain came down in torrents, but, luckily, was brief as it was violent. And yet out of evil cometh good, for the atmosphere is decidedly cooler, and we truly enjoy the improvement.

I am never tired of gazing on the singularity and beauty of the scenery. The fancy is continually tracing some resemblance to natural and artificial objects, and wondering how Nature can be so eccentric and multifarious. Now it is a bold head-land, which projects into the ocean, and looks like an immense shoe, fit for the pedestal of a Titan; again a peak starts up, like a huge ostrich egg, and opposite is a mass of forest-clothed granite, which may be imagined to resemble the hump of a buffalo or camel; anon another assumes the outline of a battlemented-rampart, and frowns down in massive strength upon the deep ravines that open at the base. And then whenever the floating drifts of clouds will afford a glimpse behind the curtain, a sky-piercing cone shoots aloft, seeming to stand isolated and aspiring among its less ambitious neighbors. The Commodore, the Fleet-Surgeon and myself, made a hasty survey of the bay this evening, and with glimpses of mountain and valley, and the treat of multitudinous notes from the feathery inhabitants of the luxuriant groves, enjoyed the refreshing aspect of land and water, and the sweet sounds of Nature in all her simplicity and wildness. A little incident occurred during our cruise, which might

have terminated in an ugly manner, and sent us to that voyage whence no traveller returns; for while coasting the lovely and vocal groves and beach, all of a sudden, when nearly abreast the Portuguese fort, and several yards from dry land, the barge struck upon a coral reef, which runs some distance out into the bay, and after thumping several times, keeling over twice or thrice, nearly gunwale under at times, by dint of oar and proper management, we soon got off, and thanked our stars that we had so easily escaped from rather an awkward situation, with dry clothes, and without swallowing too large a dose of the briny element. Had we thumped a few times more, a hole might have been drilled in the bottom, which would have made it a questionable matter whether we could have got safe and sound out of our quandary.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16.—I have been kept aboard, with the exception of a visit to my friends of the 'Boxer,' for the last two days, a good deal annoyed for the want of exercise, and not a little slaving with pen and ink. But fortunately the shore has no great charms to make the confinement a very great privation. There being but one white family in this neighborhood, and the slaves disagreeable and unprepossessing, the stranger, after he has refreshed himself in the cool waters of the mountain brook, which escapes gently to the ocean at this dry season, and scraped a passing acquaintance with the people who dream away life in their enervating climate, feels no great desire to pay shore visits often, or linger long in such dull company. Better far, when once a close acquaintance has been made with shore and people, either to enjoy the grand panorama of this lovely bay from ship-board, or pulling, as we did on Monday, glide along the verdure-loaded beach, over coral reefs and transparent water, gaze upward on the towering cliffs, and into the close-locked groves, whence gush the hum of busy insects and the music of a thousand birds. The harbor makes a graceful sweep inward, and set in the glorious frame-work of these grotesque-looking hills, presents to the stranger approaching from seaward a perfect and beautiful semicircle. Three-masters can ride a quarter of a mile from shore; and the water, close in at most places, is deep and well protected from wind and swell, so that you can land without scrambling on a native's back, or wetting foot or jacket. We are, however, enjoying something besides scenery and sentiment. We drink pure sweet water from the mountain brook; alligator tears, granadillas, guavas, and other tropical fruits, refresh us at our well-provided table; and I have tasted coffee, which grows wild upon this island, of the richest flavor. Cocoa-nut trees, pawpawas, oranges, bananas, etc., may be added to the list; so that the reader may well grow envious at the mere enumeration of these tempting things, known to us by reputation, and placed upon our tables, but robbed of all their freshness, or forced into a sickly existence by artificial means. Truly is this a spot of most wonderful fertility; and were it protected against the scourge which with hot and fatal breath spreads infection over earth and air, and in the hands of some energetic people, Art might be so employed, Industry so called upon to aid, as to convert its lonely and untilled valleys into gardens, and people its thinly-settled territory with the hum of life, and bless it with the presence of Labor and Commerce.

But here, as elsewhere I have seen and noticed, Nature does, all, and man almost nothing. She gives him ready shelter against sun, wind and rain, and from her teeming bosom fills him to satiety with her rich abundance, while he, content to profit by such liberality, and careless of the morrow, dreams existence lazily away, averse to toil, and the sworn foe of business and exertion. And even it may be questioned whether a hardier and more energetic race, emigrating to these relaxing climates, would not in a very brief period of time imitate their indolent predecessors, and lose in this 'Armida's Garden' the memory of their former virtues, and their hope of honor, profit and renown.

The Commodore and Captain were waited upon this morning by the Commander of the Portuguese Fort. He is very black, and he and his man must have quiet and repose to their heart's content at their little station. It mounts, I believe, some six guns, and has a black garrison of about twenty-five men. But few of 'War's alarms,' or calls 'unto the tented field,' disturb, I ween, the 'dolce far niente' of these island-soldiers; and as habit becomes a second nature, and they should be, from birth, color, and practice, proof against the fever, I suppose these unambitious men have grown pretty well accustomed to their cage, and care little or nothing for the 'Big World,' whence cannon-freighted cruisers, ever and anon, bring them tidings.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17.—A clear, warm and sunny day. Plenty to attend to in the line of official matters; so that I find little or no time to think about the atmosphere, which, when you do not actually get within the influence of a draft, almost as grateful as one on Barings and Brothers, puts you into a profuse perspiration, plentiful as a well-fed rivulet, and enervating as too large an allowance of a vapor bath. Writing, exercise, almost thinking becomes a task, and a do-nothing-kind of epidemic seizes upon us all. No chance yet for a holiday or a frolic. Still admiring the beautiful scenery which surrounds us, and sighing for some other excitement than that we meet with in our little floating world. The young artillery officer, Señor Brunachy, whom we met at Madame Fareira's, paid us a visit, and spends the day on board. He is a very modest and interesting person, and it pains us much to see him thus sacrificed to the sad fate which stares him in the face. He is now, after apparently enjoying his visit, prostrate on the sofa in the wardroom, suffering under the effects of fever, and we have determined to keep him with us, if we can, for the night, and contribute, as far as in us lies, to the poor fellow's comfort and alleviation. With appearance and manners adapted for a better sphere, behold him dying by inches, far from his loved family and friends, and wan, pallid and drooping, awakening the sympathies of strangers who have casually met him, and who may never see him more. I trust, however, he will not fare as badly as the late Governor, a Portuguese officer, who assumed his post and retained it but two brief months, a victim to the fever during the month of November last.

There are not over four or five Portuguese women on the island. From what I have heard, the climate is very fatal to strangers at certain seasons of the year. The government keep up a force of about forty regular soldiers, and local militia of four hundred men, but it is

an expensive duty upon them, the island yielding but little return since the slave trade has been abolished. Formerly quite an active business was carried on, and you yet see the remains of baracoons in the vicinity of the anchorage. But now, debarred from this profitable traffic, and averse to physical and moral exertion, this rich and luxuriant isle has lost most of its value and importance.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19. — The bay has been gradually stripped of the life and stir which has broken in upon the usual wildness and solitary character of the spot. The Bittern started on a cruise yesterday, having been preceded a few days by the Dolphin and Kingfisher; and so the 'Star-spangled Banner' waves alone over these quiet waters.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20. — This morning Lieutenants G., W., and myself, went ashore for a bath. We selected the coolest part of the day, before breakfast, and luxuriated in the refreshing mountain stream, to our great delight and comfort. Under the shade of branching trees, within the music and rush of little cascades dashing sparkingly over opposing rocks, and the water cool and limpid to touch and sight, did we lave our heated limbs, and experience the grateful sensation of the sweet immersion. But far from tempting is the rough and rocky neighborhood, which the heat-oppressed pedestrian has little energy or disposition to overcome. And though beyond all question there be wild and romantic and lovely spots in this picturesque island, well worthy the visits of the fabled Gnome and nature-loving Fairy, yet so enervating the climate, so great the risk from exposure, that few of those who come to this lone spot will venture to explore these hidden beauties, and enjoy the sweet fruits of the discovery. Again ashore after dinner. Several of our own and the brig's officers met at the Madame's. I strolled off with one or two friends to the mountain stream, and leaving them at one of the bathing holes, undertook to explore it for some distance up its rocky path. A rough and laborious excursion was it, and after stumbling and climbing over the huge rocks, which have been brought down from the mountains by the heavy freshets, and soaked my feet in the rapid water, in consequence of the slippery nature of my road, beside scraping my shins against the sharp stones, to an extent not at all pleasant to sight and feeling, I was well content to retrace my steps, and back out of the scrape I had got into. But adventurers must pay for their temerity, and my search after the unknown and the picturesque was soon damped and thwarted by the untoward incidents alluded to. A wild and brawling stream is this, here rushing noisily over disrupted fragments of the overhanging hills, and anon collecting in some deep hole, fit place for the bather's recreation, and perhaps the home of many a mountain fish, and shut in by the green curtain of thick trees and rank vegetation. Groups of dark-skinned damsels, servants of the Madame, gather around the stream to perform the washerwoman's duty, and their presence, chattering and occupation, add materially to the life and interest of the scene. Busy have they been with seamen's clothes for the last seven days; and for bad washing, confusing articles, and other sins of commission and omission, the traveller will find few folks to exceed the natives of this portion of the island.

Madame Fareira owns about four hundred slaves, as I am informed, and although she is not allowed to send them out of the island, she not only receives enough from their sales of coffee, fruits, vegetables, fowls, etc., to the ships that rendezvous here, but must realize something handsome from her monopoly of supplies, and leaving her people to support themselves on the products which Nature so lavishly spreads out around them.

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H Y M N   F O R   M A Y .

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BY PARK BENJAMIN.

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I.

It is the spring, the soft, delicious spring,  
 Wreathing a garland of just-budding flowers,  
 Stirring the young leaves with her tender wing,  
 And making green the paths to forest-bowers;  
 Whose smiles, I see, such perfect beauty fling  
 Along the track of Life's swift-gliding hours;  
 Her breath falls freshly on the grateful earth,  
 And lo! what joy and loveliness have birth!

II.

The fields put on their verdure; the small rills  
 Dance merrily along with shout and glee;  
 The sloping woodlands, the uprising hills,  
 Blue vale, gray rock, brown bush and emerald tree,  
 Taste the sweet influence which the air instils;  
 While snow-white clouds in Heaven's unruffled sea,  
 On their bright voyage from far shore to shore,  
 Like angel ships majestic sail and soar.

III.

The icy gales of winter, that long sealed  
 The mirth of fountains and the play of streams,  
 Are lulled at last, and now to light revealed,  
 Like brilliant insects flash their jewel gleams;  
 The frozen, wounded land, is gently pealed  
 By Morn's and Eve's alternate showers and beams,  
 And waves, unbroken into spray and foam,  
 Roll, melt or slumber in their ocean-home.

IV.

Welcome! thrice welcome! favorite of the year;  
 'Ethereal mildness,' hail! though loftier lyres  
 May wake their music, and in tones more clear  
 And sweet than those my humble Muse inspires  
 Hymn thy perfection, thou wilt deign to hear  
 The thrilling gratitude my heart desires  
 To pour to thee in this unheeded lay,  
 For all thy gifts, thou soft, delicious May!

## S O N G .

## A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A LESSON in itself sublime,  
 A lesson worth enshrining,  
 Is this: 'I take no note of time  
 Save when the sun is shining.'  
 These motto-words a dial bore,  
 And wisdom never preaches  
 To human hearts a better lore  
 Than this short sentence teaches:  
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely,  
 Let us forget its pain and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on Earth's broad chart  
 But has some bird to cheer it;  
 So Hope sings on in every heart,  
 Although we may not hear it:  
 And if to-day the heavy wing  
 Of Sorrow is oppressing,  
 Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring  
 The weary heart a blessing:  
 For life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely,  
 Then let's forget its toil and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,  
 And then forget their glitter;  
 We take the cup of life and taste  
 No portion but the bitter:  
 But we should teach our hearts to deem  
 Its sweetest drops the strongest;  
 And pleasant hours should ever seem  
 To linger round us longest:  
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely,  
 Let us forget its toil and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night  
 Are just before the morning,  
 Then let us wait the coming light,  
 All boding phantoms scorning:  
 And while we're passing on the tide  
 Of Time's fast-ebbing river,  
 Let's pluck the blossoms by its side  
 And bless the gracious GIVER:  
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely,  
 We should forget its pain and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL EMPEROR:

## OR AN EXPERIMENT IN MORALS.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

## THE EXPERIMENT.

To a man who desires to be as unhappy as he can possibly make himself, no theme is better adapted to nourish his favorite propensity than a contemplation of the unsubstantiality of all human efforts, as is evinced by the subversion of empires and the oblivion which slowly but surely creeps onward, and eventually absorbs the most renowned reputations and the most brilliant exploits. Look, for instance, at the ancient and mighty empire of Boreeko, with its highways of polished brass, and its palaces of gold and ivory. Alas! alas! where art thou now, and where is that great ruler of thy destinies, who was designated by his contemporaries and long known to posterity by the cognomen of 'The Philosophical Emperor?' Of all his mighty services for the good of mankind, scarcely a vestige remains that is intelligible; and we are indebted to the humblest accident for the preservation of the following brief narrative.

The prince, before his elevation to the throne of his ancestors, but while heir-apparent, condescendingly wrote and published a book to justify the ways of God to man, by settling forever a question which had long agitated the wise men of his country, and which is sometimes revived in modern times. The question relates to the justice of Providence in the moral government of the universe. The book attempted to prove that the providential division of society into classes of high, low, rich, poor, wise, simple, strong, feeble, etc., manifests no partiality of Providence toward any class; for no class feels either happy or unhappy by reason of its position, but only by reason of falling below its accustomed position or rising above it. These fluctuations were casualties affecting alike all classes of society, and hence evincing no partiality on the part of Providence for one class over another.

No sooner were the publishing-houses of Boreeko informed that the heir-apparent had written a book, than they contended fiercely with each other for the pleasure of patronizing the first dawnings of imperial genius, and well was the patriotic victor rewarded by the result. The book not only sold readily, but it was so highly esteemed by a judicious public that no persons could approach the prince with any petition without yielding to an impulse of gratitude and avowing some great moral benefit which they had experienced from the precepts of the book; and as no person could know its merits better than the author, these testimonies in its favor served to evince a correct judgment

in the critics, and to prove that they were well qualified intellectually for the political stations they solicited.

But the prince was too good a philosopher to yield an implicit belief to even his own speculations ; therefore, on his accession to the imperial dignity, which occurred within two years from the publication of the book, he resolved to test his theory by decisive experiments, such as his absolute power placed readily at his control. He accordingly left his palace in disguise, one delightful summer evening, and proceeded a little way beyond the suburbs of Kroywen, the city which was honored by being the imperial residence. The last straggling houses at the outskirts of the city had scarcely been passed, before some coarse music, issuing from a field, excited the emperor's attention ; and on approaching it, he discovered a group of slaves, composed of both sexes, who were indemnifying themselves for the toils and restraints of the sultry day by an evening of obstreperous merriment. They were singing, dancing, wrestling and caressing, as the several humors of the actors happened to dictate, and evincing otherwise a total abandonment of their minds and bodies to the most piquant animal enjoyments.

'Behold !' said the emperor to a favorite courtier who attended him ; 'these are the beings whom we usually select as the exemplification of extreme wretchedness. Their enjoyments are indeed not intellectual, nor are their troubles ; and while they are thus exempt from the most numerous, obtrusive, and immedicable of human miseries, they are participants with us (and perhaps to a higher degree than we) of all physical pleasures. Let us now examine if Providence has been more partial to their master.'

The travellers proceeded accordingly to the mansion of the proprietor, whom they judged to be an ordinary planter of substantial means. This guess was realized on entering the house, where every thing denoted abundance without superfluity, and convenience without ostentation. The family were evidently enjoying the calm of competency, and an exemption from the canker of rivalry, and the cares of ambitious display. The master exhibited the robust health of exercise and content, while the mistress was a personification of neatness, with the least possible addition of attempted finery, and which consisted in only a bow of plain blue ribbon that ornamented the snowy white kerchief which covered her bosom.

The emperor and his companion were deemed artisans, or petty tradesmen, who had sauntered from the city for the benefit of relaxation ; but, according to the hospitality which always existed in Boreako, they were received courteously, and presented liberally with refreshments. The family were, however, rather peculiarly situated at the moment, and a little disturbing influence was operating on them in the shape of a visit which they were enjoying of a rich kinsman and his lady, who resided in the aristocratic part of the city, and condescended to glorify their humble cousins with an annual recognition, in the form of a few hours' sojourn. The planter and his wife were almost wholly engrossed by their fashionable relations, who showed very significantly that nothing of which they partook was comparable to what they were accustomed to enjoy ; while an ill-suppressed impatience to depart, on



the side of the lady visitor, proclaimed unmistakeably that she deemed the officious civilities she was receiving too dearly purchased, and that her husband's vulgar connections were an almost intolerable calamity.

As soon as decency would permit, and a little sooner, the fashionable citizen, and his lady sent for their carriage; and the prospect of so speedy a release from their present discomfort gave a vivacity to their conduct and discourse that delighted the country cousins. The preparation for departure soon ensued, and amid the confusion of leave-taking the city nabobs 'remembered to forget' to invite the humble couple to their luxurious home. The arrival of the carriage at the door was the signal for immediate departure; but while they were hastily entering, they saw in the road, at a short distance, the splendid equipage of a nadar; a dignitary of the empire equal in rank perhaps to an earl in England. Some inconvenience had befallen the great man who owned the equipage, for he had alighted from the conquam (a vehicle peculiar to Boresko), and was looking at its wheels. A slave, who was despatched by the planter to respectfully ascertain the difficulty, soon returned, and stated that one of the wheels was broken, but happily no personal injury had been sustained.

Instead of proceeding to town, as the citizen had intended, he sent back the slave with a request that his carriage might be honored by the nadar, if no other vehicle was procurable more suited to his dignity. The nadar condescendingly accepted the proposition, but only on the condition that the owners of the carriage should retain seats therein. Their modesty could hardly bear the benevolence of the amiable nobleman, but as his convenience could be in no other way subverted, they permitted themselves to be exalted, and eventually all were thus safely carried to their respective abodes.

'Said I not the truth in my book?' whispered complacently the emperor to his companion, as they departed also. 'The rich citizen suffers no unhappiness from not being a nadar, nor the planter from not being a rich citizen, nor the slaves from not being planters. Even blindness brings with it no unhappiness to those who have never possessed sight, nor deafness to those who have never possessed hearing. A man estimates his happiness as he estimates the size of his waistcoat. A man whose body has always been small will wear a small waistcoat, but the waistcoat will not be deemed small by him; and the man whose body has always been large will wear a large waistcoat, still the waistcoat will not be deemed large by the wearer. But,' continued the emperor, 'we will now see how men feel under a declension from their accustomed condition. We shall find that a man who loses any of his accustomed enjoyments will be like a man who has lost corpulency; he will shake his waistcoat, and with a piteous look show you how he is diminished.'

The emperor accordingly early the next morning issued an edict, by which the nadar was degraded from his title, and deprived of a large portion of his property, leaving him a sum equal only to the fortune of the rich citizen; at the same time, the rich citizen's house was suddenly invested by a file of soldiers, who took possession thereof in the name of the emperor, and expelled the occupant, all of whose effects were

confiscated, except just enough to enable him to become an humble planter, like his relative. Nor was the planter excepted from the general overthrow; he and his neat wife were transported to a distant province, where they were to be employed as agricultural slaves; while their own merry slaves were seized, and sent to the imperial mines to dig copper.

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CHAPTER SECOND.

THE EXPERIMENT UNEXPECTEDLY INTERRUPTED.

THE emperor was neither cruel nor fond of injustice; on the contrary, he would have been willing at any time to benefit any body and every body, if he could have effected it without trouble or inconvenience to himself. He thought, in the present instance, that a few weeks of privation, for the sake of a great moral experiment, might easily be borne by the parties afflicted, and might easily be recompensed subsequently by augmented privileges and possessions. With these excellent intentions he resolved to supervise in person the progress of the experiment, so as to prevent its prolongation unnecessarily, and all needless hardships; but, unfortunately, he had but just consummated the ruin of the parties in the way we have stated, when he heard that his dominions were invaded by a neighboring sovereign, the King of Tuscora; who, holding in contempt all philosophers, and deeming the commencement of a reign favorable, sought to re-take some provinces which had been wrested from him during the life of the preceding emperor.

In the hurry of preparation for the defence of his frontiers, the emperor disregarded the moral experiment which he had instituted, and soon forgot all its victims. At the head of a large army, collected suddenly from all the unassailed parts of his empire, he marched proudly and indignantly to repel the unprovoked incursion and chastise the intruder. He, however, was not thus summarily to be disposed of, for he had surprised several strong fortresses, which he had garrisoned effectively, and their re-conquest was indispensable before the imperial army could advance securely. The emperor was brave; and as the present invasion seemed to imply a contempt for his prowess, his conduct assumed the character of offended dignity. The feelings of the sovereign soon became diffused through the army, and were participated in by the meanest of its members as fully as by the highest. The captured fortresses were accordingly approached with the utmost intrepidity, and those which would not capitulate at the first summons were immediately assaulted and carried by storm. The main-body of the enemy had retreated, but were at length overtaken. They were found to be strongly posted on the range of high mountains that divide the empire of Boresko from the kingdom of Tuscora. The emperor, whose success thus far but augmented his impatience, determined to attack the enemy at even this disadvantage; and after a short delay, to allow his troops to recover from the fatigue of their forced marches, he headed in person a furious assault upon the invaders. They, unable to resist his impetuosity, or possibly from design, retreated precipitately

up the sides of the mountain ; while he, pressing forward too eagerly, or too incautiously, was unfortunately, by means of an ambush, cut off from the main-body of his forces, and taken prisoner. The disaster was concealed for a time from the emperor's troops, but the intelligence eventually spread through the army, which immediately became dispirited. The invaders, on the contrary, deriving enthusiasm from the capture of the emperor, rallied to the combat, and rushing devotedly down the steep declivities, precipitated themselves upon the heretofore assailants, who now, falling into disorder, were routed with terrible slaughter. Oh, war ! war ! little know civilians the horrors of such a combat ! The revolting details, which in the aggregate compose the miscalled splendors of military glory, can be read by the delicate and merciful only when veiled, like the above, in general descriptions. The veil we will not rend, though, for the benefit of our beloved country, we have sent to the military academy at West Point the manuscript which contains a full description of this memorable battle.

The emperor possessed now a fine opportunity of ascertaining by his own experience the effect on human happiness of the descent from a high position to a lower ; but his feelings soon verified the proverb, that physicians are not fond of swallowing their own prescriptions. But he retained no power of avoiding the dose, and was compelled to take it in its bitterest form ; for instead of being carried to the capital of Tuscora, and entertained with the delicacy and respect which were due to his rank and misfortunes, he was, to the everlasting disgrace of the victor, transported into the interior, immured within a gloomy castle, and denied all communication except with the commandant, who was stern in countenance and uncourteous in manners ; a misanthrope, to whom solitude was a gratification, and by whom mirth was deemed a madness.

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CHAPTER THIRD.

THE CAPTIVITY.

THE imperial captive was distressed beyond description. He suffered from self-reproach at the want of prudence that caused him to be hurried into an ambush, and from wounded pride at defeat from an enemy whom he had taught his followers to despise. Uncertainty also as to the effect on his empire of the captivity of its sovereign agitated his fears, while the supposed exultation of his contemned enemy supererogated his desire for revenge. But wonderfully accommodating is the organization of man to the vicissitudes of life ; and though we may be skeptical as to the ' wind's being attempered to the shorn lamb,' we can be certain, from daily observation, that the shorn lamb soon becomes attempered to the winds, blow they ever so roughly. Grief, therefore, did not long absorb the captive monarch. He gradually yielded some attention to the objects around him, and the attention soon created an interest in them ; till he, the hereditary sovereign of a mighty empire, and whose contemplations and desires were wont to grasp at least provinces, came to observe with some interest the looks of a petty em-

mandant of a fortress, and to be annoyed or soothed as the petty commandant chose to be civil or uncivil.

But whatever violates kindness and humanity will eventually be found impolitic. So, however, thought not the victorious King of Tuscara, who designed to coerce, by severe treatment, the captive emperor into a treaty whose concessions and guarantees should be dictated by the desire of a release from personal suffering, rather than by considerations of patriotism or justice; but an impediment to this unworthy policy arose in a quarter from which no such result could have been anticipated. The commandant, who had long been a widower, possessed an only child, a daughter, who resided in the fortress with him, but who partook as little of his misanthropy as of his repulsive appearance. Bred in seclusion, solitude, which had nourished her father's moroseness, had cherished and sublimated her sensibilities to a degree that is never acquired by persons who mingle in society and become accustomed to its rude abrasions. Unconsciously to the commandant, she had glided into womanhood; while he, a recluse from choice, and deeming her still a child, saw not that he was subjecting her to a cruel seclusion from all companions of her own sex, and from all intercourse with her equals in his.

Nature will not be thwarted by the artificial distinctions of conventional society. The vine to which you will not furnish a suitable trellis will wind its delicate tendrils around any thing, how incongruous soever, that may happen to be the only object within its reach. So the fair and naturally aristocratic Theadora could not view without complacency the manly graces of the plebeian soldiery, to whom alone her intercourse was restricted; and especially one, a youth but little older than herself, and almost as sensitive and eccentric, who was a cornet in the regiment that garrisoned the castle. They saw each other daily, and often for continuous hours, when duty as an officer of the guard stationed him on a terrace which was overlooked by the window of the maiden's chamber. But they had never spoken. A consciousness of the inferiority of his station would have kept him silent even if he had not felt an idolatrous respect that absorbed him, and which would have made him feel personally inferior had he been master of the world. Nor would he have permitted his eyes to wander toward a being whom he deemed too pure for the gaze of man, had not eyes and thoughts too been wisely made independent of such considerations. His eyes would wander toward her, as would hers toward him; till both Theadora and Leontine, by a species of animal magnetism perhaps, and yet with a total unsuspicion of each other's feelings, lived but for the moments when they could thus enjoy each other's presence.

Love, pure, ardent and youthful, is a glorious combination, especially in women, with whom it exists as exempt from selfishness as sunbeams are exempt from dross. Its tendency in both man and woman is to exalt and sublimiate the person whom it influences, by reason probably of an effort of the person to make himself worthy of the being whom he loves, and whom his imagination deems perfection. Theadora felt the full influence of the benign power that possessed her, and thus feeling, she could not remain an unconcerned witness of the sufferings of the

captive emperor, and of the imagined sufferings of the far-off empress, his imperial consort. The policy to which he was avowedly the victim seemed to her so detestable, that by long meditation on it her mind acquired the unwholesome bias which seeks its gratification at all hazards and at all sacrifices.

She could conceive no means by which to counteract his enemies, except by enabling him to escape; but the known difficulties thereto were great, and the unknown seemed greater. She could, however, acquaint him that he possessed one friend in the midst of his enemies, and possibly his knowledge might suggest advantages therefrom which hers could not. To accomplish even such a communication was not easy. His chamber communicated with hers by an open balcony, in which she was permitted to walk, though he was excluded. In such walks her furtive glances often saw him, as he restlessly paced the room, which he was not permitted to leave, unless accompanied by an officer of the garrison, and which boon, thus encumbered, he rarely deigned to accept. Her walks latterly became more frequent than heretofore, and her eyes became more freely directed to his person, in the hope of thus silently and inferentially communicating to him some intimation of her friendly purpose. Nor was she wholly unsuccessful in her attempts to attract his attention. But man, selfish in all his projects, perversely prejudiced also in his estimate of female intellect and designs, could never suspect that the slight form which was timidly fitting before him was animated with high and romantic designs. A monarch, too, accustomed to subserviency and abasement in all who approached him, could conceive in the attempt to attract his notice no motive but what was utterly at variance with the chivalrous but mistaken sentiments of the enthusiastic maiden.

Curiosity, or possibly some less worthy impulse, conquered at length the prisoner's apathy; and when Theadora next approached his chamber she found it open, and he was so stationed within that she could whisper as she passed: 'To-night, at twelve o'clock, be there.' No sooner had she thus accomplished what she had so long sought to effect, than she would have given the world to have been able to recall the announcement, so utterly was she overpowered by the magnitude of her undertaking and a latent suspicion of its impropriety. She hurried back to her chamber, not discovering that the emperor anxiously desired to communicate to her some reply. She sank into a chair, and the intensity of her perturbation was relieved by a copious flow of tears. No one had seen her; why should she regret what she had so long contemplated with an approving conscience, and sought with anxious diligence.

Thus reasoned Theadora; but she was mistaken in supposing that no eye had seen her. Seen she had been, for what can escape the eyes of a love like that of Leontine's. He had long noted her unusual walks, and suspected not their object, but rather that Heaven itself might be pervious to the fascinations of royalty, since Theadora seemed a victim to their attractions. In vain he struggled against the apparent evidence of his senses. The most fatal conclusion was irresistible; and though he had heretofore felt a sympathy for the imprisoned monarch, death

was now deemed too light a penalty for the love which apparently he had excited in Theadora.

Night will approach, regardless alike of human hopes, fears, or wishes. The clock on the tower of the time-worn fortress struck twelve, while Theadora was yet agitated by her morning adventure, and undecided whether she should abandon or pursue it. The first step had, however, been taken, and according to the proverb, it drew after it irresistibly all of which it was naturally the precursor. How could she, in justice to her character, falsify her own appointment, and mock the sufferings of an unfortunate captive! The night, also, was as favorable as she could desire, for it was dark and stormy. The exalted station of the party whom she was to meet prevented in her uncontaminated mind a thought of personal impropriety, even leaving out of consideration the benevolence which hallowed the undertaking. Forth glided, therefore, along the balcony the palpitating maid, to consummate an arrangement which, stripped of its romantic illusions, was nothing less than treason against her father, her country and her king. The room of the emperor was not lighted, the casement was shut, and all within was silent. The absence of light was unusual, but it appeared to her as a favorable precaution on his part. But the casement was closed, and that seemed suspicious, and daunted her resolution. Possibly these unusual circumstances were designed to warn her from her purpose. She hesitated, and finally ran back to her chamber. No sooner had she regained this place of safety than she became ashamed of her pusillanimity. Again she glided along the balcony, and again the same appearances disconcerted her. But she was not now to be driven from her purpose. Perhaps he had not heard distinctly the hour, or perhaps he disregarded the announcement of a girl as of something too trivial for his attention. She approached the window, and knocked tremulously. Again she would have fled from returning timidity, as the noise of her hand broke upon the silence with an unexpected distinctness; but the window suddenly opened, and her return unnoticed became impracticable.

Oh Nature! what a cunning artist art thou! The peculiarity of her position excited in her forthwith the resolution which the crisis required, and she boldly, but in a suppressed voice, said: 'Sire, if you know any means of escape, one heart in this fortress is not callous to humanity: I will assist you.' Scarcely had she uttered the sentence when a voice from a remote part of the chamber exclaimed aloud: 'Hush! ill-advised woman, you speak not to the emperor!' She staggered with affright, and fell senseless heavily on the floor. On regaining her consciousness she was in her own apartment, and bending over her, in assiduous efforts for her recovery, and with indescribable solicitude and tenderness, stood the young Cornet Leontine, who happened that night to be the sentinel stationed in the chamber of the prisoner, and whom, in her communication at the window, she had mistaken for the emperor.

Whether the frustration and exposure of her design were as poignant a mortification to her as the suspicion that she appeared criminal in the eyes of the young man, is perhaps doubtful; but she resumed as much self-possession and dignity as her agitation would permit, and

haughtily told him to depart, and inform his commander what he had seen and heard; with this addition, that she felt no regret except for the failure of her efforts to assist unmerited misfortunes.

Slowly he retired, but replied not. One look he cast behind and stopped, as doubting whether he ought to reply or not; but she turned away repulsively, and he passed on. No alarm had been communicated to the guards. The castle-clock struck one, and the sound reverberated long and tremulously. The sentinels on the distant parapets and walls were heard at intervals, as heavily they paced their solitary rounds, while all beside was quiet in the castle, as though treason had not stalked abroad, or was too feeble to be regarded in the form of a youthful maiden.

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

THEADORA, with a returning consciousness of her actual position, exclaimed: 'How shall I encounter my incensed father! Alas! my father! cruel not to me, though harsh to others. Would that you had been cruel to me also, that I might have some apology for the anguish I shall cause you!' She sank upon her bed; not to sleep, but to moan, to reflect, to agonize. Eventually over-wrought Nature would have repose, and she slept. Ere she awoke the sun had risen, and was shining gaily in at her window, as if to mock at human cares, or possibly to shame men for making themselves miserable about the vicissitudes of so brief a period as man's allotted life. Nor would she have awaked then but for a commotion which seemed to agitate the garrison, usually so orderly and quiet. The tramp of horses was heard in the court below; drums were beating to arms; men were hurriedly traversing the balcony, and all seemed bustle and preparation for some uncommon event. She doubted not that her offence occasioned the unwonted agitation, and expected momentarily a command to appear and confront her accuser.

Hour after hour elapsed, and she was still unmolested, and apparently unthought of. She took courage by the delay, and ventured to approach her window. Horsemen at brief intervals were passing and returning through the castle-gate, which was widely extended, though heretofore so seldom and cautiously opened. She was still unconvinced that she was not the object of the commotion, when gradually she recognised the word 'escape,' while all eyes seemed constantly to wander toward the chamber of the emperor. He had escaped, she now surmised, but how, or when, was still a mystery. No one was missing from the garrison but Leontine. He had been sought every where, and his absence implicated him in the flight of the prisoner. But the fugitives could not be far, nor could they elude the numerous parties that had started in pursuit. 'Prevent it, just Heaven!' exclaimed mentally the reassured maiden, 'nor make me the miserable cause of destruction to that devoted youth, whose intentions I cruelly misconstrued, and who, to perfect my wishes, has broken through habits of military subordination, jeopardised his life, and sacrificed his honor.'

Women are bad logicians, and these were illogical conclusions; but the sagacity of woman is more than a counterpoise for her deficient ratiocination, and Theadora guessed aright the events that had occurred. The mysterious cause of her frequent walks on the balcony were explained to Leontine by the events of the night, and so explained as to dissipate his jealousy. In his gratification at this discovery, he felt no inclination to criticize the correctness of any other motive; and he no sooner left her presence than he resolved to give her a memorable proof of the unlimited dominion which she possessed over him, by accomplishing what she had commenced, or dying in the attempt. Her agitation, and the unexplained intention with which he had left her, might induce her to make disclosures in the morning that would render his own silence as hazardous as the most desperate undertaking. No time, therefore, existed for delay.

Fortunately Leontine, as captain of the guard for the night, possessed more readily than usual the means of liberating the emperor. The arrangements for their flight were soon concerted, and ere the great clock struck two, the emperor, clad like a servant of the Cornet, left his apartment, bearing by the side of Leontine a lantern, as if to light him in his patrol around the posts of the fortification. Each sentinel hailed them as they approached, and receiving from the Cornet the regular countersign, permitted them to pass. Safely they advanced thus to a small postern, which constituted a panel of the main external gate, and through which postern they designed to escape; but here an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The commandant was there in person, conferring with the sentinel. Egress was, therefore, impracticable, as nothing outside of the fortress constituted any part of the nightly duties of Leontine. He accordingly merely saluted the commandant and passed on, as if to complete the circuit of the watch, though 'conscience, which makes cowards of us all,' induced him to suspect that his treason caused the early movements of the commandant, and that his arrest was the object of the conference.

No sooner had he passed an angle of the fortification that obscured his light, than he extinguished it, with a determination to remain concealed until he could ascertain whether his undertaking was discovered. Distance prevented him from recognising the words of the commandant, though his voice could be heard; soon, however, all was silent, except the sound of approaching steps, that grew increasingly distinct, until suddenly the sound again diminished, as the commandant turned down an avenue which led directly to his quarters. Now was the moment, if ever, for accomplishing the desperate enterprise. The fugitives retraced their way to the gate, and answering the sentinel with the proper countersign, (which, by a strange coincidence, happened to be the word Emperor,) Leontine, without the slightest apparent hesitation, and as though he was in the regular discharge of orders, applied to the small postern the key, which was in his possession as captain of the guard, and passed out with his companion, locking the wicket again on the outer side.

The thoughts of the sentinel cannot easily be conjectured; but probably he had not time to reflect on what he saw until after its consumma-



tion. Habituated to respect and confide in his superiors, and no positive injunctions being in force against what had transpired in his presence, he may have been rather surprised at its occurrence than suspicious of its motive. He momentarily expected to see the postern reopen, and the parties return; but as time ran on, the continued absence lost its novelty, and he paced and repaced his post mechanically as usual.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

## THE FLIGHT.

EARLY in the morning the sentinel communicated to the relief-guard, but still unsuspiciously, that Cornet Leontine was on the outside of the postern. The sergeant who commanded the relief had been looking for the cornet, as he had failed to report to the commandant, as was his duty, the events of the night. The exit of the cornet was therefore communicated to the commandant, whose habitual suspicion was at once alarmed at the singularity of the occurrence. The chamber of the emperor was immediately examined, and the escape became manifest.

The agony of the commandant was extreme. To his sagacity, on which he greatly prided himself, had been reposed by his sovereign a trust which events showed he was incompetent to discharge. Long seclusion had caused his self-love to invest him, in his own imagination, with a fancied reputation, which was the idol of his gloomy reveries, but which he now deemed lost forever. Had an earthquake engulfed the fortress and all within it—nay, the whole kingdom—the disaster would have been slight to him compared with the present misfortune. The personal penalties to which he was exposed constituted no part of his affliction; he courted punishment rather than feared it, and probably exceeded even his sovereign in criminating his own negligence; though even now he could not designate wherein he had been negligent. But he knew that the world estimated conduct by results, and he had always desired to have his conduct thus estimated, and was too proud to ask now a different test.

Forth from the fortress issued pursuers, who took different routes, and the capture of the fugitives seemed inevitable to all but the commandant. Accustomed to estimate every thing as lost that was in danger, he gave himself up to despair, though he still executed with vigor the duties demanded by the emergency. In this deplorable condition he was pacing his chamber when first seen by Theadora, whose presence seemed alone competent to mitigate his wo; while she, the conscious cause of all his sufferings, experienced an agony of self-reproach, and her conduct, though unknown to others, assumed in her apprehension its true character of parricide and treason.

The emperor and Leontine had supplied themselves with horses from some that were grazing around the fortress, and directed their flight to the nearest confines of Boresko. Caution induced them to shun the direct roads as soon as day began to dawn; and after travelling in a forest for several hours, the emperor's horse, wearied with the exertions of its restless rider, stumbled, and so sprained its shoulder as

to be unable to proceed. The emperor took his companion's horse, which, though as weary as the other, was still able to travel; but he dared not trust himself without Leontine, who alone knew the defiles of the mountains; hence he possessed no alternative but to restrain his impatience and pursue his course at such a pace as enabled the cornet to keep with him.

They had proceeded in this way not only all day, but far into the night, when, seeing a light glimmer at a distance, they were induced by hunger and exhaustion to advance toward it, and even at some hazard recruit their strength with food and rest. As they approached, they discovered that the light proceeded from a cluster of buildings, which Leontine soon recognised as a hamlet connected with a gang of miners who worked in the vicinity. Relieved from the apprehension that they had possibly stumbled upon the watch-fires of some military station, the wanderers boldly entered one of the buildings that seemed best adapted to supply their wants. It was full of men, whose muscular but lank bodies, and smutched faces, glowing with the heat of a large smelting furnace that was flaming in the centre of the building, gave but little indication of a benevolent reception. They advanced, however, and stating to the workmen that they had lost the path which they were travelling, requested shelter till the morning, and some food for themselves and horse.

Contrary to all the prejudices of rank, which estimate literature as the only monitor of conduct, the travellers soon found that the inmates were not insensible to the dictates of humanity. They were supplied with as much as they desired of the rude provisions of the establishment, and were permitted to lie down on straw, which for their comfort and special accommodation was strewn upon a mass of charcoal, as a defence from the wet ground. They soon were asleep, despite of peril, fatigue, excitement, and the various foes to peaceful slumber; but they slept not long, being awakened by the clamor of horsemen, who had entered the hamlet in pursuit of the fugitives. They heard themselves described and inquired for. Detection seemed inevitable, but they instinctively glided from their pallet, and once more sought the forest, leaving their horse in the possession of the miners.

Silently as they had retreated, their movements were not unobserved. The foreman of the works had once been a corporal in the army of the emperor, and he no sooner heard the inquiries of the pursuers than he recognised in the servant of Leontine his imperial master. He cautiously followed the retreating pair, and making known his good intentions, led the wanderers down several steep descents into the recesses of the mine, which furnished copper ore for the smelting operations of the hamlet. The emperor was surprised to find here the appearance of a populous village, with streets narrow and low, but extending far beneath the forest, whose pines and other evergreens towered aloft, unaffected by the chasms that ramified beneath in all directions. The miners enjoy in these recesses the domestic comforts of separate habitations, where those who are married rear families that grow to maturity, and possess but little acquaintance with the external world, of which they seem a disconnected link rather than an integral part.

Relieved by the assurance of his guide from the apprehension of present capture, and relying for any new emergency on the sagacity and fidelity the guide had evinced, the emperor began to examine more minutely the persons and things around him; for in these regions of perpetual night a portion of the inhabitants are always at work. He found that even here, where privations seem extended to the verge of human sufferance, men laugh, sing, dance, gambol, and exhibit all other demonstrations of contentment and happiness that are found in more propitious situations. They possess privileges that they prize, and restraints which they resist. Every man among them cherishes some ambition and encounters some rivalry. Here were reputations to be gained and characters to be lost. Like a circle, which, how small soever, includes all the curves and proportions of the largest spheres, so this miniature society appeared to possess in kind all the motives, passions, enjoyments and sorrows that pertain to the largest communities. It possessed even its unfortunates. They consisted of a gloomy and discontented group, whom a superintendant was endeavoring to lash into good humor. They constituted, he said, a gang of agricultural slaves, who, for some reasons unknown, were a few months since taken from a plantation, and condemned to the imperial mines of Boresko, from which they had recently been captured and transported to their present position. The emperor heard the explanation with self-reproach; for in the poor quivering wretches before him he recognized the merry slaves whom, for the sake of his experiment, he had forced from the plantation where they had been reared, and sent to the mines. His regret was somewhat mitigated by the reflection that their misery demonstrated the truth of his theory; for their unhappiness was not shared by the slaves who had always been miners. An artificial want was the cause of their misery, not any original dispensation of Providence. Indeed, his majesty could not forbear explaining privately to Leontine the whole transaction, and mingling evidences of self-complacency as a philosopher with his regrets as a prince at the misfortune of these his subjects, and as a man at the unmerited sufferings of his victims.

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THE POET SADI, ON BEHOLDING CASHMERE.

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BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

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Oh, the beautiful, beautiful Vale of Cashmere,  
 Where the roses of summer bloom bright all the year;  
 Where the tulip and cactus have many-hued flowers,  
 And the snow-drop and lily are sweeter than ours;  
 Where the green of the leaf and the gush of the stream  
 Give softness to sunlight and temper its beam!  
 To what out of Eden can SADI compare  
 Those exquisite scenes that enrapture him there?  
 That diamond, that emerald, that opal, that meet  
 In a triple tiara outstretched at his feet!  
 Oh, to nothing of earth could he make thee appear,  
 Thou star of the morning, thou lovely Cashmere!

## P H I L L I S   A N D   F L O R A .

FROM THE 'WALTER MAPES' POEMS.

SOME explanatory observations on this poem, and on the 'WALTER MAPES' poems generally, will appear in our next. At present it need only be remarked that the inequality of style in our translation is intentional, to correspond with the original, which alternates from ornate description to colloquial and even vulgar language.

'*Annæ parte florida, cœlo puriore,  
Pictæ terræ gremio vario colore,  
Dum fugaret sidera nuntius Aurora,  
Somnus liquit oculos PHILLIDIS et FLORÆ,*' etc.

IN the blooming season when Purest æther's space is,  
When the floweret-painted earth Wears her richest graces,  
Ere the star that heralds Morn Other stars off-chases,  
PHILLIS wakes, and FLORA too Starts from Sleep's embraces.

Then desire to go and walk Strongly did o'ertake them,  
Since their hearts' anxieties Sooner did awake them,  
Therefore they with equal steps To the turf betake them,  
That the place wherein they walk May more pleasure make them.

As the virgins pass along Both like queens are going ;  
FLORA's hair is plaited neat, PHILLIS hair is flowing ;  
Not like maids, but goddesses, In their beauty showing,  
Even as the morning light Are their faces glowing.

Noble race and noble face, Noble their apparel ;  
Young in years and young in heart, Mated sure they are well ;  
In their likeness still unlike, Friendly, yet in quarrel ;  
One a scholar loveth best, One a man of war well.

In their figure, in their face, Nought unlike about them,  
Every thing within alike, Every thing without them ;  
Usages and character, All the same throughout them,  
Different only in their loves, *There* you may not doubt them.

Softly came the welcome breeze Round about them blowing,  
Very pleasant was the place With green grasses growing,  
Down along the grassy slope Was a streamlet flowing,  
With a sprightly murmuring Garrulously going.

That the girls by solar heat Might not be offended,  
O'er their heads an ample pine Near the brook extended,  
Stretching wide its branching arms Clad in foliage splendid,  
Which from all external heat Those below defended.

On the grass the maidens rest ( 'T was a seat befitting ),  
PHILLIS by the little stream, FLORA further sitting ;  
And while they repose themselves, Of their risk unwitting,  
Love transfixes both their hearts, Each one alily hitting.

Love is lurking in their breasts, Where his hiding-place is ;  
Sighs he brings from out these hearts, Sighs, his certain traces ;  
Pale and paler grow their cheeks, Altered are their faces.  
'T is a flame dissembled well By their shame-faced graces.

PHILLIS in a secret sigh FLORA deftly catches,  
FLORA one detects in her Which the first sigh matches.  
Thus is shown their sympathy, Each the other watches,  
Till the hidden mischief bursts Bars and bolts and latches.

Very various was their speech, Very far extending,  
Yet in love and only love Somehow always ending,  
In their hearts and faces too All things else transcending ;  
Till at length, a pleasant glance Off at FLORA sending,

' Noble soldier ! ' PHILLIS saith, ' PARIS, my heart's treasure !  
Where art thou now combatting ? Or art now at leisure ?  
O, the glorious warrior-life ! Glorious beyond measure !  
'T is the only life deserves VENUS' choicest pleasure !'

While she thus her soldier-friend Brings to recollection,  
FLORA casts a sidelong glance Up from her dejection,  
And exclaimeth bitterly, ' What a predilection !  
You on a mere vagabond Set your fond affection !

' But my ARISTOTLE dear ! What is *he* devising ?  
Noblest of created things SOL beholds in rising !  
Nature hath endowed him with Every gift surprising :  
Happy is the scholar's life ! 'T is the sole worth prizing !'

PHILLIS for her harsh attack Promptly doth reprove her,  
And returns it with a speech Very sure to move her :  
' Here 's a maid whose breast,' she says, ' Must a pure heart cover,  
Who a lazy man like that Chooses for a lover !

' Rouse you, wretched girl ! from this Sad infatuation !  
He is EPICURUS' self, In my estimation :  
Grace and style no scholar hath Dwelling in the nation ;  
His are sloth and corpulence, Foul abomination !

' Far from him to seek at all Valor's reputation ;  
Sleep and food are his desire, And a free potation.  
Noble lover ! while the truth Needs no confirmation,  
That the soldier's life throughout Doth that vulgar way shun.

' Happy in his frugal fare, Still with love o'erteeming,  
Not intent on meat and drink, Or on slumber seeming,  
Love prevents his slumbering, Or inspires his dreaming ;  
Love, the soldier's meat and drink, End of all his scheming.

' Those whom nature formed alike, Birds of the same feather,  
Should they not be properly Joined in the same tether ?  
Your man feasts the whole day long, Mine will sport all weather ;  
Mine loves giving, taking yours ; Well we go together !'

In her face the rising blush *FLORA*'s shame exposes;  
 Fairer looked she for the smile Beaming through her roses.  
 Pausing long, in fluent speech She at last discloses  
 All that in her fertile mind Hitherto reposes.

'Free enough you are,' she says, '*PHILLIS*, in replying;  
 Quick of speech and sharp of speech: That there 's no denying!  
 But you have not hit the truth, Not for all your trying;  
 White with black, you next will say, Is in beauty vying.

'You have said my scholar-love Much himself doth care for;  
 Food and drink and sleep, you urge, He does aye prepare for:  
 So say always jealous folks Of good fellows; therefore  
 Wait a while; I 'll answer you All the why and wherefore.

'I avow my lover hath many Many fair possessions;  
 Wine and honey, gold and gems, Various other blessings;  
 He that hath such goodly store By your own confessings,  
 Need not envy other men, Moved to no transgressings.

'Cherished by this scholar-life, By its gay regaling,  
 Joy which mortal tongue to tell Must be unavailing;  
 Love as 't were on double wing Constantly is sailing,  
 Love that grows eternally Without end or failing.

'Yet, though feeling *CUPID*'s darts, Ay, and passion's surges,  
 Lean the scholar looketh not, No, nor sour as verjuice;  
 Pain of joy he maketh not; Joy with joy converges;  
 For he knoweth his own mind, E'en when passion urges.

'He you love is pale and lean, Poor enough we know him;  
 Scarce a cloak to cover him, Scarce a bed below him;  
 Feeble limbs and narrow chest For a poor man show him.  
 How should it be otherwise? Want must overthrow him.

'Poverty in one you love Must annoy you sadly!  
 What, pray, can your soldier give, Though you want it badly?  
 But the scholar gives you much; Yes, and gives it gladly;  
 Having so much revenue, He makes presents madly.'

*PHILLIS* answers *FLORA* thus: 'You are great at showing  
 All the life and love of each, And their way of going;  
 Fair and specious words, but false, From your lips are flowing;  
 But you shall not thus get off, Though so very knowing!

'On the morn of holyday, In the sun delightful,  
 Then the scholar's whole turn-out Looks both sad and frightful;  
 Sable dress and shaven face And a countenance spiteful,  
 As if mourning purposely, And of sorrow quite full.

'None are so by folly swayed, None so by injustice,  
 But the soldier's splendor then To them manifest is;  
 Your man, like some animal, All with sleep oppress is,  
 Mine is on his gallant steed, And his spear in rest is.

' All his foes he overcomes, All resistance alighting ;  
And if e'er he fights on foot, From his steed alighting,  
Love supplies a double strength, Him to fame inviting ;  
Me he often thinks upon, Even while he 's fighting.

' Crushed the foe and won the fight, Back in state he prances,  
Throwing loose his battered helm, Oft at me he glances :  
Therefore when a lover young Makes to me advances,  
I prefer the soldier's life, And will take its chances.'

FLORA marks her rising ire, And her bosom swelling ;  
Thus she answers back to her, All her taunts repelling :  
' Honey you for gall desert, Truth to lie compelling,  
Since you deem the soldier's life Other lives excelling.

' Pretty PHILLIS, would you loved Somewhat more discreetly,  
Nor condemned my sentiments, But received them meetly !  
Is it, think you, love that makes Your man act so fealty ?  
No, but want and poverty, Madd'ning him completely.

' Very hard the soldier's lot, And in strait position ;  
Fearfully calamitous Deem I his condition :  
He can never count upon, With the least precision,  
Any thing that is for life Most in requisition.

' Lazy is the scholar's life ; This you say, and press it ;  
Servile work he always spurns : Freely I confess it.  
Higher cares his mind absorb, Since he doth address it  
To discover principles ; And the world may bless it.

' Mine is in a costly dress, Yours in shabby armor ;  
Yours is on a bloody field, Mine on couch lies calmer,  
Where he reads of gallant deeds Till his blood grows warmer,  
Where he thinks and talks and writes Only of his charmer.

' CUPID's and DIANA's worth, How much he 's above her,  
'T was the scholar and none else Who did first discover ;  
Through his help the soldier first Came to be a lover :  
Therefore does your argument Turn out wrong all over.'

FLORA being out of breath, Stopped, and but requested  
That the merits of her cause Might at court be tested ;  
PHILLIS soon agreed thereto, Though she first protested,  
O'er the meadow they return Where they whilom rested.

Which one's lover loveth most Is the point disputed,  
So they choose a clever judge, And for truth reputed,  
Knowing well the lives of each, And the issue mooted ;  
Him to seek they now prepare, With all splendor suited.

Equal in their beauty they And their modest bearing,  
For the self-same cause to fight Equally preparing ;  
PHILLIS all in purest white, FLORA colors wearing :  
One will mount a steady mule, One a courser daring.

PHYLLIS' mule all mules above Without rival flourished ;  
 NEPTUNE's self had broken him, Yes, brought up and nourished ;  
 And when by the raging boar Sweet ADONIS perished,  
 NEPTUNE, VENUS to console, Sent the creature cherished.

Unto PHYLLIS' mother fair, First of all princesses,  
 VENUS gave the mule in time, For in her distresses  
 IBERINE upon her oft Welcome service presses.  
 PHYLLIS now from IBERINE This good beast possesses.

To his lovely rider's form Admirably fitted,  
 Beautiful and large he was, Excellently bitted ;  
 For his breaker trained him well, NEPTUNE, who, quick-witted,  
 To DIONE from afar Erst the beast transmitted.

All of silver shone the bit That his teeth were champing,  
 On the grass with silver shoes Went his proud feet stamping,  
 Round the saddle silver bells Sounded 'mid his tramping.\*

Truly PHYLLIS at the time Did not lack for splendor.  
 Signs of beauty, signs of wealth, Every where attend her.  
 Nor did FLORA's equipage Her less charming render.  
 On a courser richly decked Rode the maiden tender.

PEGASUS his reins to bear Would not be offended,  
 He was of such preciousness And so very splendid  
 In his glossy coloring Different hues contended,  
 Raven black and snowy white Equally were blended.

In the prime of life he was, Easy in his going,  
 Playful glances (not from vice) Oft behind him throwing.  
 Lofty was his rounded neck, Light his mane was flowing,  
 True his head, and small his ears, Pricked with gesture knowing.

When his mistress on his back Proudly took her station,  
 He of weight so light as hers Made no estimation.  
 Clean of leg and broad of foot, Full of animation,  
 He was all a master-piece, Worthy admiration.

Just as good the saddle was, Well the steed becoming,  
 All the frame-work ivory, Gold the border gleaming,  
 And a star-like gem was seen On the pommel beaming.†

\* THERE appears to be a line wanting here in the original.

† Not being at all sure of the meaning of this stanza, I give the original for the reader's satisfaction.

'A quo subraposita congruebat sella  
 Ebur enim medium claudat auri cella,  
 Et cum esset quatuor cellae capitella,  
 Venustavit cingulum gemma tquam stella.'

*cellae* here a *carved border*, as if from *caelo*? Quere also if we should not read *stingulum* (capitellum) for 'cingulum.' If the latter stands it must mean *poitrel* or *martingale*, as a gem would hardly be placed on the girth under a horse's belly. I shall be much obliged to any one who is sufficiently sed up in Middle-Age Latin to give me a hint.



Many deeds of by-gone days, Wonders without ending,  
Daintily were wrought thereon. Human art transcending ;  
MERCURY was married there,\* With the gods attending ;  
All the sponsal-rites were shown, All the wealth depending.

Not a spot was smooth or plain Any where about it.  
Very few the subjects knew Carved within, without it.  
Vulcan wrought it all alone. Such the work throughout it,  
Though his hands had framed the whole He did almost doubt it.

For indeed ACHILLES' shield MULCIBER neglecting  
Wrought the trappings, carefully Every part inspecting,  
Wrought the curb-chain, wrought the shoes Those good feet protecting,  
And from hair of his own wife Twined the reins connecting.

Purple stitched with finest thread Was the saddle cover,  
Which MINERVA, letting all Other work lie over,  
'Broidered with narcissus-flowers (Skilful did they prove her)  
Round the edge a pretty fringe Graced the pretty mover.

So the little ladies rode Side by side that morning,  
Modest faces, blooming cheeks, Each of them adorning ;  
They like lilies twain appear, Roses with no thorn in,  
Or two stars that down from heaven Fall without a warning.

Love's resplendent Paradise Is their destination.  
Both their eager faces show Pleasant indignation ;  
Each the other's mirth provokes With sweet emulation.  
One a falcon, one a hawk, Bears for the occasion.

So they ride and find the grove Ere they are long going.  
Near the entrance murmurs rise From a streamlet flowing.  
Redolent of myrrh and balm Came a wind fresh blowing.  
Harps and timbrels numerous Wake a measure glowing.

Organ, psalter, cymbal, lyre, Join their gratulation ;  
Marvellously pipes the flute, Swift in modulation.  
Every sound that can possess Man's imagination,  
Striking on the maiden's ears, Wins their admiration.

Every tongue of singing bird Swells its note sonorous ;  
Here the blackbird's voice is heard, Sweetest in the chorus ;  
Lively larks and cooing doves, Philomel decorous,  
Who to pity her old griefs, Ever doth implore us.

By the sounding instruments, by the tuneful voices,  
By the odors flowing forth Further than the noises,  
By the show of flow'rots fair Which the heart rejoices,  
You may know the court of Love : Here to dwell his choice is.

Maidenly they enter in, Hesitating, fearing,  
Yet becoming more in love While the spot they 're nearing,  
Close and closer now to them they the birds are hearing,  
Who in noises manifold Join, their head uprearing.

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\* MERCURY'S wedding was a favorite allegorical subject in the scholastic Middle-Ages. His bride was Miss PHILOLOGY.

One might there forever live, Alway death repelling.  
Every tree bears fruit enough Mortal fruits exolling.  
All the paths of cinnamon And of nard are smelling.  
You may guess the Master-God From his wondrous dwelling.

Bands of youths and lovely girls They behold advancing,  
Every one of fairest form, Constellations glancing.  
Till so many prodigies Round about them dancing,  
Strike the maidens with surprise Both their hearts entrancing.

So they stop, and both alight, Very nigh forgetting,  
As that goodly band came on, All their fight and petting.  
Suddenly they hear again PHILOMEL's sweet fretting.  
In their maiden veins again Is the full tide setting.

Mid the very deepest grove Is an arbor o'er him,  
Where the god is wont to be, Where they most adore him.  
Fauns and Nymphs and Satyrs there With a jolly quorum  
Sing to sounding tamborines, Merrily before him.

Wreaths of flowers in hand they bear, Fragrant herbs they 're heaping.  
BACCHUS sets the Nymphs to dance While the Fauns are peeping;  
Both their feet and instruments Equal measure keeping,  
Save SILENUS, who breaks in Staggering and leaping.

Nodding on his long-eared beast Like a pack of lumber,  
CUPID's mirth he greatly moves, Overcome with slumber.  
He in broken strains attempts Ditties without number.  
Age and wine oppress his tongue And his voice encumber.

CYTHEREA's son at last Shows him to his minions  
Hard as steel his handsome face, On his head are pinions.  
Then his arrows and his bow Strengthen their opinions,  
Well they know the mighty Lord Of those fair dominions.

On a sceptre leans the boy Twined with many a flower,  
From his well-arranged locks Dews of nectar shower;  
Graces three on bended knee Own their master's power,  
And present a brimming cup, Standing near his bower.

Nigher now the virgins draw Safe in adoration,  
Of the god's immortal youth Wrapt in contemplation.  
Much rejoicing at his power They approach his station.  
Them the god beholding come, Meets, with gratulation.

Why they came he asks of them : Quickly told the case is.  
For their deed of enterprise Both of them he praises.  
Till the suit to judgment goes He their spirits raises  
With kind words alternately, For he ne'er betrays his.

Well they know the God of Love *Was* a god, which knowing  
All details there was no need They should wait for showing.  
So they sit and rest themselves And their horses blowing,  
While he bids his judges say What is meet and owing.

Love has courts and judges twain: He is their approver,  
 Use and Nature are the two, Wise the whole world over.  
 They, from fact and theory, State what they discover,  
 That the scholar is by far The most ardent lover.

Straight approved their judgment was By the court Elysian,  
 Which preserved to future times That correct decision.  
 Therefore for their interests They 've a narrow vision  
 Who prefer a soldier-love, And deserve derision.

CARL BENDIS.

## SOARINGS OF A GROUND-BIRD.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO.

### THE DIVINITY IN MAN.

THERE is a word whose utterance makes the pinions of my spirit flutter. From the 'depths of the divine' it wings its way, a 'vocal pathos' echoing through the vastitude of that space which lies between my soul and Heaven. And as a snow-white dove it comes, laying before me, as well as *all* around whom roar and battle 'the clutching waves of sin,' the olive leaf, the token of a regenerate world, an assurance and a hope!

Had I the wings of the brave eagle, fixing my eyes steadfastly upon the centre and the soul of life and joy, I would soar into the far depths with a song which the world should hush itself to hear, telling of the divinity in man, of which, alas! I know not, if I may even *spea*k, worthily.

Love! what a holy, what a heavenly word is this! Clothed upon with the glory of the INVISIBLE, how majestically tender doth its spirit gaze upon us faint and weary mortals! How gently on the lip resteth the sweet sound of its uttered name! How softly its golden sandalled feet tread through the chambers of the mind! How easily this messenger of God, moving through the wilderness of time, wins its silent way to and through the guarded portals of the heart!

No 'cunningly devised fable' came ever to the ear of wondering mortal, breathing forth such 'mysterious revelations,' as this little word makes known. No fairy gift opened ever the fancy of dreamer to so beautiful and grand a world as this key of heavenliest knowledge has in its power to unfold. In its grasp lies all the world of truth and justice; all the world of poetry and imagination; all the world of God. The gems of earth and sea flash and shine mere worthlessness, when compared with this effulgence of the DIVINE, revealed in the souls of mortal men. It is the rainbow of promise which forbids the death of Hope; the tree of knowledge, whose fruit whosoever will may gather freely; the everlasting covenant that binds man to his Maker, in a blessed union. Profaned, debased, prostituted by application, the hol-

ness of Love's name has been; but pure as the archangels, of which indeed it is the chief and lord, stands Love the subduer, the bleaser, the refiner, the chastener!

From the stillness of the Past comes an echoing of a truth, which in the midst of all executions of a righteous wrath, and the work of a just judgment, still wings its way round the world, penetrating every soul at whose door its 'mysterious knocking' is heard, 'God is love.' Oh, would that these souls might stand forth unabashed in the purity of the light cast from the throne, and send up an answering cry, significant of the accomplishment of redemption's work: *man is love!* And what *is* love? With a dear friend I might reply: 'Nothing beyond a dictionary has ever pretended to answer,' satisfactorily. And can a dictionary tell to the panting, thirsting soul, *what* is love? No! Properly, there can be to every man but one answer to this interrogation: the voice in the heart. Over its troubled chaos God breathes, and the voice is born; then arises in the inner man a consciousness that needeth no interpreter, and we stand up enlightened gloriously; and looking no longer with blinded eyes on one another, we know as we have never known before. 'Heart answers to heart;' and surely, if ever a glad song is hymned among the angels, it is in such hours of soul recognition and union among those who erst labored under, and bore wearily the curse of sin estrangement.

I would not call love that ephemeral thing which a word or a glance can breathe into existence; there exists not among human beings any such creative power, which a word or a look can wound mortally and destroy utterly. Human beings are not empowered to thus annihilate spiritual agencies. Neither can love be that passion which exalts a mortal to the high throne in the affections, which is consecrate from the beginning by a divine law to Deity alone; which nothing but Deity can inhabit, save by usurpation. Least of all can be called love that sensual desire whose gratification implies wretched degradation of soul, abandonment of moral principle, transgression and abasement of the immutable laws of virtue and rectitude.

It is certainly inconceivable that the idea of this divinity in man, conveyed in the scriptural declaration, 'God is love,' will admit of any such definitions. Neither is it to be believed that the Apostle's entreaty, 'let us love one another,' was an idle, a meaningless entreaty. The missionaries of Jesus were not wont to utter vain precepts. There was a solemn significance in all the lessons of duty to which their lips gave utterance. If, therefore, God *is* love, and love is solemnly commended to us, must it not of necessity be a pure, a holy sentiment; one that will always exalt and ennoble, and *never* debase? Must it not be *the* spirit which makes a heaven of the soul that receives it? Must not this capacity to love be the crowning happiness; the crowning distinction and honor of humanity? And may not that mortal who does verily and indeed love, be said to 'entertain an angel,' though, Oh blessed thought! *not* 'unawares'?

Numberless have been the advocates of love since its first sublime manifestation in the work of creation. God, the FATHER, the life of love, has given into the hands of *all* his Apostles credentials, by which

the whole world may know that they are commissioned. Our SAVIOUR bore upon himself the cross of love. Its thorny crown was laid upon his brow by a people who mocked at the name. In all the relations of life which he sustained, as a child, a son, a friend, a teacher, & redeemer, how eminently did this soul of his being, this divinity within him, shine forth!

The sacred missionaries who waited on his path, who learned of him what a high, what a glorious work was theirs, to make known to all men the love of God to man! Their virtues did not die away with them; their work was not ended when the Evangelist was laid in the grave. When their hands fell from the plough, there were others to advance, glad to bear the cross, despising the shame, so they might only make known more universally that greater than riches, than power, than glory, was the love with which CHRIST loved us!

Oh men! Oh women! to whom these tidings of great joy have come, to you, even as unto those chosen fishermen of Galilee, is the word, which surely needs no interpretation given: 'Go and tell of love!'

But preach it not with words, not with words only, or principally. One deed of self-forgetfulness, one act of charity, one smile of encouragement, one effort to uplift the morally degraded, one whisper in the ear of the lonely, forsaken penitent, oh, in the hearts of men and in the eye of Heaven such outgoings of thy love will be more acceptable than a thousand sounding words. Chiefly by deeds, among us who live so much by sight, will the Holy Presence be recognised.

So often profaned has been this everlasting 'God-word' by association of deed and thought, so often debased by connection with unworthy acts has been this effulgence of Almightiness, that to many minds it has lost its elevated, true meaning. So outraged by application has the very name been, that multitudes, heart-sick with the alluring, deceiving mirage of the desert, have sent up a scoff and a mocking laugh when they have heard the word 'love' taken reverentially upon the lip! God knows, in the connections and dependencies of life we have need to believe with a never-questioning faith in the reality of this! If love be not our Bethlehem-star to guide, we are indeed miserable; we shall be lost in the darkness!

There is something beautiful and inexpressibly touching in the affections manifested, not so much uttered, perhaps, as looked and acted, in the devotion of the very young to those on whose care they depend; in whom they see no fault, in whom, to their understanding, is embodied the glorious idea of perfectness. But no less beautiful, and far more touching, is the love which binds together elder beings; those in the noon-day of life, who, having survived, struggled with and conquered the sickening sense of disappointment which every mortal feels on first awaking to the conviction that their idols are of clay, return again with attachment which is strengthened by the trial of enlightenment; return to love, despite all follies, faults and sins; return to love, with a hopeful and forbearing tenderness, conscious of similar follies, faults and sins, strong to bear with, mighty to love! Such beings having so awakened, having so returned to the wiser, more sentient affec-

tion, are prepared for self-sacrifice, for self-immolation, for a lofty and full development of the Divinity within !

I but echo the words of another in saying : ' It seems as though the *truest* love could never be satisfied with any thing less than God ! ' He who has known the deep, abiding, *full* satisfaction which fills the soul that has struggled for God's blessing with agony and with tears, and which has at last obtained that blessing, is prepared, and no other preparation is needed, to arise and go forth and bless in turn, in *whatever* way it is possible for him to bless. Not within the circle of his own dear household will the affections of such a one centre ; not at the altar of his own particular church will his great offering be laid ; not within the borders of the country of his birth will his affections be limited ; not alone around those of his own hue will the arms of his divinity be laid ; oh, no ! from his warm heart prayers will ascend for *all* the dwellers upon earth ; at the door of a common humanity his love will knock for entrance ; he will know no distinctions of rank or station ; he will acknowledge no degradation but that of vice ; will see no glory but that of moral, spiritual excellence. Such a man, with sympathies which know no limitation, will be conscious of a love that is worthy its heavenly origin ; such a being will live a truly glorious life ; such a one can alone be said to *truly live*.

The affection which binds together man and woman as husband and wife is, when found in healthful existence, a sacred affection. Such an alliance between souls bound toward eternity is holy : the pearl which gems the brow of those so united is of exceeding great price.

The mass of earth's inhabitants is preëminently fitted for sustaining such relations. The marriage-covenant was instituted by the ALMIGHTY. When we behold such countless shipwrecks of their peace who thus bind themselves together, the question will arise : ' Is this sacrament of marriage rightly understood ? Is it wisely partaken by those who thus set the seal to their earthly unhappiness ? ' The heart grows faint with the thought of the profanation offered unto Love by the too common manner of fulfilling the marriage vows. The continual jarring discord, the passion, the disappointment, the coldness and estrangement, among those on whom God's blessing is sought when they are joined together ; the frequent divorces, desertions, and worse desecrations of the laws of virtue, as existing now so palpably among many of the wedded, is cause enough for our pausing to contemplate this phase of *Love's* development ; cause enough for forcing every man and woman to bethink what are the motives which should, and the motives which do, unite them.

With those marriages whose propriety is suggested by the whispers of self-interest, we have nothing to do. They who dare vow to ' love, honor and obey,' to ' cherish, comfort and support,' know of course, when they make these vows, that they speak falsely ; that they never will fulfil more than the letter of the law, mayhap not even that. Such may look for happiness in their union, and it is not astonishing if they find such as they seek. In advancing their fortunes, in securing a better position in the world, in having a husband, in ' sporting a wife,' in

making a 'capital match,' they find their cause and source of joy. Of these we have naught to say: they themselves would probably never think of asserting that love was the foundation of union. Love being to their apprehension such a mere dead-letter, they would seek for more expressive language wherewith to make known the reasonable causes for union among mortals.

Question the girl not yet quite released from school duties, whose eyes are fixed with longing on the future, to whom the real things of life are all rose-hued and purple; ask *her*, 'What is love?' — and there will be a flushing of her young face, and a warmer rush to her heart and a tumultuous beating there, which tell that she has had sweet *dreams* of the existence, if she does not really *know*, of the divinity within her. Self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness, enters largely into her ideas of this love. What would she not do, what would she not dare and bear, for the Ideal; for him whom, of all the hosts Imagination draws around her, she loves only, wholly, truly? When she goes into the world — the world, to her vision, so overflowing with light and love and beauty — what meets her, who treads on air, the sunlight of heaven's smile making bright her way, the soft melody of angel-songs breathing through her soul? Perhaps the dream of her girlhood transforms itself into a living, glorious reality. One may meet her there to take her by the hand and lead her through the paths of life. He is the very personation of her ideal; she bows to him, yields to him, gives him her heart, with its 'wealth of tenderness,' sees through a glass darkly all his imperfections, moral, natural, and mental. There is no room then in her mind for any thought but of him. Her prayers are fraught with but one name; she lives but in his life. Oh, happiest of dreamers! most miserable of awakeners!

When the passion which mortal strength cannot long endure passes, it may not be in years, it may be early, yet too late, there is left a void, a gloom, a chaos in her heart, which tells how terribly is visited on the Human the sin of robing wholly with earthly garments the Divine!

Who will doubt, that knows of human life as it is, that a strong, deep, human love is needed to bear the spirit up in trial, suffering and loss: but it is not this absorbing passion that will answer; too essentially human is it, to endure.

I have in my mind's eye two beings, of whose divorces the world will never hear; of whose domestic wretchedness, of whose heart-disappointment, no ear will ever be pained with the hearing. Beautiful, though very different, illustrations do they afford of the divinity which is revealed in every *true* development of the love which mortals bear toward one another. The one, in the perfect loveliness of her womanhood, bowed her heart to another heart as lofty and as noble as her own, and there was the strength and duration of eternity in the tie which bound them together. Natural beauty was not the attractive power; more exalted position in society was not what either sought; increase of fortune, of worldly wealth, was not the cementing power which erected them, a wall of strength, against which the world ~~must~~ battle vainly ever. The virtue, the religion in the heart of each; the calm trust in the mercy of God; aspirations after perfection; ~~and~~

for the sin and corruption which reign among men ; deep and abiding hope and faith in the mercy with which HEAVEN regards HIS children of the earth, were the habits of mind, mutually perceived, which drew them together. Faith in the great capacities of moral and mental development in morals, a deep and cordial respect for each other's character, which finally merged into a pure and steadfast love ; these were the causes of their union. The way of these twain is in the world, among the worldly ; but gladness and sunshine is in the woman's heart, and she will never bow to the false gods of earth ; and this man, uncorrupted, undefiled by the temptations which assail, will, by the help of the God through whom he lives and moves, remain through life ' unspotted from the world.' God's blessing rest forever upon them !

There is another, around whose early life was thrown little of romance, or the visible forms of beauty. From childhood her soul was athirst ; but though it was her lot to dwell in an isolated land ' where no water is,' the kindly dews of heaven fell upon and strengthened her. Looking with weary eyes around her, even in early life she saw nothing that could satisfy the cravings of her spirit ; and from the unsatisfying things that were seen, to the eternal beauty of the unseen, yet not *dimly*-guessed-of beyond, she turned.

God, the strength of love, heard her patient supplications, her cry of faith, and He was very gracious unto her. Then did she forget the loneliness, the gloom, the want of sympathy ; there sprang up a fountain that proved unfailing in the desert ; a beautiful oasis was discovered even there, and in the pleasant shade of palm-trees sat she down to rest.

In after years a broader meaning of the ' God-word' burst upon her happy heart ; a new light flooded all former conceptions of the true Life of life. She married ; and there was a truth, a reflex of the immortal virtue which is destined to outlive this mortal life, in her assenting word. There was a promise of firm affection, of pure devotion, beautiful as that manifest in the choice of Ruth ; in her, when she said to her beloved, ' Where thou goest I will go ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' And she went forth with him in the paths of a new life, knowing that she must bear and endure, that she must meet the storm as well as the sunshine, and that weeds and tares would grow and blossom among the flowers which would bloom for her. The duty devolving upon woman will she ever nobly fulfil, her spirit acknowledging, while it clings to the earthly, that in God alone the loftiest love finds its full satisfaction ; that in heaven only the heart can truly know of that crowning blessedness, that fulness of joy, that glorious love, of which now we at best conceive so faintly, and so often profanely.

Ah, would that *all* who are given in marriage would recognise the truth as she has recognised it ! Then should we see none of that wild castle-building whose falling ruins crush so miserably the fancy and the vain hope that reared them. Then should we cease searching for what has no real existence. Then should we learn, that in loving as the angels apprehend, we should be strengthened to do all things well !



Exalt the standard of love : let it not be confounded with an evanescent fancy, a deceiving passion, a wicked desire, and the miseries attendant on this divinity would no longer remain such popular proverbs. Purify the spirit of love, strengthen it, rouse it effectually from a diseased existence; what would follow? Surely the great heart of humanity would not become chilled, cold, insensible, dead!

If we come to see each other in the true manliness and womanliness of our human nature; if we dispense entirely forever with the mists of frenzied imagination, shall we lose ground? Shall we be degraded mutually by this truthful contemplation? Believe it not!

How much of wonderful and beautiful significance is there in this name, LOVE! How much of attractive, independent power there is in this spirit, LOVE! Oh, it is no will-o'-the-wisp, but an angel, that leads us, not certainly oftenest over beds of moss, through gardens of thornless roses! The blood of martyrs who for love's sake bent meekly under the axe of the executioner; the cross of our MASTER, the incarnate JESUS; are not these a witness and a proof, if we need look abroad for such, that ease, luxury and selfish enjoyment are not the ends for which we were created; are not the issue, are not the reality of love. Through the instrumentality of this divinity in man do we receive assurance of earth's final release from bondage to sin. Not in these bloody wars, which kindle the evil spirits of the nations; not in these strifes for precedence, not in these efforts for increase of dominion, does the hope of our final and complete redemption from the thralldom of sin lie.

When the sound of battling armies shall be hushed forever; when the greedy thirst for gain finds lodgment no longer in the souls of men; when the bondmen of Satan rise, and quaff no more the poisoned waters of moral leprosy and death; when the Angel of the Lord comes forth in the heavens to proclaim the beginning of the Prince of Peace's reign, then shall we know that a power mightier than all the armies of earth has been acting on the heart's corruption with all the purifying influences of fire; then shall we know that love has been understood; that it has arisen and put on its mighty power; that it has flung away the disguises mortals would put upon it, assumed its own 'beautiful garments,' and finally appeared the agent of the ALMIGHTY; the purification and the exaltation of humanity. Recognised then, a perpetually reproducing power, love will bring forth its natural, its heavenly fruits, of justice, of truth, of forbearance, endurance, forgiveness, charity, faith, hope; in short, of perfect religion.

Oh, let us learn of it now! Inasmuch as this life is but the dim-lit corridor leading into the dominions of our FATHER's glory, the Land of Love, let us purify our hearts, let us recognise and act upon the presumption of the immutable necessity of godliness of living; instead of charming the heart and its affections in a bondage to earth, against which Reason with her loud voice cries, let us raise our hopes and aspirations; let us exalt our loves, and never of these toys of earth assert, 'Herewith I am content.'

The God of Love be with you!

## L O V E, A C H I L D.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY L. A. ROSEN MILLER, M. D.

## I.

WILT shield the butterfly from harm,  
 Wouldst thou the God of Love reform,  
 His time by change beguiled ?  
 Or sing ye with superior fire,  
 With wisdom's lore upon the lyre ?  
 The winds that hear are wild !  
 He 'll leave you as he would a toy ;  
 Why heed ye then the thoughtless boy ?  
 He 's but a child !

## II.

Has wealth detained the giddy god ?  
 Beware ! he 'll break the gilded rod,  
 With golden burthen piled !  
 Unsteady as the billowy sea,  
 A bell's sweet tone attracts him ; see  
 How from thee he is wiled !  
 Away the golden toys he threw ;  
 What can you with the rascal do ?  
 He 's but a child !

## III.

Art angry ? — it excites no fears ;  
 You chide, and he but stops his ears ;  
 You frown, but he is blind ;  
 You deem your threats may stay his wiles ;  
 The rascal in the corner smiles,  
 New artifice compiled.  
 The lion mocks, with dragons plays ;  
 Ye cannot cure his headstrong ways :  
 He 's but a child !

## IV.

You grasp at length toward his rod ;  
 Soon humbly bows the haughty god,  
 By breath of spring beguiled :  
 He flings his arms around your neck,  
 The false tears flowing o'er his cheek  
 In traces warm and mild ;  
 From tearful eyes the smiles peep through :  
 What can ye with the flatterer do ?  
 He 's but a child !

## JOHN IN PATMOS.

BY CHARLES E. SMITH.

I.

GENTLE and musical the waves were leaping  
 Up the sharp rocks that girdled Patmos' isle,  
 And the cloud-builders, sprites of air, were heaping  
 Their snowy architecture, pile on pile,  
 When on a mountain whose tall cone was sleeping  
 In the soft dream of blue that round it spread,  
 A prophet of the Son of God was keeping  
 Remembrance of the day he left the dead.

II.

JOHN was in exile, yet no vulgar notion  
 Of the great worth of freedom bade him pine;  
 But with the fulness of a saint's devotion  
 He saw in all a Providence benign.  
 Before him stretched the circling realm of ocean,  
 And the near hill-tops that in sun-light lay;  
 But he, abstracted from earth's life and motion,  
 Was in the spirit on the Sabbath-day.

III.

And on his stirred and raptured soul was weighing  
 A sense of glory; of a Presence near,  
 Who heard the gushing of his heart when praying,  
 And hearing, answered; but with sudden fear  
 He felt the mountain underneath him swaying,  
 He saw the landscape darkening from sight,  
 And in his ear there was a summons, saying,  
 'Come up and see, and what thou seest write!'

IV.

See the first heaven with dizzy change surrender  
 Its realm of floating cloud and summer blue;  
 The second heaven of planet-crowded splendor  
 Fades from the sight as opens into view  
 An earth more fair and green, a sky more tender,  
 Than that which greets our sense-illuminated sight,  
 Where neither frost nor sunbeam's heat engender  
 Earth's desert scenes of parched and frigid blight.

V.

A sense of music o'er his heart was flowing,  
 Though from the earth rolled up no anthem-peal;  
 A sense of brightness on his eye was glowing,  
 Though trance had set upon its lid a seal;  
 A sense of soft and balmy breezes blowing  
 From the green borders of the Stream of Life;  
 A sense of cherished hope to knowledge growing;  
 A sense of respite from earth's care and strife.

## VI.

That music was of ransomed spirits singing,  
 Freed from the weakness that they wore in time ;  
 That brightness was the crystal city springing  
 From the fresh hill-sides of that happier clime ;  
 And in those blandly-tempered airs was clinging  
 The scent of flowers removed from mortal reach,  
 While through the chambers of his soul were ringing  
 Meanings that spurned the fettering of speech.

## VII.

Then stood before him in that revelation  
 The kinglier presence of that PRINCE who came  
 And trod the rugged pathway of probation,  
 And lived in lowliness, and died in shame,  
 That sinful man might know of free salvation,  
 And, passed from earthly to eternal things,  
 Might view his risen SAVIOUR's lofty station,  
 Throned as the ' Lord of Lords and King of Kings.'

## VIII.

Then came, in shapes gigantic and appalling,  
 The prophet-types of wonders yet to be,  
 And mighty voices through the deeps were calling,  
 Which spoke of kingdoms and their destiny :  
 Of Zion through the future ages walling,  
 Earth with Truth's sure defences, high and strong,  
 Of gospel grace the nations disenthraling,  
 Of discords calmed to earth's millennial song.

## IX.

The mystic meaning of these types divining,  
 He saw that CHRIST would set the nations free ;  
 That the strong ' vine,' round trunk and branches twining,  
 Would climb and crush sin's shading upas-tree ;  
 And from his heart there came no vain repining,  
 As passed from sight the city and the throne ;  
 In the still sky the midnight stars were shining,  
 And JOHN was on the mountain-top alone.

## X.

There is a Patmos in the soul's seclusion,  
 When from the tumult of earth's cares we flee ;  
 When round the rock-bound will the world's intrusion  
 Rolls up the billows of its restless sea ;  
 When inland far, remote from its confusion,  
 The climbing spirit treads the peaks of thought,  
 Where, through the flying clouds of life's delusion,  
 Home to the soul eternal scenes are brought.

## XI.

Oh, that these deathless powers, which long have herded  
 With the low, sensuous tenants of the vale,  
 Sandalled for treading steeps, for struggling girded,  
 The holier heights of thought would dare to scale ;  
 Then would their puny strength be grown and sturdied  
 In calmer solitudes and purer air,  
 And faith's deep mysteries, unvoiced, unworded,  
 Would come in visions on the mount of prayer.

## THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

ON the way to my hotel I revolved this interview, to discover a clue to the unexpected conduct of Vautrey. I came to the conviction that he had, in a manner, spoken truth with regard to himself. He had run so completely the round of pleasures, that they sickened rather than gratified: his life had been so continually spent in making enemies and in opposing them, that he was tired of strife, and longed to be at peace. It was especially undesirable to provoke a quarrel at the present time, when his plans were about to be realized, and particularly dangerous to excite *me* to further opposition. Such being his feelings and position, his conduct — taking into view his adroitness to adapt himself to occasions, without scruple — was easily explained.

Although foiled in my object, I was not deceived. But without some assent to our action from Leila, what, after all, could be done? As it was, she was resolutely determined to prevent any interference in her behalf. And so, thought I, Laurent de Vautrey triumphs at last! this is the reward of a life of wickedness! after he is satisfied with every thing the senses can enjoy; after years of debauchery and violence, he is to lay hold on the only happiness that remains, and to possess the only object he desires. A thoughtless reproach of Providence was about to escape my lips, but I restrained it.

Leila, then, was to be sacrificed. How little really did Vautrey know of woman's nature; how mistaken was he in supposing his had been the school in which to learn it. Before reaching the Stadt-Prüssien, I had formed a new design; I would make an effort to see my cousin, and try what persuasion would do. Taking a carriage, I drove to the house of Madame de Marschelin. She was at home, and I thought it best to obtain what information I could from her. This lady was one of those fortunate persons with whom the world always goes smoothly; though kind-hearted and amiable, she had not soul enough to suffer from any occurrence that was likely to happen. She could not understand the calamity which had now fallen upon the lovers, or the agony it brought with it. I found little satisfaction in my conversation with her. She was distressed that Leila was so unhappy. She wondered how her father could have been so cruel; but fathers *were* cruel sometimes; at least young girls were apt to think so; not that Leila thought so; she was a sweet creature, a pattern of obedience; she loved her as if she were her own child — she was sure she did. Who could tell but it was best so? Count Vautrey was of a noble family; he was said to be too gay; but, doubtless, he would reform. I grew faint under this good-natured exhibition of heartlessness, and without attempting to prolong the interview, asked if I could see my cousin. Madame de Marschelin regretted that it was impossible, 'Leila, poor

child, would see no one.' At length I prevailed upon Madame to take her a note, in these words :

'Leila, I must see you before the ceremony. I claim this as your kinsman and natural protector.'

In a few minutes she returned, with the following :

'It is impossible — do not urge it.'

'I knew it would be so,' said her guardian : 'dear child, how firm ! well, I suppose it is all for the best.'

It was late in the afternoon ; sick at heart, exhausted by fatigue, weak for want of food — having tasted nothing since my early breakfast at the half-way house — I returned to the Stadt-Prüssien. There I found Macklorne and Wallenroth, impatiently waiting for me. The former had evidently been exerting himself to sustain his companion, and, in so doing, assumed a cheerfulness which he could not feel. I gave a report of my own movements, which seemed to take away what remained of hope — yet Macklorne would not despair. There is another day left. Providence will not desert us ; let us hope yet. An ample dinner, prepared by the considerate directions of Macklorne, was in readiness ; and after it, overcome by fatigue of body and mind, we all retired.

Through the night I was oppressed with dreams and night-mare. At one time I was at home in Warwickshire, listening with a heavy heart to the arguments of De Lisle ; then suddenly transported to St. Kilda, where, losing my footing, I seemed falling from the cliffs of Conagra into the foaming abyss below ; next I was at Glencoe, bending over the wounded Glenfinglas, while fierce black eyes glowered at me from the adjoining thicket ; and then I was walking in the professor's garden, with Theresa Von Hofrath, and while enjoying her companionship, Leila came running down the walk pursued by Vautrety, and implored my protection. The violence of the appeal awoke me. Starting up, I discovered that it was not yet day. But I could sleep no more. The leaden weight that had oppressed me when a child now sat upon my heart. Memory, of all the faculties, was most wakeful. I revolved the scenes of my childhood ; I thought of my mother and her gentle counsels ; I essayed to repeat the little prayers she used to teach me ; and Conscience then whispered that I had sinned against God and my own soul, but I controlled myself and was calm. I resolved not to yield to nervous fears or to be miserable without a cause. Then I thought I would commend myself to God, and summon Faith to my assistance. I tried, and — could not. At length I remembered where I was, and for what, and my mind sought relief in thinking what might yet be done for Leila. Thus occupied, I lay till it was quite light, when I rose, dressed, and went down.

Macklorne was up before me. Wallenroth, he said, after a most unquiet night, had just fallen asleep. At the end of considerable discussion we concluded we had done all which could be done, without Leila's assistance ; but that we would be present at the marriage ceremony, ready to take advantage of anything favorable to our hopes. As a last expedient I despatched a note to Leila, stating our designs, begging she would still reconsider her decision, and giving assurance,

that at the last moment even we should be ready to rescue her. I myself knew too well her resolute spirit to believe anything could alter her determination.

The time passed gloomily. We did not separate, but continued to discuss one project after another, with feverish excitement. We walked about the town, we visited the cathedral, we went up to the altar, and stood where Vautrey and Leila were to stand. We even selected the place whence we should ourselves observe the ceremonial; Heinrich acquiescing, as one to whom every thing had become indifferent. Afterward, restless and impatient, we paced up and down the street.

The day was spent. The hour arrived which should give Leila Saint Leger to Laurent de Vautrey. A few minutes before this, Wallenroth, Macklorne, and myself, had taken our places by a small chapel on the left of the altar. The immense wax candles around it were burning; they emitted no cheerful light, but added to the gloom which pervaded the cathedral. After a few minutes two carriages drove up, and presently Leila entered, leaning upon the arm of Madame de Marschelin, followed closed by Vautrey. Several attendants on either side waited at the door within the church.

As Leila advanced, my eyes were fastened upon her. I endeavored to mark some sign of wavering purpose, but could not; her face was very pale, but her step was firm, her form erect, her air composed and dignified—she would do nothing even in appearance to violate the spirit of her promise. Vautrey, too, bore himself with an easy elegance, which under other circumstances would have challenged my admiration. An anxious furtive glance thrown around the gloomy chapel and recesses of the cathedral, however, gave evidence of some perturbation of spirit. They approached the altar together. For an instant I turned to look at my companions. Wallenroth seemed stupified, and was gazing vacantly on the scene; Macklorne, on the contrary, was excited to an almost incredible degree; a frown was upon his brow; his eyes shone with fierceness; his form was dilated; his breathing distinctly audible. The sound of the priest's voice brought my attention back to the parties; up to this moment I was calm; now a tremor seized me, a giddy sensation oppressed me, and I leaned against one of the columns for support.

The ceremony went on—the moments to me seemed ages; the responses had been demanded and were made by Leila, in a firm unwavering voice; and the priest had taken the ring in order to complete the rite. At this moment a moan at my side caused me to turn; Wallenroth had sunk down insensible. The priest paused, startled by the interruption; a gesture from Vautrey recalled him to his duty; but now a slight disturbance was heard, proceeding from the entrance; the noise increased—the priest paused again—when a hideous creature, with the aspect of a fiend, darted swiftly forward, and before one could say what it was, lighted with a single bound upon the shoulders of the count. I saw the glitter of steel aloft, and flashing suddenly downward; I saw Vautrey fall heavily upon the mosaic—*dead*. His executioner crouched a moment over him with a brute fierceness, then drew the dirk from the wound; and as drops of blood fell from its

point, sprang quickly toward me, shaking the weapon with a wild and triumphant air, and exclaiming: 'Tat's petter dune.' The truth flashed upon me—I beheld in the repulsive wretch before me the creature we had encountered at the toll-gate—the wild savage seen at St. Kilda—the fierce cataran of the highlands, the leal subject of Glenfinglas—*Donacha Mac Ian*.

It is impossible to describe the suddenness with which all this took place. A scene of confusion ensued; the party about the door ran in and secured the miserable Donacha, who indeed made no resistance.

Macklorne rushed forward and bent over the body of the murdered man; Wallenroth's senses returned and he was at Leila's side. She herself, though nearly overcome by the horror of the scene, looked as if breathing grateful thanks to Heaven.

Madame de Marschelin was for a moment in bodily terror of the assassin; that removed, she became composed, and remarked that it was an awful visitation of Providence. The priest was nowhere to be seen; he had fled into a private recess, and did not appear till satisfied all danger was past. For myself, I stood and surveyed the spectacle. All that I had ever known of Leila and of Vautre passed, as a single thought, through my mind; another seal was set to a life-impression. What was man, proud man in the hands of the ALMIGHTY? How futile his plans—how vain his hopes—how mysterious his end!

I went up, and with Macklorne attempted to raise the body of the unfortunate Vautre. Calling to the attendants, who now approached, we succeeded with their assistance in placing it in the carriage, which we accompanied to his late apartments.

Macklorne undertook to convey information of the catastrophe to parties named by Madame de Marschelin as business agents of the count. Friend or relative he had none.

The next day, impelled by a curiosity I could not restrain, I made inquiry for Donacha, and was told that, although placed as was supposed in secure confinement, he had managed to escape from prison, and could not be found. I learned afterward that in a very short space of time he presented himself to Glenfinglas at Kilchurn Castle, and holding up the blood-stained dirk, fell at the feet of his master and expired, illustrating the nature of his relentless spirit and the fierce and indomitable passions which sustained him to the last.

It is time to pause.

Leila is happy in the arms of Heinrich Wallenroth. Francis and Margaret Moncrieff are both agreeably wedded. Hubert and Ella, gay and light-hearted, are satisfied with the world. At Bertold Castle time passes serenely and without drawback.

For myself—what? Theresa, I hasten to you—no, I must not. The resolution is taken.

Come, Macklorne, let us out into life.

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#### TRUE CONSERVATISM.

Yes, O conservative lord! there should be master and servant,  
But not thine is the mind would with God's order agree;  
Thou wouldst have orders indeed if thou art sure to be master,  
That is the lordly mind willing a servant to be.



## L A N D B R E E Z E S .

BY WM. B. GLASSER.

Down some bright river hast thou never drifted,  
 And marked on either side  
 Green fields and slopes, with cedar valleys rifted,  
 That met the wooing tide?

Fair groves all panoplied with Summer's armor,  
 Knolls where the wild bee roams,  
 And o'er the whole a deeper light and warmer;  
 The light of happy homes.

And as thy bark was downward dropping slowly  
 By spots and scenes like these,  
 Upon thy brow, with kisses calm and holy,  
 Lingered the warm land-breeze.

The river widened, and its sandy verges  
 Crept from thee either way;  
 And on thine ear were borne the ocean's surges,  
 Upon thy lip its spray.

In its tumultuous strife and ceaseless tossing,  
 Its agony and storm,  
 From shores that thou hadst left, thy damp brow crossing,  
 Blew soft that land-breeze warm.

Unnoticed then were billows huge and dashing,  
 Unmarked the tempest's roar;  
 Thou only heardest the waters crisply washing  
 Upon the river's shore.

Down some bright stream of song thy heart has floated,  
 And seen, each side inclined,  
 Far stretching plains to noblest thought devoted;  
 Green hill-sides of the mind.

Fair groves where earnest hopes were boldly growing,  
 Gardens of Love and Truth;  
 And o'er the whole the poet's heart was throwing  
 Its passion and its youth.

By bluffs of wit, by nooks of fancy gliding,  
 Drifted thy bark along;  
 While o'er thy spirit, with a sweet abiding,  
 Dallied the breeze of song.

Till the perpetual swell of fierce emotion,  
 Of restless care and strife,  
 Foretold that thou wert nearing that broad ocean;  
 The mighty sea of life.

Across its waves, forever high and crested,  
 Forever icy cold,  
 Fluttered that breeze from shores where once it rested,  
 And lapped thee in its fold.

Oh weary voyager on that Atlantic  
 Of human wo and wrong!  
 Didst thou not see its billows wild and frantic  
 Lulled by the breeze of song?

Hallowell, (Me.) March 28th, 1850.

## FABLES AND FABULISTS.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

It is not often that a fisherman's patience is more amply rewarded than mine was the other day, while angling in the somewhat turbid lake of French literature. Shall I tell you precisely what I caught, reader; where I caught it, and how? Well, I took up a volume containing some choice *morceaux* from Florian—pray, allow me to drop the figure with which I started; for it is rather heavy, and I cannot well carry it any farther—and, at the outset, I found some excellent thoughts on the prominent fabulists of ancient and modern times, and the origin, history and genius of apologue. These thoughts are so instructive and truthful, so racy and rich, so well conceived, and withal, so elegantly expressed, as to render quite superfluous an apology for their reiteration. I like them on many accounts, and not less for the antidote they afford to the stereotyped and matter-of-fact dissertations which abound on different branches of polite literature, especially on the poetic art, constructed by men who set themselves up as scribes and rabbis in the literary sanhedrim; and who, moreover, know no more of the things whereof they affirm so dogmatically and oracularly, than a blind man knows of the hues of the rainbow.

But who was this Florian? A man who deserves to be better known. He was contemporary with Voltaire, and the two were intimate friends, an uncle of Florian having married a niece of Voltaire. In 1788, he became a member of the French Academy, and was one of the ornaments of that institution until his death. He wrote many things well, but fables, perhaps, best of all. Indeed, in this department, he ranks very near the inimitable La Fontaine.

But I will detain the reader no longer from the thoughts on apologue to which I have alluded. Allow me the liberty of removing from them their French costume, which becomes them so well, and of presenting them in the most fitting Anglo-Saxon one at my command:

Some time ago, one of my friends, seeing me occupied in constructing fables, proposed to present me to one of his uncles, an elderly man, of a most amiable and obliging disposition, who, during all his life, had

evinced a great predilection for that species of literary composition ordinarily called *apologue*, who possessed in his library almost all the fabulists, and who read La Fontaine day and night. I gladly accepted the offer of my friend. We visited his uncle together.

I found him a little, old man, of some fourscore years, but with his mental faculties as fresh and active as ever. His countenance was sweet and mirthful; his eyes lively and spiritual; his face, his smile, his manner, all indicated an enviable peace of mind, and that habit of finding happiness in one's self, which, by contact, is so readily communicated to others. One felt sure, at the outset, that he saw in the octogenarian an excellent man. He received me with a frank and polite air, made me sit near him, begged me to raise my voice a trifle — only a trifle, because, as he phrased it, he had the happiness of being but slightly deaf; and, having been already advertised by his nephew that I made some pretensions of being a fabulist, he asked me if I would do him the honor to read some of my fables.

He did not need to press the request. I promptly chose those of my fables which I regarded as the best. I recited them in my best style, setting them off, as I supposed, with all the magical power of a good utterance; I even graced them with some of the airs of the stage-player; seeking, as I proceeded, to divine from the eyes of my judge, whether he was satisfied.

He listened to me with benevolence; laughed from time to time, at certain passages, and drew down his eyebrows at some others, which I noted, for the purpose of correcting them. After having listened to some dozen of my apologues, he gave me the tribute of eulogy which authors always regard as the price of their labor, and which is frequently, perhaps too frequently, all the reward they receive for their pains. I thanked him, as he praised me, after which we commenced an earnest and cordial conversation.

'I recognise in your fables,' said the old gentleman, 'several subjects treated of in ancient or foreign efforts of the kind.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'all are not of my invention. I have read a great many fabulists; and whenever I have found subjects which pleased me, and which had not been treated by La Fontaine, I have appropriated them, without hesitation. I have borrowed from Æsop, from Bidpai, from Gay, from the German fabulists, and, more frequently than from all the rest, from a Spaniard, named Yriarte, a poet whom I greatly esteem, and who has furnished me with the ideas embraced in the happiest of my apologues. I intend to anticipate the public in the preface to my fables, so that they cannot reproach.'

'Oh! that will make it all very smooth to the public,' interrupted he, laughing. 'Of what consequence is it to your readers, that the subject of one of your fables has been first elicited by a Greek, a Spaniard, or yourself? The main thing, of course, is that your fable is well made. La Bruyère says, 'The selection of thoughts is invention.' Beside, you have La Fontaine for your example. There are scarcely any of his apologues that I have not found in authors more ancient than he. But if anything could add to his glory, it would be this comparison. Give yourself no uneasiness on this point. In poetry, as in war, that

which one takes from his brothers is *theft*; but what he takes from foreigners is *conquest*. Let us speak of something more important. What are your ideas respecting apologues in general?

At this question I was taken by surprise; I turned red, stammered, and—I know not what. But seeing plainly enough, from the old man's good-natured air, that the best way was to avow my ignorance, I answered, with a tone of voice so weak that it was necessary to repeat the answer, that I had not yet sufficiently reflected on this question; but that I intended to grapple with it when I undertook my preliminary essay.

'I understand,' said he, 'you have begun to compose fables, and when your collection is finished, you will reflect on the fable. This method of proceeding is common enough, even in respect of more important matters. Moreover, if you had taken the contrary course, which surely would have been more in accordance with reason, I doubt if your fables would have gained by it. This is perhaps the only species of composition in which the technical poetic art is nearly useless—in which study adds nothing to talent—in which, to use a comparison of your own, one labors, by a kind of instinct, as really as the swallow and the sparrow build their nests. However, I doubt not that you have read in many prefaces to collections to fables, that the apologue is an instruction disguised under the allegory of an act—a definition which, by the way, suits the epic poem, the comedy, the romance, and which does *not* apply to many fables, as, for example, 'Philomel and Progné,' 'The Bird wounded by an Arrow,' 'The Peacock complaining to Juno,' 'The Fox and Portrait,' &c.—which cannot properly be said to have any *act*, and all the sense of which is shut up in one word at the end. Nor does the usually received definition of the schools apply to such fables as these: 'The Drunkard and his Wife,' 'The Joker and the Fishes,' 'Thyrsis and Amaranth'—which have only the merit of being simple narratives, and which, since they convey no moral, one would not be vastly sorry to see suppressed. Thus this definition, so universally adopted, does not appear to me to be always just.

'You have also read, doubtless, in the very ingenious essay which La Motte has placed at the head of his fables, that 'to make a good apologue, it is necessary, first, to propose to one's self a moral truth, to hide it under the allegory of an image which offends neither against justice, unity, nor nature; then to lead the actors which are introduced to speak in a style familiar but elegant, simple but ingenious, animated by what there is most pleasing as well as what there is most elegant, and distinguishing well the shades of the pleasing and the elegant, of the natural and the artless.'

'All this is very learned, I agree; but let a man adopt this theory, and reduce it to practice, and he will only be in a condition to prove, as La Motte has done, that the fable of the 'Two Pigeons' is an imperfect one, because it offends *against unity*; that the fable of the 'Amorous Lion' is still worse, because *the entire image is vicious*. But, notwithstanding these definitions and rules, the world knows no less by

heart the admirable fable of the 'Two Pigeons;' the world repeats not less frequently these lines of the 'Amorous Lion:'

'Amour, amour, quand tu nous tiens,  
On peut bien dire, adieu, Prudence.'

'Oh love! oh love, when thou dost weave thy spell,  
One may at once to Prudence bid farewell.'

and nobody would care to be informed that these two fables could very easily be demonstrated to be formed contrary to the rules.

'Perhaps you will require of me, seeing I criticize so severely the definitions and precepts laid down respecting the fable, that I should point out something better; but I shall excuse myself from undertaking any such task, for I am convinced that this species of composition cannot be defined, and cannot be governed imperiously by precept. Boileau has said nothing of it in his *Art Poétique*, and I incline to think that his silence results from his having felt that he could not reduce it to his laws. This Boileau, who was unquestionably a poet, wrote the fable of 'Death and the Unfortunate,' in competition with La Fontaine. J. B. Rousseau, who was also a poet, treated the same subject. Read in d'Alembert these two apologues, compared with that of La Fontaine. You will find the same moral, the same image, the same order, almost the same expressions; yet the two fables of Boileau and Rousseau are very indifferent, while that of La Fontaine is a master-piece. The reason of this difference is very clearly developed in an excellent *morceau* or fable by Marmontel. He does not give the means by which a good fable may be written, for those cannot be given; he does not lay down principles, rules by which the metre must be governed, for—I repeat it—in this department of the fine arts there are no rules; but he is the first, it seems to me, who has explained to us why it is that we find so great a charm in reading La Fontaine—whence comes the illusion which this inimitable writer creates. 'La Fontaine,' I quote from Marmontel, 'has not simply heard what he relates; he has seen it; he expects to see it again. He is not a poet who imagines; he is not a story-teller, who deals in pleasantry. He is a witness, present at the act, and who can render you present there yourself. His erudition, his eloquence, his philosophy, his politics, all he possesses of imagination, of memory, of sentiment—he sets them all at work, with the best faith in the world, to persuade you; and it is this air of good faith—it is the seriousness with which he mingles the greatest things with the smallest things—it is the importance which he attaches to the efforts of children—it is the interest which he takes in a rabbit and a weasel, which so tempts one to exclaim, every instant, 'Oh, the good man!'

'Marmontel is right. When that word is said, one is ready to pardon every thing in an author; he is no more offended with the lessons which he gives us, the truths which he teaches us; he permits him to pretend to teach us wisdom, a pretension which one excuses with so ill a grace in an equal. But a *good man* is not our equal. His credulous simplicity, which amuses us, which makes us laugh, invests him with superiority in our eyes; so that we can feel the more strongly the

pleasure which he gives us ; we can thus admire him and love him, without compromising ourselves.

‘Here is the great secret of La Fontaine, a secret which was his secret only because he was ignorant of it himself.’

‘You prove to me,’ I replied, sorrowfully enough, ‘that to be a La Fontaine, it is not necessary to write fables ; and you know that the only response to this painful truth which I can make, is to throw my apologues into the fire. You have excited in me a strong temptation to do that very thing ; and as, in sacrifices which are somewhat painful, it is wise always to take advantage of the moment when one finds himself in power, I intend, when I return home,’ —

‘To play the fool,’ interrupted the old man — ‘to do a thing for which you would have no temptation, if, on the one hand, you had less pride, and on the other, you had more true admiration for La Fontaine.’

‘How is that !’ replied I, rather petulantly, ‘what greater proof of my modesty could I give than to burn a work which has cost me long years of labor ? and what greater homage could I accord to that admirable model which I am not able to approach ?’

‘Monsieur Fabulist,’ said the old man, smiling, ‘our conversation is capable of furnishing you with the material for two good fables : one on self-love, the other on anger. In the mean time, allow me to ask you one question, which I wish also to clothe in apologue : If the most beautiful of women, Helen, for example, reigned still in Lacedæmon, and all the Greeks and foreigners were ravished with admiration, as they saw her appear at the public games, adorned, as formerly, with all her enchanting attractions, her grace, her extraordinary beauty, and attended with all the eclat of royalty, what would you think of a little peasant *Helot*, who, I will suppose, is young, with black eyes, and who, seeing the Queen appear, considers herself obliged to go and hide ? You would say to her, ‘My dear child, why do you deprive yourself of the pleasure of seeing the games ? No one, I assure you, dreams of comparing you with the Queen of Sparta. There is only one Helen in the world. What put it into your head that any one could suppose it possible there were two ? Keep your peace. The Greeks, for the most part, do not notice you, for the Queen is far above you ; and should any of them notice you, it would be all the same. Go, and with them admire the beauty of this Queen of the world.’ When you had said this, if the little girl wished still to go and hide herself, would you not counsel her to have less pride, on the one hand, and more genuine admiration for Helen, on the other ?’

‘You understand me, and I cannot believe it necessary to follow the rule of the imperious La Motte, and to place the moral at the end of your apologue. Do not burn your fables, and make yourself sure that La Fontaine is so high, that there are many places far below his which are still elevated. If you can attain to one of them, I shall pay you the compliment you deserve. To do this, however, you need at least two things, which I will endeavor to explain to you :

‘Although I have said that I know no just and precise definition of the apologue, I will adopt, in general, that which La Fontaine himself has chosen, when, in speaking of his collection of fables, he calls it

'Une ample comédie à cent actes divers,  
Et dont la scène est l'univers.'

'A comedy where hundred acts convene,  
In which the universe supplies the scene.'

In effect, an apologue is a kind of little drama. It has its proposition, its plot, its *dénouement*. Let the actors be animals, gods, trees, men, it is necessary that they commence by telling me what is to be done, that they interest me by a circumstance, an event of some kind, and that they finish by leaving me satisfied, whether it be with that event, or, as the case may be, with a simple word, which is the moral result of what has been said or done. It would be easy for me, were I not afraid of being too tedious, to take, at a venture, a fable of La Fontaine, and to show you the grouping of the *dramatis personæ*, the proposition, often in the form of a soliloquy, as in the fable of the 'Shepherd and his Flock;' the interest excited at the outset, as in the 'Dove and the Ant;' the danger increasing from act to act—for there are several acts—as in the fable of the 'Lark and her Young;' and the *dénouement*, in fine, sometimes placed *en spectacle*, as in the 'Wolf become Shepherd,' but more commonly effected by simple narration.

'This premised, as the fabulist cannot bring to his aid veritable actors, or the *prestige* of the theatre, and as, nevertheless, he must give me a comedy, it follows, that his first great desideratum, the talent which is one of the most necessary of all others, is that of *painting*; for he must exhibit the spectacle before the eyes; he must supply the actors which are denied him; he must make his own decorations and costumes; he must not only write his *rôles*, but he must play them, while he writes them, and he must give, at the same time, the gestures, the attitudes, the expressions of countenance, which add so much to the effect of the scenes.

'But this talent of painting does not suffice for the writer of fable. He must unite with it that of telling a story good-humoredly, (*gaiement*), an art very difficult and extremely rare—for the good humor (*gaieté*) I mean to indicate is at once that of the intellect and of the disposition. It is this gift (the most desirable, unquestionably, since it always springs from innocence) which makes us love others, because we are able, in loving them, to love ourselves; changes at pleasure all our actions, and often all our motives; which, without giving us the trouble of intense and wearisome application, relieves us of a multitude of faults, to adorn us with a thousand virtues that cost us nothing. In a word, this faculty, or trait of character, in my estimation, is the true philosophy, which is contented with little, without reflecting that it is a merit to be thus contented; which supports with resignation the inevitable ills of life, without being reminded that impatience is incapable of changing anything; and is able, moreover, while adding to the happiness of those who are around us, to contribute an equal amount to the happiness of oneself. That is the element which I plead for, in the author who deals in story-telling; it brings with it naturalness, grace, raciness. I maintain, therefore, that every fabulist who unites these two qualities, may flatter himself, not that he is an equal of La Fontaine, but that he can be tolerated after him.'

‘Are you serious?’ I said, ‘and do you pretend to encourage me? If the perfection of which you have drawn the picture is the least which one can exact of a fabulist, pray, in what category is it your pleasure to place me? Either allow me to burn my fables, or spare me the demonstration that they will not succeed. I might say, in reply, however, that the elegant Theodre scarcely possessed this good-humor, that Æsop is not much before him; that Gay, the English fabulist, always shows himself to be but a philosopher of bad humor; and that, nevertheless,’ —

‘These gentlemen,’ replied the old man, ‘had nothing in common with you. Independent of the difference of their nation, of the age in which they wrote, of their language, recollect that Theodre was the first among the Romans who wrote fables in verse; that Gay was also the first among the English. As to your Æsop, I will not say that he was the first among the Greeks, inasmuch as I am persuaded he never had an existence.’

‘What!’ I replied, ‘this Æsop, whose works you have in your library, whose life I have read in Méziriac in La Fontaine, as well as in other authors — this Phrygian, so famous for his ugliness, his wit and his wisdom — can it be that he was merely an imaginary personage? What evidence have you of such a position? and who, then, in your opinion, is the inventor of apologue?’

‘You press on your questions somewhat rapidly,’ said he mildly, ‘and you invite me to engage in scientific discussions for which I am scarcely adequate, for few are less learned than I. But as to this Æsop, allow me to send you to an exceedingly clever dissertation of Boulanger, ‘On the uncertainties respecting the first writers of antiquity.’ You will see there, that this Æsop, so renowned for his apologues, whom the historians have placed in the sixth century before the advent of CHRIST, finds himself at the same time, a contemporary of Cræsus, king of Lydia, of one Necténabo, king of Egypt, who lived one hundred and eighty years after Cræsus, and of the courtesan Rhodope, who passes for the builder of one of those famous pyramids constructed at least eight hundred years before Cræsus! You have here anachronisms enough already, one would think, to warrant you in rejecting as fabulous all the lives of Æsop.’

‘As to his works, the Orientals claimed them, and attributed them to Lockman, a celebrated fabulist in Asia, who, according to some authorities, lived a thousand years, and who, like Æsop, is represented as having been a slave, ugly and ill-formed. M. Boulanger, by very plausible reasons, well nigh demonstrates that Lockman and Æsop are one and the same person. True, he afterwards gives reasons almost as satisfactory, drawn from etymology, as well as from the resemblance of Phœnician, Hebrew and Arabic names, to prove that this Lockman *the sage* might have been King Solomon. He goes farther, indeed; and comparing carefully the correspondence of the names and the striking similarity of the anecdotes, he comes to the conclusion that this Solomon, so revered in the East for his wisdom, his power and his writings, was Joseph, the son of Jacob, and prime minister of Egypt. From this induction, returning to Æsop, he draws a very ingenious



comparison between *Æsop* and Joseph, both being reduced to a state of slavery, and adding, in a remarkable manner, to the prosperity of the family of their masters respectively; both envied, persecuted and forgiving, toward their enemies; both beholding their future grandeur in a dream, and both escaping from slavery on account of a dream; both excelling in the art of interpreting mysteries; in fine, both favorites and ministers; the one of the King of Egypt, the other of the King of Babylon.

'But without adopting all the opinions of M. Boulanger, I confess that, with him, I regard it as almost certain that this *Æsop* is only a generic anonymous title, by which the Greeks designated all the apoloques which were then and had for a long time been current in the East. Every thing comes to us from the East; and it is fable, undoubtedly, which has had the strongest conservative influence on the character and peculiar cast of the Asiatic mind. This taste for parables and enigmas; this habit of always employing imagery in their intercommunication; of enveloping precepts under a veil to preserve them; is still universal in Asia. Their poets, their philosophers, have never written otherwise.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I am of your mind on this point; but what country in Asia do you look upon as the cradle of fable?'

To this question he replied: 'In no part of the world have people been known to take so deep an interest in the lower animals as in those countries where *metempsychosis* has been a received dogma. Let a man adopt the belief that our soul passes after death into the body of some other animal, and nothing is more rational, nothing more probable, than that he will study carefully the manners of these animals, their habits and modes of life, so curious and interesting, since they are to man the future and the past; and since he sees in them his fathers, his children, himself. From the study of these animals, resulting from the certainty that they have a soul once possessed by man, one easily enough slides to the belief that they have a language. Certain species of birds, indeed, afford conclusive evidence of this belief, aside from any other consideration. The starlings, the quails, the swallows, the crows, the cranes, and a multitude of others, live only in large flocks. Whence comes this desire for society if they are not endowed with conversational powers? The answer suggested by this simple question renders unnecessary any other reasons which we might allege. It is this dogma of *metempsychosis* then which, conducing as it naturally does to enlist the attention of men in the habits of the lower animals, has led them directly to the belief that they have a language. From this belief, I see but a step to the origin of fable; that is, to the idea of making these animals speak for the purpose of rendering them the preceptors of the human species.

'Montaigne has said that 'Our wisdom learns from beasts some of the most useful lessons which are applied in the greatest concerns of life;' and indeed, without speaking of dogs, of horses, of several other animals, whose attachment, benevolence, devotion, ought ever to put men to the blush, take for example the habits of the roe, that beautiful little animal, who is seen only in connection with a family, who weds

the object of his love, and who lives continently with the same companion, near his father and mother, until the time when, a father in his turn, he devotes himself to the education of his children, giving them the lessons of love, of innocence, of happiness, which he has received, and from which he has copied; who, in fine, passes his entire time amid the delights of social intercourse in the family relation, and in that state of happy ignorance, that *incuriosity*, which, according to the excellent Montaigne, is 'so sweet and grateful a pillow to repose upon.'

'Think you that the first philosopher who took the pains to contrast their manners, so pure, so sweet, with our intrigues, our hatreds, our crimes, to compare with my roe, going peaceably to his pasturage in the wild-wood, the man hidden behind a hedge, armed with the bow which he had invented to kill his brothers, and employing his address to imitate the cry of the mother of the roe, so that the child, deceived by the artifice, and coming to the place from which the cry proceeds, receives a surer death from the hand of the perfidious assassin; think you, I say, that this philosopher did not make these roes talk together to reproach man for his barbarity; to tell him the hard truths which my philosopher could not have spoken without exposing himself to the cruel effects of irritated self-love? Hence the origin of fable; and if you have been able to follow me in my diffuse verbiage, you will, I think, conclude with me that the genus *apologue* was born in India, and that the first fabulist was beyond all question a Brahmin. The little which we know of this beautiful country accords with my opinion. The apologues of Bidpai are the most ancient monuments which we know of in this department, and Bidpai was a Brahmin. But as he lived under a powerful king, of whom he was the prime minister, a fact which supposes a people to have been civilized a long time, it is quite probable that his fables were not the first. Perhaps even the apologues attributed to him are but a collection of those which he had learned at the school of the *Jymnosophists*, whose origin is lost in the night of remote antiquity. One thing is certain: these Indian apologues, among which we find 'The Two Pigeons,' have been translated into all the Eastern languages, as well under the name of Bidpai or Pilpai as that of Lockman, and that they thence travelled into Greece, under the title of the fables of *Æsop*. Phedre made them known to the Romans. After Phedre several Latins; Aphthonius, Avien, Gábrias, also composed fables. Either modern fabulists, such as Faërne, Abstemius, Camerarius, give us collections in Latin, without exception, until the end of the sixteenth century, when one by the name of Hégémon composed the first fables in French verse. One hundred years after, La Fontaine appeared. La Fontaine has thrown all past fables into the shade, and, I tremble to say it in your hearing, apparently also all future fables. La Motte, however, and some other very estimable fabulists of a later era, have had success in this department, and have deserved it too.

'This, Sir, is the history of fable, as I conceive. I have sketched it for my own pleasure, perhaps, more than for yours, but I trust you will find a sufficient apology in my age and my taste for *apologue*.'

## S O N G - S P A R R O W .

## 'PRINCESS MELODIA.'

'Again, again, that note prolong!  
Once more upon the dark blue sky  
Pour out that wondrous soul of song,  
And flood its depths with melody.'

LIST ! that instrument of sound  
Is not work of man's device,  
Making music while the ground  
Glistens in a coat of ice :  
Strains are gushing full and fast  
In wild pauses of the blast,  
Ill-consorting with a scene  
Unrelieved by pleasant green.

Is not ANIEL afloat  
On the bleak and freezing gale,  
Charming with seductive note  
WINTER in his frosty mail ?  
Or is PAN a wanderer lone,  
With his pipes of magic tone,  
From Arcadian bowers to cheer  
Hearts that ache with sorrow here ?

Can the rocks that lie around,  
White with snow, have vocal grown,  
Giving out melodious sound  
Like that old poetic stone  
On which erst APOLLO laid  
His charmed lute, divinely made ?  
Or can gray and wind-bowed trees  
Breathe Æolian notes like these ?

Hark ! the flutter of a wing  
In the pine-tree near my door !  
Can that little feathered thing  
Such rare minstrelsy outpour ?  
Well I know the songster now  
Tilting on a leafless bough,  
Last to leave when Autumn wanes,  
First to cheer when March complains.

Ere the blue-bird comes to chant  
In our ears a lively air,  
Visiting each olden haunt,  
Though the fields are brown and bare ;  
Or the pheby hither flies,  
Harbinger of cloudless skies ;  
Is the blithe song-sparrow heard,  
Innocent rejoicing bird !

Nature in apparel plain  
 Hath the sweet enchanter drest,  
 Type of Genius holding reign  
 Often in a peasant's breast;  
 And his piping makes us glad,  
 Though the world without is sad;  
 Like a voice of hope and joy  
 When a brood of ills annoy.

Happy vocalist, sing on!  
 A blest comforter thou art,  
 For the burden sad is gone  
 That awhile weighed down my heart:  
 Sing! on Nature's withered face  
 Smiles to gloom have given place:  
 Near my lintel build thy nest,  
 And no robber shall molest.

W. H. C. E.

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RENDERINGS INTO OUR VERNACULAR.

THE TWO ARTISTS.

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FROM THE SPANISH OF DON JOSE BERNUDEZ DE CASTRO.

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III.

THE studio was in the same state as when we left it. The two men, looking like father and son, ascended.

'Where is the canvass?' asked the elder.

'Here,' answered the younger, taking it from the floor, soiled, dusty, torn, and stained with the earth that clung to it.

'What a shame! Thou art much to blame! Wert thou not satisfied with thy work? What then can please thee? Thou hast destroyed a prodigy!' And examining the painting carefully, he continued: 'The countenance laughs; the whole of it laughs! Good coloring, vivacity of conception, a remarkable, a powerful touch! This demi-tint: it is the only fault about it! Why touch and re-touch it so much!'

'It is this, this only!' exclaimed the painter with vivacity, 'this alone drives me to despair, and is the cause of all my trouble. I have seen this azure color, this tint, flit around the lips of my model and die away gently into shadow. I saw and understood, but could not catch it!' he sorrowfully said: 'Tell me, is it not cause for despair?'

'No! courage in the beginning! Paint and tower above the crowd! Follow inspiration; do not imitate.'

'And what shall I do? What can I invent? What coloring can I imagine which Titian with so much beauty and power of design and delicacy has not robbed me of? Alas! Coreggio comes with his graceful pencil, his exquisite taste, his enchanting colors, his roundness, re-

lief, . . . and his VIRGINS ! And my imagination, which you dwell upon, what avails it ? Comes also Raphael, his expression, grace, and prolific imagination ! Why was I born so late ? What can I now effect ?

‘ Imitate nature ! Every one has altered it, some to embellish, others to degrade it. Paint her as she is, with her divine beauty, her imposing majesty, which she received from the MOST HIGH ; with her capricious defects, her strong and decided tints ; as she is, without straying from her, without addition ; and thy imagination, thy brush, will do the rest. And then, then hope for glory ! But deceive not thyself ; not for happiness ! No ; if thou pausest, if thou fearest envy and persecution, if thou hesitatest to change happiness for glory, thou wert not born to be an artist ! Break thy pencil !’

‘ No !’ cried the youth with enthusiasm, agitated as with a whirlwind by the old man’s words ; ‘ no ! I do not hesitate. Let but fame be mine ; let me but achieve immortality, and I fear not trouble nor suffering. Let them come ; I defy them !’ And he reared his head proudly, and seemed to anticipate success, as if his voice possessed a talismanic power ; as if his words were spells which had evoked those stirring hopes.

‘ Thus I love to see thee, my son !’ the old man said ; ‘ thou art worthy the gift which Heaven has bestowed upon thee. Ah ! had I but thy wonderful brush, thy enchanting art, the world would speak of me, . . . and I should have been less unfortunate ! Look upon my face : are there not a thousand sorrows written on it ? I live in a world which cannot comprehend me. I was unhappy ; I had naught but to consume my own soul, my genius, because I could not translate it upon canvass, nor carve it into marble. I had to live and eat, but my fiery soul needed space to breathe or be consumed. Military glory is attractive to youth ; so it promiseth itself honors and fame without end,’ he continued, with a proud and martial smile. I was a soldier, and I vowed to God that I would do nothing of which I might afterward be ashamed ; but He willed that the road should be closed to me ; that life which moderated and expanded the fire of my soul. See !’ and he showed the young painter a large wound and a mutilated limb : ‘ Thou seest I was forced to resign the sword. But I could write ; my pen was my pencil, and I painted pictures with a coloring as strong, and an expression as correct, as thine !’

‘ And what glorious pictures, too !’ the youth admiringly exclaimed.

‘ Thou hast not seen my master-piece,’ continued the old man : ‘ Look ! here it is, on my heart ! It shall be buried with me ! It was considered libellous ; they persecuted me. Hence the source of all my sorrows. But I love it the more for the pain and the labor it has cost me !’

He brought forth carefully a roll of uncorrected, blotted manuscript, and began to unfold before the painter that huge mass of paper. A kind of cloth, enamelled as a carpet with a border of fresh histories, aerial and fragrant as the flowers in a garden ; a thousand extravagances, a thousand follies, with all their attributes of grace and jokes commingled ; a medley of a thousand fantastic arabesques, with senti-

ments most profound and philosophical, of judgment and sound sense, of imaginary and ridiculous love passages, and visions born of vapory hallucination; a medley of candor and tenderness, episodes of innocent and devoted, fortunate and unfortunate love, tears and sweet sighs, the smiles of pleasure and the blush of modesty, glees and elegies; life, with its fancies and visions, its smiles and tears, its pains and pleasures, and its myriad characteristics altering from day to day; a flowery surface, which evinced a fantastic but fresh existence; a novel tableau, sublime, and never before imagined; a profusion of jokes and extravagances, capable of making even a sepulchre smiling!

And the painter had forgotten his despondency, his depression, his enthusiasm, and was all intent on listening when his companion concluded reading.

'Now,' said the old man, enjoying more the feeling expressed in the eyes of his youthful friend than the applause of a multitude, 'now paint!'

'And what shall I paint, after hearing such a work? And that demi-tint!'

'Paint nature—pure, without alteration—and thou wilt be original, and the world shall speak of thee! That demi-tint, so worked at and altered,' he continued, looking at the torn and dirty canvass, 'I promise that thou shalt overcome it. But swear thou wilt obey my instructions!'

'I swear!' exclaimed the youth, carried away by the superiority of genius. He opened the window, prepared his palette, arranged a clean canvass on the easel, mixed his colors, took his brushes, placed himself before his work, and only then it occurred to him to ask: 'And what am I to paint?'

The old man stood near the window which opened on the street. He gazed out, upon hearing the question, and without hesitation answered: 'Yon aged man!' and he pointed at an old water-carrier with sun-burnt skin, who was then engaged in serving the cool element to some thirsty pedestrians.

The youth hesitated.

'Have I not said it is nature? It matters not that the subject is vile or vulgar. God asks a divine worship; a crown of fire and angel wings should raise us into Heaven; but thought is enough for genius, without fire, wings, or worship.'

The sentiment was somewhat heterodox for the age, but passed as an axiom with those two artists, without observation or contradiction.

'Young man, think not! Paint him as he is, looking with those hard eyes, with that rude soul. Put all this on canvass, and then I will say 'Thou art a god!' I will adore thee!'

In an instant the young imagination of the painter was imbued with the subject, and he sketched it hurriedly, roughly, but ardent as a volcano. The soldier searched for his purse, took out, after some time spent in searching it, some small copper pieces, his day's allowance, and gave them to the boy Andrew, the same who had acted as model for the unlucky painting of the previous day. He made a sign, and the intelligent, active lad went out and returned with the water-carrier, who without a word stationed himself before the painter, who, absorbed

in the depth of his thoughts, thanked not his aged friend, save with a smile. But what need of more? He had understood him.

Both were silent: not a word on either side. Ah, how the brush flew over the canvass! how the most capricious tints were rapidly mingled on the palette, were united on the canvass, and expressed all the variations of the light. Thus, without a raising of the head, passed hour after hour, until six had been consumed. The nearer the completion of the picture, the more was the old man interested, and the more agitated as his attention became more concentrated. Ah, how they are reproduced! with what truth! the angular shapes, the green tints, the abrupt shadows of that strongly-marked countenance! How start out upon the canvass the bony hands, the sun-burnt skin of the peasant!

Andrew even shared in the admiration and enthusiasm which the divine work inspired. He abruptly placed himself before the man, in the act of lifting the bucket, and his master, without a word, committed to canvass the boy's idea, who with his astute countenanceaped innocence in vain.

The hours flew by; the work went on. Sometimes the enthusiastic old man involuntarily exclaimed: 'Well done! There is nothing to be desired!'

The piece was on the point of being finished. Now the young artist smiled, but in an instant his countenance grew dark: 'I swear to ——! Cursed demi-tint! it always mars!' He seized the brush. He was in the act of touching it again, when the old man cast himself upon him. '*Voto à brios!*' he exclaimed; 'I will not allow it while I am alive! Look! thou hast already got it!'

But the young painter struggled with him: 'Let me go! Unhand me, for God's sake! Do not balk me, Sir! Let me do it while my fancy is warm with the subject!'

'Remember the oath!'

'What oath care I to remember, when my immortal existence is at stake? Let me go!' he cried, exasperated to fury.

'Sooner shalt thou kill me, old as I am!' And, infirm and shattered as he was, yet with a strength which belied his years, he prevented the painter from getting to the picture.

'Señor! Señor!' said the youth, gnashing his teeth, 'let me, I tell you, finish it the best way I can!'

'Dost thou not see that thou wilt ruin it, insensate! Give rest unto thy sight!'

But the youth heard him not, and still struggled to be free; and as some time was thus consumed, when he had succeeded in getting loose and approached the easel, he paused as if petrified before the canvas. The demi-tint, so difficult—that rock to his efforts—had disappeared! The work was done. It was a master-piece. The old man smiled.

'See,' he said, 'if I was right! Art thou satisfied that this mist, the light shadow thou sawest, was only a cloud before thy vision, wearied with looking at the model? Was I not right in insisting upon thy turning away thy eyes? Tell me what lacks the picture? Touch it no more! What thou mayest gain in softness thou wilt lose in genius and

animation. Look upon thy work, and tell me, did I not rightly promise thee eternal fame? Seize, secure it, that thy name may pass through ages to the end of the world!

And the youth, with a smile of gratitude and satisfaction, his face hot with enthusiasm and pleasure, his hand tremulous with agitation and joy, put at the bottom: 'VELASQUEZ, PINKIT.'

'Thou shalt be immortal, Diego Velasquez de Silva!' said the old man.

Velasquez strained him in his arms, weeping with joy, and exclaimed: 'And thou also, MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA! What thou hast read me shall be eternal!'

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L I N E S :

SPRING'S FIRST SMALL FLOWERS.

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BY J. H. BIXBY.

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I DEARLY love the first small flowers of spring  
That deck the leafless woods, and oft are seen  
Along the snow-bank's marge, in stormy March,  
Lifting the withered leaves from their damp beds,  
And showing 'mid the wrecks of old decay  
The beauty of their fresh-awakened life.

It cheers my spirit like the voice of Hope  
Long silent, when she whispereth again  
To rove (when come those sunny smiling days  
After warm rains, to bless the early spring)  
Along the paths I have not trod so long,  
That lead unto the leaf-strewn forest-walks  
Where bloom the early flowers; blue violets,  
With tints so like the sky, and star-like flowers  
Flung down by angels as a sign of spring,  
And all the varied sisterhood of blooms,  
Breathing the fragrant airs of paradise,  
And pictured with the lesson of God's love.

Winter has lingered sadly; rural life,  
So long without the charm of birds and flowers,  
Seems like existence on another earth  
From that which summer decks.

Still dark and cold,  
And barren, save the slender spires of grass,  
The swelling buds that redden on the trees,  
And the pale smiling flowers I've gathered here:  
It is not strange I love them with deep love,  
And twine them in my brightest garlands oft,  
Decking with them my songs. Their tinted leaves,  
Nodding upon their slender stems, can wake  
Thoughts of the time long gone, and bring again  
Scenes full of pleasant sadness.

Royalton, (N. Y.)



## THE FIRESIDE.

I.

Yes! there is one above all others  
Fondly still who clings to me,  
With love more strong than e'en a mother's;  
Dearest WIFE! 't is thee, 't is thee!

II.

Thee have I found, each waking morrow,  
In my heart a reigning queen,  
Partaker of my joy and sorrow,  
All I've felt, and all I've been.

III.

Ah! could such love be ever riven?  
Could such love be felt again?  
Sealed by the holy stamp of heaven,  
Could our hearts be torn in twain?

IV.

No! time love's fetters only strengthen,  
Draws them close and closer still,  
And as they tighten, pure joys lengthen,  
Slaves obedient to the will.

V.

Sweet Peace and Love reign in my dwelling,  
Constant inmates, scorning show;  
Blest wedded pair! forever smiling,  
Hand in hand, through life they go.

VI.

Fools may seek tainted springs of pleasure,  
Wealth its transient joys may find,  
But heaven grant me the lasting treasure  
Of a calm, contented mind.

VII.

The way to bliss, I see it clearly;  
Would mankind could also see!  
The little sphere I love so dearly  
Is a world of bliss to me.

VIII.

My children, rose-buds young and tender,  
Snow-flakes, yet without a stain,  
With rapture, all they have to render,  
Kiss me o'er and o'er again.

IX.

Then why kneel at the shrine of Folly?  
Why desert the social hearth?  
Domestic life so pure and holy  
Is but heaven brought down to earth.

## A ROMANCE OF THE CLOISTER.

BY MRS. H. B. EVERETT.

‘Yes, I will; I will take the veil! I will profess at the *Sacré Cœur*, and there, amid those sacred scenes, I shall be free from the taunts of my cousin and the reluctant bounty of my aunt. Alas! why was I born to this! Oh, Holy VIRGIN! give me grace to imitate THEE in thy fortitude under affliction!’

Thus soliloquized Rose de Biragues as she sat in her little room, her hand resting upon the open page of her diary, where she had just recorded a detailed account of slights and insults innumerable, which for many a weary day she had received at the hands of her aunt and cousin.

Rose de Biragues was the orphan-niece of Madame de Férolles, the widow of a rich banker, residing a short distance from Caen, one of the largest and most flourishing towns in ‘La Belle Normandie.’ Louis de Biragues, the father of Rose, and the only brother of Madame de Férolles, displeased his worldly and ambitious sister by marrying early in life a charming girl, with no dower but her beauty. For two years he led a life of unalloyed happiness; but ere the third anniversary of their blissful union he was called upon to mourn the early death of his beloved wife, which left him inconsolable. Not even the newly-awakened tenderness of a father’s love could arouse him from his despondency, and in a few months the sod of the parish church-yard was once more upturned to make room for him beside his wife. He bequeathed the infant Rose to Madame de Férolles, begging her to remember that she was the child of the brother she had once fondly loved, and do by her as she would by her own; but time had long since weakened Madame de Férolles’ early love for Louis, and she only remembered that the infant committed to her care was the child of the despised Rose Deville.

But in spite of neglect and want of affection, Rose de Biragues grew to womanhood, and promised to be as beautiful as her cousin Marie de Férolles was plain and gauche. Many were the slights the poor girl would have to endure, as a casual comparison, drawn by some unprejudiced person between the merits of the two cousins, would reach the ears of Madame de Férolles; and so continued were the annoyances, that at last the poor girl in desperation determined to take the veil. Marie de Férolles and her mother both highly approved of Rose’s resolution, and never were they so kind as when assisting her to prepare for the eventful step which would relieve them of her forever.

It was now winter, and it was decided that Rose should enter as Vostulante until after Christmas, when she was to make her profession as novice. It was the day before the celebration of that great feast of the Nativity, which brings forth in all its glory the almost imperial splendor of the Catholic church, that Rose de Biragues entered as an

inmate of the convent; and although a Catholic from her birth, she had never seen any greater display than was exhibited at the parish church. Judge then of her emotion when she entered the superb establishment where dwelt *Les dames du Sacré Cœur de Jésus*. The convent, formerly a palace of the ancient régime, was in the form of a hollow square, the building extending round three sides of a court, paved with tessellated green and white marble, in the centre of which a sparkling fountain scattered its waters from the graceful bells of a branch of the Egyptian Lotus, held by a sea-nymph. The porters at the gate received the young girl, and led her through an arched cloister to a suite of six rooms, each larger than the other. The walls had formerly been decorated with superb mirrors, and finished landscapes filled up the intermediate panels; but the piety of the nuns, and the strict laws of the convent, which forbids a glass of any kind throughout the establishment, had removed the mirrors, and caused the exquisite paintings to be covered with a preparation similar to the rest of the walls. But the white and gilded Louis Quatorze mouldings still left enough of beauty to dazzle even the sophisticated eye; and as the gaze of Rose de Biragues wandered from one vast *salon* to another, and still further, until through an immense bow-window she saw the highly cultivated grounds of the convent stretching afar off in the distance, she said to herself: 'How different from what I anticipated! Here there is nothing gloomy; and if the nuns are kind to me, I shall certainly be happy.' As she thus mused, a gentle voice fell upon her ear, and a soft 'Welcome, my daughter, to this abode of peace,' brought Rose in a moment to the feet of the Superior; and the 'Bless me, my mother!' which burst from her over-charged heart, spoke volumes. After an earnest benediction the Superior gently raised her, and seating her by her side, spoke to her of the high and holy vows she intended taking upon herself; of the peace that the world cannot give; and as Rose became subdued and tranquillized, she felt that it was a blessed thing that the treatment of her relatives had driven her to such a holy and peaceful asylum.

While still engaged in this conversation the bell sounded for the Angelus; and bidding Rose follow her, the Superior led the way through a lofty hall, whose arched ceiling was supported by twelve colossal pillars of pale green marble, forming a vestibule of rare beauty, to a cloistered corridor, which they entered, and in a few moments reached the chapel, which was already decorated for the midnight mass of Christmas Eve. The chapel was of dark oak, lighted by a dome of stained glass directly above the altar, whose white marble surface caught the last rays of the setting sun, as it fell in myriad gorgeous colors upon the golden candlesticks and the clustering flowers; and one glittering beam rested on the diamond wreath that encircled the *ostensoir*, which was that night to receive the miraculous wafer transformed into a real SAVIOUR.

While the nuns repeated the customary prayers, Rose could not refrain from looking about her. The convent was one of great wealth, and all the paraphernalia of the altar was superb; many of the pieces being presents from princesses of royal blood. Immediately behind

the altar was a magnificent picture, representing our SAVIOUR holding his sacred bleeding heart in hand, and hosts of saints and angels kneeling in adoration at the precious sight. The ever-burning alabaster lamp, filled with perfumed oil, shed a dim light upon the kneeling figures of the nuns, and the peaceful happy expression of their faces filled the soul of Rose with indescribably blissful emotions.

Week passed after week, each one finding Rose happier than the last. The tranquil, soothing atmosphere of all around, and the numerous religious duties that occupied her time, left not a moment for regret, and she prepared with alacrity for her profession as novice.

Shortly after she had taken the veil, it was thought expedient by the *Mère Générale* to make a transfer of nuns from the convent at Caen to the one of the same order at Rome, and the *Sœur Marie Rose* was among the number. Although the nuns kept much to themselves during their journey, still it was impossible to avoid occasional contact with their fellow travellers; and during their passage in the vessel from Marseilles to Leghorn, the exquisite embroidery, which was the daily employment of the nuns, attracted the passengers to their frames, and the elder ladies entered freely into conversation with both gentlemen and ladies. But among them was one who found that the sweet face of the young novice was far more attractive than the glittering embroidery which grew beneath her fair fingers, and each day found Alfred de Beaujeu forming one of the coterie that assembled round the nuns. Tall and eminently handsome, his dark eyes beaming with intelligence and sensibility, his manner deferential in the highest degree, his whole bearing was so prepossessing, that from captain to sailor, from old to young, he was a universal favorite. *Sœur Thérèse*, who was nearly seventy, and had never been accused of beauty, openly praised him, without any fear of her encomiums causing ill-natured remarks, and regretted that such a fine young man had not the vocation for a priest. And Rose, what did she think? Though her lips were silent, her eyes were eloquent, and the young man interpreted their language as he hoped. Not a word had they ever exchanged; never had they been for a moment alone; still they both felt and knew that they loved, and with both the realization of the fact afforded unutterable joy. To Rose the sensation was so perfectly novel, that she did not even feel that she was doing wrong; she was content to live upon the bliss of the present, and not think of the future. Indeed, a thought beyond the perfect Elysium of her present state never crossed her mind; the very fact of her not expressing it, deepened its intensity; but with De Beaujeu the joy of being beloved was chastened by doubt and sadness. Unlike Rose, he looked into the future; he longed to call her his own, his wife. But what! she was already the bride of the church, and a church jealous of its votaries. The voice of scandal would be raised, and in no Catholic country could they be even secure. Still he reflected as little as possible upon the dark side of the picture, trusting that something might occur which would point out some means of accomplishing his wishes. How devoutly he longed for a shipwreck! but wind and tide proved favorable, and they soon dropped anchor in the busy port of Leghorn. The nuns were here to take a private con-

veyance to Rome, and they were about to part! Could he let her go without a single word of farewell? No! he must express his feelings, and then mature his plans for gaining her for his wife.

As the four nuns stepped into the carriage that was to convey them on their journey, Alfred de Beaujeu approached with four superb bouquets, which he presented to the ladies as he made his adieux; and the three were so much occupied in admiring their own, and expatiating upon his politeness, (for nuns are but women,) that they failed to observe that the one held by the young novice was far more *recherché* and beautiful than their own; and Rose saw with a blushing cheek and fluttering heart the white corner of a note peeping from among the clustering leaves. The bouquets were still odorous, though somewhat faded, when they reached the Eternal City, and the moment she reached her cell, with failing fingers she unwound the blue ribbon, and read with tearful eyes and throbbing heart the first words of love. What bliss upon earth is comparable to this? The rapture of avowal is unutterable; but when we behold in tangible evidence the blissful fact, when we read and re-read the burning words, they seem graven upon our heart of hearts, and we feel that even the rose-leaf would o'erflow the cup of happiness.

#### CHAPTER SECOND

'HAVE you heard the news, Gaston?' said a young exquisite to his friend, as they sipped an iced sherbet at Tortoni's, 'the *lionnes* and the *pantheres* are tempted to march on an embassy to the Holy Father, to petition him to forbid such perversion of talents. Good heavens! Alfred de Beaujeu a cowed priest!'

'What!' exclaimed Gaston de Montaign, starting to his feet, 'Alfred de Beaujeu a priest! the richest, most distinguished man in Paris; from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Chausée d'Antin, the man of all others the most admired! You surely are joking.'

'Ma foi, no! I wish it were a joke; for, somehow, one was never jealous of de Beaujeu.'

'But what is, what has been the cause? Has he lost his fortune? has Blanche de Courcy refused him?'

'No, his fortune is as large as ever, and Blanche de Courcy would willingly be Blanche de Beaujeu! But he has written to Blanche, stating that he trusts she will not think it capricious or unkind in him refusing to fulfil the contract entered into by their parents, saying that as they have met but twice, he cannot flatter himself that she will feel any personal disappointment at his resolution to enter upon a priestly life, and settles upon her half his fortune; the rest is given to the Society of Jesus.'

'But still there must be a cause. A man with all the personal and numerous other advantages of Alfred de Beaujeu, scarcely twenty-five years of age, would not be fool enough to resign them all to become a priest; and he was never a devôt!'

'*Ecoutez*, Gaston, and I will tell you a private bit of scandal told me in confidence by de Brézé, who made a voyage from Marseilles to Leg-

horn, last year, with de Beaujeu. There was a party of nuns of the Sacré Cœur on board, and one of them de Brézé describes as the most beautiful creature he ever beheld: a complexion like the inner petals of the blush rose, eyes of heaven's own blue, and I know not what other extravagant similes he used; but, *enfin*, she was perfect; of a style totally different from Alfred; and, moreover, she had that purity and *feucheur*, so captivating to a man so much in the world as de Beaujeu. De Brézé declares the nun was as much bewitched as poor Alfred; and my private inference is, that de Beaujeu, finding it impossible to obtain a dispensation, or to induce the lady to break her vows, has determined to turn priest himself. You know whatever he undertook he pursued with his whole soul, and he has probably fallen in love with the same ardor.'

'Well, poor Alfred! these women do play the deuce with us. Adieu! I'm off to Fanny's. I suppose she will send me to the Morgue or la Trappe one of these days!'

The gay speculation of the young exquisite was correct. When Rose had somewhat recovered from the fascinating influence of de Beaujeu's letter, the words, 'Dearest Rose, I long to call you wife!' struck her in all their force. She, the bride of CHRIST, who had vowed to receive none but him for her bridegroom! She thought of the anathemas the Bishop had uttered against those who dishonored both the Church and themselves by receding from the paths of righteousness; of the aversion the nuns would feel toward her, did they but know of the letter she had received. The conflict was tremendous; and throwing herself before the statue of the VIRGIN that occupied a niche of her cell, she burst into a long and passionate flood of tears. Before she arose, her resolution was taken. She would banish him from her heart; he should be to her as though he had never existed. Could a love that caused her such unhappiness be equal to the religion that, before her fatal journey, had filled her with such joy and peace? Oh, no! She dedicated herself again to the Blessed Mother, and rose a suffering woman, with a crushed and broken heart. Months passed on, and more than once had Alfred contrived means to forward letters to her without the knowledge of the nuns, but with the resolution of a martyr she destroyed them without breaking the seal, and after each, applied herself more and more strenuously to her devotions. But the affections are the great support of life, and outraged Love will triumph even in the death of its victim! Constant austerities and continual suppression of every thought of Alfred wore upon the delicate frame of the lovely nun, and Consumption claimed her as his prey. Never, as yet, had Rose summoned sufficient resolution to narrate to her confessor the occurrences of her eventful journey; but now she felt that she was dying, that ere many weeks her name would be but a memory, and she felt she could die more calmly should she unburden her whole heart to her spiritual father. The gray pall of evening was setting over the horizon, when Rose, pale and emaciated, but still beautiful, entered the confessional. With choking voice she finished the '*miâ culpa*,' and proceeded to narrate the whole course of her feelings, from the time of her first meeting de Beaujeu; and so absorbed was

she with her own thoughts, that she did not notice the convulsive sobs that shook the confessional, as she described in eloquent words the intensity of her love for Alfred. She depicted her anguish at their separation, the struggle between desire and duty when she received the letters, and finished by praying that it might not impede her entrance into the heavenly world, that purified and holy it was still enshrined in her heart of hearts. As she paused for the benediction, overcome with the exertion, the door of the confessional suddenly opened, and raising her eyes, Rose uttered a shriek of surprise, and sank fainting in the arms of Alfred de Beaujeu! Forgetting all else but that he held his beloved at last within his grasp, he lavished the caresses of affection upon her senseless form, begging that she would grant him but one look in the name of their long cherished love. His voice recalled the spirit from the verge of the unknown world. Opening her eyes, she fixed upon him a look of unutterable affection, murmured his name, and fell back heavily upon his arm—he gazed upon the dead! Once more he saw her, dressed in bridal robes, the orange wreath fastening the veil that concealed her golden hair, the wedding ring upon her finger—all even as he had pictured in his airy visions, there she lay—the bride of Death!

The confessor of the convent (who had been unexpectedly called away, and requested the Superior of the Jesuits to send another brother in his place to the *Sacré Cœur*, which explained the opportune appearance of Alfred,) returned in time to perform the funeral service for the deceased nun, and none dreamed of the mighty agitation that swelled to bursting the heart of the priest who assisted him at the mournful ceremony, and no eye saw the look of intense love that, lingering, took its last fond farewell of the dead novice. The next day Father Alfred petitioned for a transfer to the order of *La Trappe*, and not a monk of that most severe of severe communities practices more unceasing austerities than Alfred de Beaujeu.

Trust me, gentle reader, many a romance lies hidden beneath the priestly cowl, and the smouldering embers of disappointed affection would oftentimes be found, were the heart of the cloistered nun laid bare to view.

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THE SUNKEN CITY.

HARK! the faint bells of the Sunken City  
Peal once more their wonted evening chime;  
From the Deep's abysses floats a ditty,  
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories  
There lie buried in an ocean-grave,  
Unde-creed, save when their golden glories  
Gleam at sunset through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,  
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,  
Night by night bide there to watch and listen,  
Though Death lurks behind each dark rock  
[round]

*Mungun's Anthology.*

So the bells of Memory's wonder-city  
Peal for me their old melodious chime:  
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,  
Sad and pleasant, from the by-gone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, funny-builded,  
There lie lost to Daylight's garish beam,  
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,  
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dream!

And then hear I music sweet up-knelling  
From many a well-known phantom-land,  
And through tears can see my natural dwelling  
Far off in the Spirit's luminous Land!

*Mungun's Anthology.*

## HYMNS TO THE GODS.

## NUMBER TEN.

## TO MINERVA.

HEAR, blue-eyed PALLAS! Eagerly we call,  
 Entreating thee to our glad festival,  
 Held in the sunny morning of the year,  
 In this, our rosy isle, to thee most dear.  
 Thine altar, builded by young maiden hands,  
 Near the Carpathian's sparkling water stands,  
 Upon the slant and sunny Rhodian shore,  
 Gracing the green lawn's undulating floor;  
 Walled in with trees, which, sweeping wide around,  
 Rampart the precincts of the holy ground.  
 Myriads of roses flushing full in bloom,  
 Send to far Caria surge of rich perfume,  
 Like the glad incense of our prayer, which floats  
 Up to the trembling stars. The ringing notes  
 Of silver flutes roll through the echoing woods,  
 Startling the Fauns in their shy solitudes.  
 A hundred boys, each fairer than a girl,  
 Over the green sward, clad in armor, whirl  
 In thy wild mystic dance. A hundred maids,  
 In white and gold, come from the dusky glades —  
 The loveliest of our beauty-blessed isle —  
 Their small white feet glittering like stars that smile  
 In the dark azure of a moonless night:  
 They bear thy robe of pure and stainless white,  
 Sleeveless, embroidered richly with fine gold,  
     Where'er thy deeds are told;  
     Those, chiefly, done of old,  
 When, bearing in the van, thou didst the Giants fight.

Brain-born of Zeus, thou who dost teach to men  
 Knowledge and wisdom, and hast brought again  
 Science and Art in renovated youth,  
 And taught fair Greece to love and seek the truth;  
 Thou to whom artist and artificer,  
 Fearing thy potent anger to incur,  
 Bend down beseechingly and pray for aid,  
 In all the cunning mysteries of their trade;  
 Inspired by thee, young men, immured in cells,  
 Drink deep of learning at Time's ancient wells,  
 Forget that Beauty's starry eyes still shine,  
 And love ATHENA only, the Divine:  
 Old gray-haired sages pore on antique scrolls,  
 And feed with wisdom's oil their burning souls:  
 Inspired by thee, the prophet sees afar  
 The signs of peace, the portents of grim war,  
 Foretells the strange and wayward destinies  
 Of nations and of men, and when the skies  
 With genial rains will bless the husbandman,  
 Or vex the earth with hail: Thy favor can



The life of those thou lovest well prolong,  
 And make hoar Eld youthful again and strong.  
 Oh, come to us, while glittering with dew  
 Young Day still crimson the horizon blue!  
     Come, *PARTHENOS*, to thy beloved home,  
     Though thou afar dost roam,  
     Where hungry oceans foam,  
 And there dispensest light barbaric nations through.

Oh, come not to us clad in armor bright,  
 Intolerable unto mortal sight;  
 With flashing spear and helm of blazing gold,  
 Crested with griffin-guarded sphynx; nor hold  
 Thine ægis, blazing with *MEDUSA*'s eyes,  
 Wreathed with live serpents! Not in warlike guise,  
 As when against the giants thou did'st march,  
 With thy strong tread shaking the sky's great arch,  
 Terrific in thy panoply of war,  
 The lightning in thy right-hand flashing far,  
 Till, struck with fear and overpowering dread,  
 Heaven's baffled adversaries howling fled.  
 Come in thy garb of peace, with kindly smile  
 Breathing new beauty on thy flowery isle;  
 With mystic veil over thy dazzling brow,  
 And soft feet, whiter than the mountain snow!  
 Come to us over the exulting sea,  
 From thy *Tegæan* shrine in *Arcady*,  
 Thy sacred dragon gliding e'er the waves,  
 While nymphs, emerging from deep ocean caves,  
 Float like clear stars upon the misty spray,  
 And carol round thee many a pleasant lay,  
 And *NEPTUNE*, smiling grimly at the strain,  
 Gives the glad welcome to his vast domain.

    And *ÆOLUS* bears incense from the shores  
     Where the mad *Ganges* roars  
     And his wild torrent pours  
 I' the Indian sea, and all the trees rich odors rain.

Thou who the daring Argonauts did'st guide  
 Over the stormy sea's rebellious tide,  
 By *Lemnos* and by sunny *Samothrace* —  
 Fair isles that sit the waves with stately grace —  
 By *Troas* and the dark *Symplegades*,  
 And sentest them, with favorable breeze,  
 Through the wide *Euxine* unto *Colchis* — bear,  
 Oh virgin goddess! and come smiling near,  
 While we do wait upon the silver sands,  
 And stretch imploringly our suppliant hands!  
 Then shall our maidens, of long summer even,  
 Embowered among the overshadowing leaves,  
 (While taught of thee, their sweet task they fulfil,  
 Plying the distaff with a curious skill,)  
 Tell of the time when, brighter than a star,  
 Approaching on the azure sea afar,  
 Thou did'st our humble ceremonies bless,  
 And smile upon their budding loveliness:  
 When new flowers sprang in every sunny vale,  
 New odors breathed in every pleasant gale,  
 And whiter corn, and richer wine and oil  
 Thenceforward paid the husbandman's glad toil,

And blander breezes and serener skies  
 Thenceforward blessed the isle. Oh, good and wise!  
 Oh, radiant goddess! shall this sacred day  
 Pass mournfully away,  
 And fade to evening gray,  
 And thou not deign to glad our anxious, longing eyes?

ALBERT PIKE.

## O N B E A R D S .

## NUMBER TWO.

- ' LORD, worshipp'd might He be! what a beard thou hast got!  
 '— His beard grew thin and hungry, and seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking!  
 '— WHY should a man whose blood is warm within, sit like his grandaie cut in alabaster?  
 '— WITH beard of formal cut.'

SHAKESPEARE.

TOWARD the termination of my Essay of the last month on this grave and momentous topic, O thou bright and courteous Editor of the rising and extending KNICKERBOCKER! I had perceived myself to be suddenly falling into the gay and discursive humour that doth alas! so easily beset me; and that is so adverse to, and subversive of a nice and logical consideration of the grave social enormity to which the population of this metropolis is becoming prone:—I can only mean the enormity of BEARDS.

I therefore closed, after the expression of a few hasty thoughts; intending to resume the subject when I should bring myself to a more quiet and philosophick tone and frame of mind. I thought also of the familiar Latin proverb, which is *not* however (as I am classically informed) the proverb of an ancient date, but which nevertheless, whether ancient or modern, carries the judicious purport on its front, that it does not become us to dispute on matters of Taste; and I desired thereupon to examine the other side of the proposition, and to know whether countervailing thoughts might not arise in my breast in favour of this imitation as a matter of taste by civilized man; of the proper appendage of the goat.

Alas, that I should say so! like so many wiser and better men, the longer the time may be that I spend in reflection, the more fixed and perfect is the conviction that I, I only if it must be so, I *only* am altogether in the right.

Taste! say I, TASTE!—Suppose a wretch should decide upon going home and shooting his father and mother—shall it be considered a matter of *Taste* whether of the two he shall first plump over?

Suppose a man found guilty of having eaten a potato with a woodcock; or of having dismissed his plate during the autumnal months with the head of that delicious bird untouched upon it—is he ever thereafter to be permitted to make use of the word TASTE?

Suppose a Gentleman upon a Summer day to receive from the gar-

den of a kind friend at HELL-GATE, (pardon the word, I believe it to be legitimate,) a delicious head of Lettuce in the cool of morning for his sallad of the day. He has placed it in a dish apart from the ice, on one of the stone shelves of his upright Refrigerator. He takes it forth at the right moment to be dressed by his own hands for the dinner. He first divests it of the outer leaves. He arrives at the cool, white, elastic, crisp inner-coatings, edged with the most delicate hue of sea-green—he cracks them off the central stalk, close to the stalk that bore them, and this discloses an inner layer of leaves yet more delicate and pure, with a dreamy imagination, at the topmost border, of what might in time have mingled into green. He cracks these also off; and behold! the budding leaves that were never intended to be touched by colour! These also, these infant foliations of this delicious offering of nature for the recreation of man, these too, are yet more carefully taken from the parent stalk to delight and crown the bowl.

Now slowly, leaf after leaf, all cool, all spotless, all dewy, all moist, all invigorated, all crisp, leaf after leaf, has been gently folded, tenderly sheltered, in a pure white damask napkin, (O call it dried, absorbed, not *wiped*!) and quietly, deftly, gracefully, daintily placed into the cool glass bowl; the hollow of each leaf lying upward to receive (from a box-wood or Swiss-poplar spoon) a small quantity of the dressing immortalized by the pen of the late Reverend and distinguished Sydney Smith in the following lines:

‘Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,  
Smoothness and softness to the sallad give;  
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,  
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon,  
But deem it not, Lady of herbs, a fault  
To add a double quantity of salt.  
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,  
And twice with vinegar procured from town;  
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs  
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.  
Let onions’ atoms lurk within the bowl,  
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.  
Then lastly in the flavoured compound toss  
One magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.  
O great and glorious! O herbaceous treat!  
’T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;  
Back to the world he’d turn his weary soul,  
And plunge his fingers in the Sallad Bowl!’

Our judicious host, mindful that much of the day’s happiness of his guests is now at stake, wields artistically his wooden fork and spoon, and while he distributes the contents of the bowl among his friends with the justice and liberality of the gods, takes care to see that each part of each leaf enjoys its due proportion of the dressing. He accomplishes this without in the least degree bruising or discomposing or diminishing the crispness of even the most tender of the leaves, and hardly disturbs its repose until he has deposited it in the centre of the plate of the convive.

Now suppose this convive, this guest, instead of transferring it unbroken unbruised unruffled into the penetralia of his mouth, by means of rolling it gracefully around his silver fourchette, should proceed to mince and chop and hash it up upon his plate with his steel knife, destroying all the lacteal veins and vessels of the tortured plant that at

length expires in agony before his eyes; torn, mutilated, bleeding forth its sacred ichor, discoloured, flaccid, dead!—Is such a monster, when he consumes LETTUCE in such a way as this, to defend himself behind an apparition of Taste?

Then neither are these brushes of BEARDS, these pepper-and-salt, nor these Judas-Iscaiot-red bristles, in any degree defensible upon the pretext of the *Taste* of the owners of them. There exists no right whatever to exhibit to the community on any such plea a disgusting object of this sort. Upon every principle of comity and social order they ought to be abolished, and this before the bright Bull 'receives the Sun,' or the Dog-Star shall make us long for coolness and for shade.

I regret—dear Publick I apologize to thee!—that seduced by the Demon of Parenthesis in the shape of a beautiful head of pure Summer Lettuce, I have wandered off from the consideration and anathema of the subject on which I intended to have expatiated. It was my plan when I sat down to have dwelt upon the Saucer and the Trencher beards. But the boundary of my space in this our favorite Magazine is already *trenched upon*, if not overpassed. Receive then my aspirations. Wait for my thoughts. Trim your Imperials. Subdue your Moustaches. Banish your Beards. And look after the half-concealed saucers that you cherish under your chins.

JOHN WATERS.

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THE MANTLE OF BURIED YEARS.

There are gems that rest in the silent caves  
Of the deep and boundless sea,  
And the riches of earth on its bounding waves  
Is tossed by the breezes free;  
But I'd give them all for the smiles and tears  
That lie with the wealth of buried years.

There are sands that glitter away in the West,  
Where ages the rivers have rolled  
Their clear cold floods to the ocean's breast,  
O'er beds star-sprinkled with gold;  
But what is the wealth of their golden tide  
To the treasures the years that have vanished hide?

There are sounds of voices that ever steal back  
From the depths of by-gone years,  
And memory bestrewn the oft-trodden track  
With its sunshine, its shadow and tears:  
O, doubly dear are the gems that lie  
In the golden years that have flitted by!

As the light fades out from an evening cloud,  
Their days have glided away,  
And the heart is still 'neath the chilly shroud  
That beat high in life's happy day:  
O! where is the treasure the wide world bears  
That is worth one smile from the buried years?

Vague realm of the past! how joyous a band  
Have you called from the homes of men  
To the silent vales of that shadowy land  
Whence they come not back again!  
Ye gathered years, what treasures ye bear!  
For the loved and the lost to earth are there!

J. W.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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WHITE-JACKET; OR THE WORLD IN A MAN-OF-WAR. By HERMAN MELVILLE, Author of 'Typee,' 'Omoo,' 'Mardi,' and 'Redburn.' New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WELL, we are glad to find the author of 'Typee' on the right ground at last. When we read his 'Mardi,' or rather *tried* to read it, for we never could get quite through it, we feared that the author had mistaken his bent, like a comic actor with a 'penshong' for tragedy, and that we were thenceforth to hear from him in a pseudo-philosophical *rifacimento* of CARLYLE and EMERSON. 'Redburn' reassured us; and now comes 'White-Jacket,' to reinstate the author in the best good-graces of the reading public. Not a page of this last work has escaped us; and so strong was the *continuous* interest which it excited, a quality not always encountered even in the most popular works of our time, that we accomplished its perusal in two 'sittings,' unavoidably protracted, we may remark, for we could not leave the work, while there was yet a page unread. Without the aid of much imagination, but with a degenerate-like naturalness of description of all which the writer saw and felt himself, and all which he saw others feel, Mr. MELVILLE has given us a volume which, in its evident truthfulness and accuracy of personal and individual delineation, reminds us continually of that admirable and justly popular work, the '*Two Years Before the Mast*' of the younger DANA. A vein of sly humor percolates through the book; and a sort of unctuous toying with verbal double-meanings, is once in a while to be met with, which go far to indicate, that if the author had lived in the '*City of Brotherly Love*,' (church-burners, firemen-fighters, assassins, and rowdies, except the implied exceptions!) he might, with a little proper instruction, have become as celebrated as 'a Philadelphia lawyer,' that preëminent model of a pun-hunter. We had intended to present several extracts from 'White-Jacket,' which we had pencilled for that purpose in the perusal; but the universal prevalence of the book itself, at this late period, would doubtless make them 'twice-told tales' to the great majority of our readers. We would call especial attention, as a matter of present public interest, to the chapters descriptive of an instance of almost indiscriminate flogging on board a man-of-war, and the consequences of such inconsistent punishment, in the case of each offender. The force of public opinion, and the example of certain humane officers in the highest rank of the American navy, would seem to indicate that the time is not distant when corporal punishment, if not mainly abolished, will at least be henceforth less frequently resorted to than formerly, and greatly lessened in its severity. The signs of the times' would seem to point unerringly to this result.

POEMS BY H. W. PARKER. In one volume. 16mo. pp. 238. Auburn, New-York: JAMES M. ALDEN, Number 67 Genesee-street.

THE pressure of new publications upon us, to several of which we are obliged to refer briefly in another department of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, prevents such a notice of the present volume as we should be well pleased to award it; for we encounter in its pages many gems of thought and felicities of expression which prove the writer to possess a poetical capacity of no ordinary character. We could instance, had we the requisite space, many favorable specimens of the writer's powers, but are compelled to content ourselves with the following, which fills but four out of the two hundred and thirty-eight pages contained in the volume which it graces. It is entitled '*The Loom of Life*.'

'I stood within a spacious room  
Where many busy weavers were,  
And each one played a lofty loom,  
With ceaseless and with noisy stir;  
Warp and roller, spools and reels —  
It was a mazy scene to view,  
While slow revolved the groaning wheels,  
And fast the clashing shuttles flew.

'Unnumbered threads of brilliant dyes,  
From beam to beam all closely drawn,  
Seemed dipped in hues of sunset skies,  
Or steeped in tints of rosy dawn;  
Or as a thousand rainbows bright  
Had been unravelled, ray by ray,  
And each prismatic beam of light  
Inwoven with the fabric lay.

'Quick, quick the clicking shuttles flew,  
And slowly up the web was rolled,  
Sprinkled with purple, red and blue,  
And strewn with stars of yellow gold;  
The quaint device came forth so true,  
It seemed a work of magic power,  
As if by force of Nature grew  
Each imaged leaf and figured flower.

'I sat within a silent room,  
While evening shadows deepened round,  
And thought that life is like a loom  
With many-colored tissues wound;  
Our souls the warp, and thought a thread  
That, since our being first began,  
Backward and forth has ever sped,  
Shot by the busy weaver — man!

'And all events of changing years  
That lend their colors to our life,  
Though oft their memory disappears  
Amid our pleasures and our strife,  
Are added fibres to the warp.  
And here and there they will be seen,  
Dyed deep in joy or sorrows sharp —  
For we are all that we have been.

'The loves and hopes of youthful hours,  
Though buried in oblivion deep,  
Like hidden threads in woven flowers  
Upon the web will start from sleep.  
And one loved face we sometimes find  
Pictured there, with memories rife;  
A part of that mysterious mind  
Which forms the endless warp of life.

'Still hour by hour the tissue grows,  
(Memory is its well known name,)  
Stained bright with joys or dark with woes,  
The pattern never twice the same!  
For its confused and mingled gleams  
Display so little care or plan,  
In heedless sport the shuttle seems  
Thrown by the maddened weaver — man!

'And if our conscious waking thought  
Weaves out so few and worthless ends,  
Much more a tangled woof is wrought  
When dream with dream commingling  
The tollsome scenes of weary days; [blends;  
By night lived o'er, at morn we see  
Made monstrous in a thousand ways,  
Like fabled shapes on tapestry.

'And as the weaver's varied braid,  
When turned, a double wonder shows —  
The lights all changed to sombre shade,  
While all the dim then warmly glows;  
So, many scenes we think most bright,  
And many deemed most dark and cold,  
Will seem inverted to our sight,  
When we our future life behold!

'For thought ends not; it reaches on  
Through every change of world or clime,  
While of itself will ever run  
The restless flying shuttle — time!  
And when the deep-imprinted soul  
Shall burst the chambers of the tomb,  
Eternity will forth unroll  
The work of this our wondrous loom!

We shall watch Mr. PARKER's literary career with interest. We think we discern in him the evidence of true genius; and if his riper years fulfil the promise of his spring, we shall look to 'hear from him' hereafter. In the mean time we commend his first volume to the encouraging approbation of his readers and of ours; and to himself a careful study of the old 'masters of song,' to the end that, without imitation, he may avail himself of the best models of style.

WOMAN IN AMERICA: HER WORK AND HER REWARD. By MARIA J. MCINTOSH, Author of 'Charms and Counter-Charms,' 'To Seem and to Be,' etc. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE never take up a new work by the author of 'To Seem and to Be,' without being certain to find developed three important requisites: namely, purity and simplicity of style, the earnestness of thorough conviction, and the inculcation of lessons the most valuable to her readers. All these are preëminent characteristics of 'Woman in America;' and we wish it were in our power to secure a place for the work in the library of every true woman in our highly-favored land. 'He who undertakes,' says our author, in a brief and well-written introduction, 'to mark the movements of a multitude, who would decide whither their steps tend, and judge their deviations from the right path, must stand above them, that he may overlook their course; and some such elevation may seem to be claimed by her who seeks to awaken the attention of her countrywomen to the mistakes by which, as she believes, their social progress is impeded, or misdirected. The only advantage over those whom she addresses, claimed by the author, is opportunity for more extended observation of the varied forms of social life in her own land than has been enjoyed by many of her sex. Bound to the South, the land of her birth, and the home of her childhood and youth, by ties which no time can sever, ties knit when feeling was strongest and association most vivid, her maturer and more reflective years have been passed in the Northern States; and here kind hearts have been opened to her, and friendly hands have been extended to draw her into the sanctuary of their homes, and permit her to become a pleased witness of the 'holy revealings' proceeding from those innermost shrines of life. Nor has her observation been confined to one class, in these her different abodes. She has been permitted to take her views of life, now from the position occupied by those who claim the 'privilege' of idleness, and now from that of those whom a friendly necessity has constrained to yield obedience to the benign law of labor.' Thus, her sympathies with all have been cultivated; and she speaks only 'that which she knows, and testifies that she has seen.' Again do we commend her volume to a wide and cordial acceptance.

LAKE SUPERIOR: ITS PHYSICAL CHARACTER, VEGETATION, AND ANIMALS, compared with that of Other and Similar Regions. By LOUIS AGASSIZ. With a Narrative of the Tour, by J. ELIOT CABOT; and Contributions by other Scientific Gentlemen. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN.

THE main object of the excursion, the results of which are given in the pages of this large, well-executed, and finely-illustrated volume, was a purely scientific one; namely, the study of the natural history of the northern shore of Lake Superior. The party was composed of the eminent naturalist, AGASSIZ, and fifteen other gentlemen, mainly 'seniors' from the higher 'schools' of Harvard University. Another end proposed by Professor AGASSIZ was to afford to those of the party who were unaccustomed to the practical investigation of natural phenomena an opportunity of exercising themselves under his direction. Interspersed throughout the narrative are literal and fresh reports, carefully made at the time, of the learned Professor's remarks on various points of Natural History, that seemed to him likely to interest a wider circle than those more particularly addressed in the second part of the book, which consists of papers on various points connected with the Natural History of the region, written, where not otherwise specified, by Professor AGASSIZ himself. This portion

of the work, without presenting a mere detail of facts, shows the bearing of those facts upon general questions. We are enabled, from personal examination, to pronounce upon the accuracy of many of the descriptions of natural scenery and of 'men and things' contained in the volume before us. In reading it, we were once more on our way up the lonely Saint-Mary's river; once more at the 'Salt Steamer,' as we heard a Yankee call it, on board our little steamer; the subdued roar of the rapids were in our ears; and wandering along the shore, we entered once again the Indian wigwams, and held council with the 'abrogynes.' The innings of the village is singularly faithful, both as regards its external and internal characteristics. We are sorry that Mr. CABOT, to whom we are indebted for the excellent landscape illustrations of the volume, did not give us one view on the St. Mary's which should have included the amphitheatric banks, measured off, as it were, with living land-marks, tall cane-like firs, rising above the verdant level of the surrounding forest. This was to us a most picturesque feature in the scenery of the river. We commend this volume before us not alone to the student of American Natural History, to whom of course it cannot fail to prove an acquisition of great value, but as a work well calculated to afford both entertainment and instruction to the general reader.

THE SCARLET-LETTER: A ROMANCE. BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. BOSTON: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

IF we are indebted for this delightful book to the fact that Mr. HAWTHORNE, after having been removed from the collectorship of the port of Salem, Massachusetts, had nothing else to do but write it, we take it upon ourselves to say, that the author need expect but slight sympathy from the reading public. What may have been his loss is to that public so abundant a gain that few tears will be shed for his individual 'taking off.' And speaking of 'taking off,' we should like to know of any Flemish painting, or any of WILKIE's wonderful 'transcripts from human nature,' that are more perfect than the 'pictures to the eye' afforded in the opening pages of the work under notice. We see the outward view from the windows of that custom-house, we scan the inmates with as clear a vision, as if we were personally on the spot; such is the magic of the author's word-painting. We feared a few unduly satirical and HOGARTHIAN touches in the portraits, as we read; and we now find, by the Salem journals, that the writer is accused of having been offensively and grossly personal in presenting what are pronounced to be 'caricatures' as veritable representations of living personages. Be this as it may, nothing apparently could be more strikingly artistic and coincidentally natural, than these opening sketches. We find the following synopsis of the work in the main a correct representation of its incidents: 'The Scarlet Letter' is a psychological romance. It is a tale of remorse, a study of character, in which the human heart is anatomized, carefully, elaborately, and with striking poetic and dramatic power. Its incidents are simply these. A woman in the early days of Boston becomes the subject of the discipline of the court of those times, and is condemned to stand in the pillory, and wear henceforth, in token of her shame, the scarlet letter A attached to her bosom. She carries her child with her to the pillory. Its other parent is unknown. At this opening scene her husband, from whom she had been separated in Europe, preceding him by ship across the Atlantic, reappears from the forest, whither he had been thrown by shipwreck on his arrival. He was a



man of a cold intellectual temperament, and devotes his life thereafter to search for his wife's guilty partner and a fiendish revenge. The young clergyman of the town, a man of a devout sensibility and warmth of heart, is the victim, as this Mephistophelian old physician fixes himself by his side to watch over him and protect his health, an object of great solicitude to his parishioners, and, in reality, to detect his suspected secret and gloat over his tortures. This slow, cool, devilish purpose, is perfected gradually and inevitably. The wayward, elfish child, a concentration of guilt and passion, binds the interests of the parties together, but throws little sunshine over the scene. These are all the characters, with some casual introductions of the grim personages and manners of the period, unless we add the scarlet letter, which, in Hawthorne's hands, skilled to these allegorical, typical assemblances, becomes vitalized as the rest. It is the hero of the volume. The dénouement is the death of the clergyman on a day of public festivity, after a public confession in the arms of the pilloried, branded woman.' We have to add to this syllabus the remark, that 'The Scarlet Letter' is written with a sustained power to the close; that it is replete with deep thought and searching analysis of the human heart; full of graphic pictures of character and of the manners of the time; that it is a work, in short, which reflects high honor upon its author, and which will take a high rank among modern American works of fiction.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS: a Weekly Journal. By CHARLES DICKENS. London and New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

We are glad to find an enterprising American publisher establishing at once a reprint of this journal, which, judging from the merits of the two numbers before us, will attain to great popularity. From a passage in the editor's '*Preliminary Words*,' in the first number, our readers will derive a clear impression of the object and intent of the work: 'No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities, will give a harsh tone to our Household Words. In the bosoms of the young and old, of the well-to-do and of the poor, we would tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast; which, according to its nurture, burns with an inspiring flame, or sinks into a sullen glare, but which (or we betide that day!) can never be extinguished. To show to all, that in all familiar things, even in those which are repellant on the surface, there is Romance enough, if we will find it out; to teach the hardest workers at this whirling wheel of toil, that their lot is not necessarily a nasty, brutal fact, excluded from the sympathies and graces of imagination; to bring the greater and the lesser in degree, together, upon that wide field, and mutually dispose them to a better acquaintance and a kinder understanding; is one main object of our Household Words. They will not be echoes of the present time alone, but of the past too. Neither will they treat of the hopes, the enterprises, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, of this country only, but, in some degree, of those of every nation upon earth. For nothing can be a source of real interest in one of them, without concerning all the rest.' We have alluded elsewhere to other papers in the two issues before us. The journal is well printed upon strong fine linen paper; and is in such a convenient book-form that it may be preserved and bound in volumes, and thus form a valuable and interesting addition to one's private library.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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MADAMOISELLE JENNY LIND. — To trace the influence which JENNY LIND has exercised over the mind of musical Europe, since her first appearance until the present time, would almost seem an impossibility. All Germany and England have directly felt it, and through them it has been tangibly felt throughout the rest of Europe. She is the veritable Muse of Song in these latter days; and it may interest our readers to hear an appreciative and capable correspondent trace out the elements which have combined to produce so singular a success as that which has marked her career for the last six or seven years: 'As a child, she possessed one of the richest and most delicate organs which had ever been heard, and filled in Stockholm that exceptional position which is always held by those wonderful children, who are gifted either with the precocity of genius, or those strange and marvellous gifts which are unapproachable by the larger-grown and more heavily gifted 'stars' in every art and calling. She was the veritable TOM THUMB of opera; for when she first appeared upon the stage, she was little more than nine years old. At thirteen her voice vanished. It broke completely. The dreams of her ambition — for she, modest and unassuming as she was, had ambition — seemed crushed for ever. After a lapse of two years, however, it began to return to her; and she contrived, by the help of her friends, to repair to Paris, for the sake of obtaining lessons from GARCIA. In the year 1843 or 1844, she appeared at Berlin, and from that period her fame has been steadily and rapidly upon the increase. In the year 1847 she appeared on the stage of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre in London, and in the year 1850 we shall reckon upon having her here in America.

'The voice of JENNY LIND is one of the purest and most delicate *sopranos* of which it is possible to conceive. A perfect or well-nigh perfect equality exists throughout its register. She is consequently not necessitated to abandon or slur over any part of her execution. In its delicacy of intonation, and its surpassing and wonderful flexibility, it even surpasses the voice of PERSIANA, while it is not subject to those changes which have proved so injurious to the reputation of that songstress, whom we have very frequently heard for four or five successive evening's half-a-note at variance with the pitch of the orchestra. Such also is the exquisiteness of her enunciation, and the refinement of her voice, that the higher notes are thrown from her chest with all the sharpness and clearness which might attend a less extraordinary exertion of its singular powers. Its deeper notes are possibly less resonant than those of GIULIA GRISI, but they possess a more distinct and energetic character, and are brought out without any of the difficulty which too often marks the exertions of that singer. Her *cadenzas* and *foretor* are exclusively composed by herself, and are exquisitely beautiful; so much so, indeed, that they were frequently copied by her master, GARCIA, at the

time in which she was under his tuition. It is however in her own sweet and plaintive Swedish ballads that we have felt most powerfully the charms of this musical enchantress; as indeed have all who have had the opportunity of hearing them. One fact which we have heard respecting the '*Echo Song*' may prove a good sample of the wild and wonderful dreams which have been produced by her talent. A famous professor of ventriloquism in England, whose name we will not mention, had the opportunity of hearing her at Birmingham. He was fond of music, and enjoyed the occasion as much as it was possible to do, until she sang this melody. No sooner had he heard the repetition of the words given, than he smiled to himself with the approving air of a man who perfectly appreciated the manner in which it was done. At the conclusion of the air, the friend who had accompanied him to the concert, turned to him: 'Is it not beautiful?' he asked. 'Charming!' was the answer. 'What an admirable ventriloquist she would make!' His friend doubted whether it was possible that he heard him correctly, and asked him what he meant: 'Simply,' replied the professor, 'that the echo she produces in that song is the result of ventriloquism!' Nor was he to be persuaded that this was not the case. Probably he retains the conviction to this day, that JENNY LIND is a ventriloquist! Such is one instance alone, taken from the scores with which we are acquainted, of the extraordinary powers of this lady; but we might multiply anecdote upon anecdote, if we had the inclination to collect but one tithe part of those which are floating about in every part of the continent of Europe. Such however is not our wish. We took up our pen with the intention alone of giving some idea of her powers as a vocalist, and found ourselves betrayed into the anecdote before we were well aware of it. Let us content ourselves with the anticipation that she will ere long be among us; that we shall once more have the opportunity of hearing her exquisite voice thrilling through the '*Deh Vioni*,' or some other of those songs with which she has so often before delighted us; that we shall once more have the opportunity of seeing one of the most charming and unassuming of those creatures to whom HEAVEN has given the genius to delight and astonish those to whom it has been less bountiful in the distribution of its choicer and more enthralling gifts.'

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THE PAAS FESTIVAL, celebrated the other evening at NIBLO's new saloon by the Saint Nicholas Society, and its invited guests, was one of the most delightful occasions of the sort which it has ever been our good fortune to attend. We should like to have had a delegation of sour, puritanical, discontented people, of what nation or tongue soever, drop in at that assembly about the middle of the evening. There was not a face that was not 'wreathed in smiles.' The highest dignitaries were cracking pails-eggs, and bearing away their 'conquerors'; all 'fair,' too, not a marble egg in the entire collection. The capable stewards had taken care to have every good thing in the way of potables and edibles, and well did NIBLO, that prince of caterers, reward their exertions. There were no toasts and no 'speeches' proper — nor improper. The President of the St. NICHOLAS Society, J. DE PRYSTER OGDEN, Esq., made a few felicitous remarks, touching 'the day we celebrated'; and President KINN, of Columbia College, and Dr. WAINWRIGHT, also spoke with the terseness and elegance characteristic of each. Several excellent songs and stories diversified the enjoyment of the evening; and amidst a cloud of odorous smoke, the happy company finally separated. It was a season to be remembered.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — If our readers would like to see a little 'Gossip and Garrulity,' in the first person singular, from a pen with which they have long been familiar, and which for sixteen years has not before been employed out of these pages, they may, 'an' if they list,' glance over a little piece in the May number of our friend GODEY'S '*Lady's Book*' of Philadelphia, entitled '*Gossip about Children, in a Familiar Epistle to the Editor.*' We are moved to a short extract, because it 'opens up' the subject of '*Kites*,' whereof we promised to say something for the behoof of the boys of Gotham and other cities devoted to the manufacture and propulsion of these 'fabrics':

'THE sorrows and tears of youth,' says WASHINGTON IRVING, 'are as bitter as those of age;' and he is right. They are sooner washed away, it is true; but oh! how keen is the *present* sensibility — how acute the *passing* mental agony!

'My twin-brother WILLIS — may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave! — and myself, when we were very little boys in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper-kite, swaying to and fro, rising and sinking, diving and curvetting, and flashing back the sunlight in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and keeping our eyes continually upon it, 'gazing stedfastly into heaven,' we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it reaching into the skies, and little white paper-messengers gliding along up it, as if to hold communion with the graceful artificial bird of the air at the upper end.

'I am describing this to you as a *boy*, and I wish you to *think* of it as a boy.

'Well, many days afterward, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us — for we thought we had obtained the 'principle' of the kite — we succeeded in making one which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days: and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage, than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of red and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

'At last it pleased the 'gentle and voluble spirit of the air' to favor us. A mild south wind sprang up, and so deftly did we manage our machine, that it was presently reduced to a mere miniature kite in the blue ether above us. *Such* an event! FULTON, when he essayed his first experiment, felt no more exultant than did we, when that great triumph was achieved. We kept it up until 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk,' when we drew it down, and deposited it in the barn; hesitating long *where* to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it endwise in a barrel, in an unfrequented corner of the barn.

'I am coming now to a specimen of the 'sorrows and tears of youth,' of which GEOFFREY CRAYON speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night, and far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision we saw it flashing in the sun and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning we repaired betimes to the barn, approached the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away, and on looking down into the receptacle saw our cherished, our *beloved* kite broken into twenty pieces!

'It was our man THOMAS who did it, climbing upon the hay-mow.

'We never wholly forgave the cruel neighbor who *laughed* at us for our deep six-months' sorrow at that great loss: a loss in comparison with which the loss of a fortune, at the period of manhood, would sink into insignificance. *Other* kites indeed we constructed; but *that* was 'the kite you read of' at this present.'

Think, therefore, O ye parents! *always* think, of the acuteness of a child's sense of childish grief.

'I once saw an elder brother, the son of a metropolitan neighbor, a romping, roystering blade, in the merest 'devilment,' cut off the foot of a little doll that his infantine sister was amusing herself with. A mutilation of living flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in a beloved playmate, could scarcely have affected the poor child more painfully. It was to her the vital current of a beautiful babe which oozed from the bran leg of that stuffed effigy of an infant; and the mental sufferings of the child were based upon the innocent faith which it held, that all things were really what they seemed.'

But speaking of kites: it really 'doth appeareth unto us' that our metropolitan

juveniles do n't know how to construct 'em. Thin, tissue-paper things, with no shape to them beyond that of a confused sexagon, no place for a head, and less for a tail, these are the machines you see fluttering and bobbing, ducking and sidling, in the sky of Gotham. How unlike the walnut-bow and cedar-shaft kite of the *ked'ntry*; with its red-worsted wings 'a-flappink in the hair,' as *YELLOWPLUSH* says, its firmament of bright paper-stars gleaming in the sun; its long flaunting tail, moving gracefully with the mass above it, its tasselled end waving like the tail-fin of a fish, that gracefulest of moving things. Ah! *those* were the kites; and it was from such specimens of 'high art' that we derived our love of them, which to this day has never left us; as many a lad can testify, who has been flying kites in our 'beat,' as we daily wend to and from the sanctum. We confidently ask our juvenile friends, did we ever see a kite, howsoever small or ignoble, lodged in a tree, or on a telegraph wire, or twisted round a telegraph-pole, or a chimney, without rendering immediate and 'valuable assistance?' Never! — and if the dyspeptic Wall-street broker, who called the attention of his sneering chum the other morning to 'Old *KNICK*,' descending a tree, a disabled kite in his hand, and a 'solution of continuity' in his trowserloons, will call up in our street, we will give him a little illustration of the 'luxury of doing good.' The bright, golden-haired boy who owned that kite, Mr. *BROKER*, knows how to be grateful; and if we should hereafter ever flourish in Wall-street, in your line, he would send us the best of shaving - 'paper' to be had in 'the street;' and we can tell you too, Mr. *POLITICIAN*, that if, in the progress of events, we should chance to be 'up' for some office in the gift of this our good old *KNICKERBOCKER* city, that lad would be 'good for' fifty votes. We can only say, that once in a municipal office, of the proper description, our best exertions shall not be wanting to 'put down' the telegraph-poles and wires. Electricity is a 'good institution,' no doubt, and enables us to 'enjoy our murders' in the morning papers to a greater extent than formerly; but telegraphs were never intended to interfere with the 'vested rights' of boys engaged in kite-flying — never! The destruction in this branch of business is greatly increasing. Look at the ragged skeletons, the almost fossil remains, that flap and writhe upon the wires and posts, where they have been gibbeted — 'lean, rent and beggared by the strumpet wind.' What 'underlies' all this evil? The telegraph system. Boys, 'To the poles! down with the poles!' should be the rallying cry. They are aristocratic; they are unconstitutional; they are worse than the 'WILMOT proviso!' Such and so many have been the wrecks of kites, 'sailing on the high seas of air,' that juvenile enterprise has been diverted to other channels; and a virulent eruption of whip-tops, 'groaning under the lash,' has broken out, and is spreading all over the metropolis; driving the aged from the walks, invading the delicate feet and ankles of our lovely female pedestrians, and playing the very dounce with the interior of their beautiful white under-dresses. Let the nuisance be abated. A vermilion edict! . . . Who can 'gild refined gold?' Take up your '*Book of Common Prayer*,' reader — we hope it is 'not far from each one of you' — and turn to this passage in the Litany:

'By the mystery of thy holy incarnation; by thy holy nativity and circumcision; by thy baptism, fasting and temptation; by thine agony and bloody sweat; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost; good LORD, deliver us! In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good LORD deliver us!'

We never hear this portion of the Litany, howsoever indifferently repeated, in the service of the sanctuary, without a profound feeling of reverence, and almost of awe. It has seemed to us that the collocation of the words could not be equalled; that the

gradual convergence of the periods is absolutely perfect. Poetry certainly cannot improve either ; as witness the nearest counterpart by WESLEY, than whom surely no one could have succeeded better. We annex a portion only of his stanzas :

'By thy fasting and temptation,  
Mortify our vain desires;  
Take away what sense or passion,  
Appetite or flesh, requires;  
Arm us with thy self-denial,  
Every tempted soul defend;  
Save us in the fiery trial,  
Make us faithful to the end.

'By thy sorer sufferings, save us,  
Save us when conformed to thee;  
By thy miseries relieve us,  
By thy painful agony;  
When beneath thy frown we languish,  
When we feel thine anger's weight,  
Save us by thine unknown anguish,  
Save us by thy bloody sweat!

'By that highest point of passion,  
By thy suffering on the tree,  
Save us from the indignation  
Due to all mankind and me:  
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,  
Gasping out thy latest breath,  
By thy precious death's applying,  
Save us from eternal death!

'From the world of care release us,  
By thy precious burial save;  
Crucified with thee, O JESUS!  
Hide us in thy quiet grave;  
By thy power, divinely glorious,  
By thy resurrection's power,  
Raise us up, o'er sin victorious,  
Raise us up, to sin no more!

It has often struck us that a clergyman of the Church of England has at least one advantage over his brethren of other orders in the ministry. He may himself be tame; he may be jejune and flat; soporiferous influences of 'poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the East,' may distil from his lips; but his hearers have heard '*the Service*;' all classes and conditions of men, among his auditors or elsewhere, have been appropriately remembered. . . . THERE is a pleasant anecdote in a little satirical *brochure* just published, entitled '*The Crudities of the Code and the Codifiers*,' of a tall, raw-boned recruit, who was put on drill by a little cocksparrow of an officer: as every command was given to him, he would look down to see his commander, and was as often admonished to hold up his head. Repeated admonitions of the kind at length had the effect to induce the recruit to raise his head at least to a level with the setting sun, and the officer ordered him to keep it there. 'What, always?' was the inquiry. 'Yes, always!' was the stern reply. 'Then good-by, lieutenant; I shall never see *you* again!' . . . WE trust we shall be accused of no unkindness in calling public attention to a new work by the prolific author of '*PUFFER HOPKINS*.' It is termed '*The Adventures of Mr. Moneypenny*;' and judging from the sample-sheets which have been furnished to the writer's *Fidus Achates*, for publication in advance, we infer it to be fully equal to the previous '*various writings*' of the author, whereby so many hapless publishers have been depleted. Now we ask any reader, who may heretofore for a moment have fancied that the '*North-American Review*,' the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and other the like journals, had been '*too hard*' upon PUFFER HOPKINS, we ask *any* reader to read, or *try* to read, at least, this latest specimen of the peculiar '*humor*' of our '*American DICKENS*.' Try it *once*, reader for *our* sake, for the love of '*Old KNICK.*;' and in the mean time regard these remarks of ADDISON in '*The Spectator*' as conveying a tolerably clear inkling of our own impressions '*in the premises*:' '*Among all kinds of writing, there is none in which a stupid author is more apt to miscarry than in a work of humor, and there is none in which he is more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, a head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of some writers who set up for men of humor, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? If they deliver nonsense, they believe they are talking humor; and when they have drawn together a scheme of*

absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavor to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humor should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author in this kind, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.' . . . We must 'beg to decline' having any thing to say or do in the matter suggested by 'CONSERVATOR.' And if he will permit us to give him a little advice, we shall ask to convey it in these lines :

'If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,  
Five things observe with care;  
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how — and when — and where.'

THE sketch entitled '*The Old White Meeting-House Revisited*' we had read, and with pleasure, before the receipt of our correspondent's note. The first interview of the writer with the sexton, a wrinkled, crooked, feeble old man, who had so long and so often been in the grave that he wondered he should then be out of it; the reminiscences connected with the tenants of the little church-yard, (reminding us very forcibly of '*Our Burial-Place*,' written by Miss SEDGWICK for these pages,) and especially the visit paid by the writer, after a long absence, to the village parsonage, once the homestead of his parents, the abiding-place of his brothers and sisters; these struck us as vividly and graphically limned. After retiring to rest in '*The Parsonage*,' in the same room where he slept when a child, with the associations of the past thick-clustering about him, he passes (so busy is Memory) a sleepless night. But the morning at length comes, when, he tells us :

'I WANDERED out among the trees, and fields, and streams, that were once my most familiar haunts. The shade-trees around the parsonage I had helped to plant. They were now wide spreading: their branches meeting over head, although we had set their trunks wide asunder. Here were four maples in a row; they were planted for and by four brothers of us, and each in the order of his age had a tree of his own, which he watered and watched with fraternal care. The trees are all living: of the brothers, one has been transplanted to a better soil and a fairer clime. He was a fine boy. Well do I remember how he, the youngest of the four, was pleased to have a tree of his own; how proud to fill the trench around it with water, and to see that his tree (they were all set out in full leaf) did not wilt. But he withered and died before his sun had reached its noon. Poor boy! — no, rather let me say, blessed was he that his FATHER took him so early to his bosom, and spared him the trials and struggles the rest of us have had to meet and to bear. How strange the mutations and comminglings of this world! . . . But these fields have not changed. These hills are the same — the 'overlasting hills': the forests crown them yet, and these streams at their base flow on as they did thirty years ago, when I walked in them, or sat on their banks and angled for trout in the summer sun. It is good to look Nature in the face again, and to see some scenes that have not changed with the changes of an ever-changing world.'

Would you know, reader, what constitutes the true beauty of the foregoing extract? We can inform you: truth, feeling, simplicity; and without these qualities *all* writing in this kind is nought. . . . Our old friend and correspondent, the poet LOWE-FELLOW, in '*The Village Blacksmith*,' painted from nature for these pages, has this reminiscence of his sitter :

'He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.'

We always thought, and now know, that this is a true picture. While a soft, feathery, echoless and almost warm April snow is coming down without, and the

white-muffled branches of the trees before the sanctum-windows make a faint melody in the moist night-wind, there comes up from the parlor-piano below a 'daughter's voice' singing, with the proper accompaniment, that most lilting and characteristic of Scottish songs, '*The Laird o' Cockpen*;' a tune which, on one occasion, after having danced to it some dozen times in the 'small hours' of the morning, at a Dobb's Ferry quadrille-party, we began to sing in our sleep; the only incitement thereto being the prompting of a friend, who, with a wager as to the result, 'hummed' the opening notes in our 'dreaming ear.' Ah! old-bachelor friend, who did that deed, do *you* have any little girls coming home from boarding-school, and making your 'heart rejoice' without even knowing it themselves? Expect not; 'leastways' you *ought n't* to have. . . . Our friend and correspondent, W. H. C. HOMER, Esq., in preceding pages, has paid his poetical 'addresses' to '*The Song-Sparrow*;' partly incited thereto, we may suppose, by the following letter from a gentleman now occupying a high judicial station in the southern section of this our 'Empire State.' It is pleasant to meet with a sun-spot like this charming missive on the dark stern ground of judicial life: 'I have entered so heartily into your beautiful conception of bringing out, in due time, an annual of poetry upon birds, with plates, etc., that I have availed myself of the first leisure hour since my return here to fulfil my promise of calling your attention to the song-sparrow, and giving some hints upon its traits and habits. It has long been my favorite bird, and I am, I confess, not a little jealous of its reputation, not only as a sweet and unrivalled songster, but as a pattern of all the beautiful traits and charming virtues that adorn this poetical and melodious race of God's creatures. It is a bird of the humblest pretensions; modest in its demeanor and apparel; and seems to love, at a somewhat timid and safe distance, the companionship of man. They abound in the Chemung valley, and I have met them in many other parts of the state; and although Dr. DE KAY thinks they are not common in the interior of this state, my own opinion, founded upon long observation, is, that there is scarcely a district where they are not to be found, especially in the spring. The same author also says that he has reason to believe that a few spend the entire winter in the Atlantic district of this state. I not only believe this, but also that they do not leave us at all. Where they hide through the winter, I have no means of forming any conjecture; but certain it is, that they are the very earliest harbingers of spring, and remain and sing long after the passage-birds have gone from among us. I have heard them since my return here, now on the twenty-ninth of November; and it is by no means uncommon to hear them in this quarter until the last warm day of Autumn has yielded to the rough grasp of Winter. They may very easily be mistaken for the ground-bird, or grass-bird, by one who does not notice particularly, the general appearance being somewhat similar, and the size nearly the same. The distinguishing marks are, however, quite apparent to the close observer; and the *song* — oh! how I wish SHELLEY could have heard it at the first opening of spring! I have never heard the real sky-lark, but I will back my bird against it, on any genial spring day, give me but fair, unbiassed judges. If that rarest of all poets, who had in him the soul of a thousand birds, could have listened to the blithe strains of the little song-sparrow, it would not have remained the obscure bird it is. For a more particular description of its haunts and habits, allow me to refer you to our State Ornithology, and the authorities there cited. It builds generally in shrubs, but I have known it to build in the pine near my door. The scientific name, *Fringilla Melodia*, is highly appropriate, and belongs more properly to this bird than any other.



Do not abandon the idea of the Book of Birds. It is a conception worthy of a true poet.' A bird somewhat like this made melodious the sighing pines and cedars near a friend's residence on Staten-Island, where we had the happiness to pass a recent bright cold day of mid-March. Its little chirping note was inexpressibly sweet; and nothing could exceed the 'scenic accompaniments.' Flanked by a line of deep blue hills, far off gleamed in the sun-light the cities of Newark and Elizabethtown, with glancing waters between; Jersey City and New-York, with the adjacent Weehawken Heights, and the Palisades, slept silently upon the broad bosom of the bay and the banks of the noblest river in the world; steeped Brooklyn crowned the eastern heights; while on the south, through the Narrows, spread the illimitable sea, dotted with ships, with here and there an ocean-steamer coming into port, or departing for foreign climes. It was 'a sight to see,' and one, moreover, which *may* be seen, on any pleasant day, for a 'York shilling.' . . . 'The American Art-Union Bulletin,' under the supervision of Mr W. J. HOFFIN, an accomplished art-critic and an able writer, as our readers have had opportunities of testifying, announces the attractions of the institution for the coming year. It has already on its walls upward of an hundred pictures; and among them LEUTZE's fine painting, 'Knight of Sayn and the Gnomes,' COLE's 'Dream of Arcadia,' together with many other 'gems of the first water' from artists of eminence or great promise. The subjects for five large prints, in line engraving, on steel, have been selected. They will consist of COLE's picture above-mentioned, EDMONDS' 'New Scholar,' a very capital thing, LEUTZE's 'Image Breaker,' DURAND's glorious picture of 'Dover Plains,' and WOODVILLE's 'Card-Players.' The prints will correspond in size with, and be bound in the same form, as DARLEY's superb outlines of 'RIP VAN WINKLE' and the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' of which we have before spoken, and which are now attracting deserved commendation in the English journals. 'The Bulletin,' which is much enlarged, and otherwise improved, gives us etchings of two pictures by our friend Mr. GLASS, now in England. We cannot but think that the engraver has exaggerated the animals. Surely they are *too* immense. The American Art-Union bids fair to have more and better pictures than on any previous year, and it is certainly preparing to give *every* subscriber the full value of his subscription in fine engravings from works of high art. . . . 'THE cry is still they go—the crowded ships for California! Every steamer that arrives, bringing the 'precious metal,' returns with hundreds upon hundreds of eager adventurers after the 'dust,' beside inciting all sorts of water-craft and all sorts of people to follow in their wake; while innumerable land-companies and caravans are moving onward to the same land of promise. Ah! how few of these gold-seekers think of the discomforts, the privations, the perils they may have to encounter!—or how many who have gone, with light and eager hearts, before them, worn down by disease and suffering, have 'laid them down in their last sleep!' And there, by the bleak sierra's side, or the rushing river's bank, they rest in their distant graves:

'No stone nor monumental cross  
Tells where their mouldering ashes lie,  
Who sought for gold and found it dross.'

WE have before us 'Part One' of '*The Gossips of Rivertown*,' by Mrs. JOSEPH C. NEAL, of Philadelphia. We can cordially commend them to our readers. The papers which give the title to the present number inculcate, by striking and interesting incidents, lessons of charity and goodness. The style is lively, descriptive, collo-

quial and pleasant. Other sketches, in prose and verse, will succeed. A portrait of the lady-author is so exceedingly like a fair young friend of the writer hereof, that he must needs thank the painter and engraver for the sad, calm face that fronts the title-page of the volume before us. . . . HEARING faintly just now, from the nursery overhead, the faithful nurse MARY-ANN rocking and plaintively singing to the little girl of two years in her arms, who is very fair and dear in the eyes and hearts of those who love her best, we opened the sanctum-door into the hall, and listened to hear the melody take shape in these words:

'Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy riven side which flowed  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

'Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's commands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

'Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,  
Wash me, SAVIOUR! or I die.

'While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes are closed in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
To meet thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in THEE!"

Now as we closed the door, and resumed the pen, we were conscious of a glow of gratitude in our bosom, that GOD had made the heart of woman tender and loving of infancy and childhood, and that the delegated guardian of our own little lambs reverently remembered the GOOD SHEPHERD, into whose fold we hope they shall one day be gathered. . . . MR. PETER CRAM, instructor in psalmody, writes us as follows:

'Hetchabonnuck, (I. I.) April 8, 1850.

'SIR: On one occasion, some years since, an ingenious historian in your periodical described, with a good deal of minuteness, and some personal exaggeration, the treatment which I received at Tinnecum, on Long-Island, in my endeavor to open, by a preparatory lecture, a singing-school in that village; treatment instigated entirely by one Mr. WETHERBY, a pretended singer, but in the art of true psalmody an ignorant rascal, as he himself showed that night. Since I went away from Tinnecum, I have been taunting large classes in my native state of New-Hampshire, and also in Maine and Connecticut. The HUTCHINSONS had their first rudiments of me, and they can now keep as good time, and sing in as complete tune, as I can myself, after whom their style is modelled. But I want to say to you, and I want you to print in your columns, the treatment which I have received in the town of Hetchabonnuck.

'It does seem to me that Long-Island is one of the onmannerdest localities on the face of the globed airth. The way in which I have been used here I believe was preconcerted before hand a-purpose. It does look like it, certain; and I should n't wonder if old Mr. WETHERBY up to Tinnecum had a hand in it. They say he's a-livin' yet, and that he's as cross as a bear with a sore head, and never laughs except when somebody talks to him about my being druv away from Tinnecum. He must have heard that I was stayin' at Jericho, and that I was comin' to Babylon and Hetchabonnuck, cal'latin' to lectur' and form classes.

'I opened at my first lectur' here to more 'n seventy-five individuals, such as people, of good character, girls and boys. It was in the long-room of a good big buildin', over a 'pothecary's shop and a hat-store. There was cracks in the floor below, and I could hear 'em come in and ask for medicine; and when I was a-fixin' my programmys and tickets I was disturbed considerabul by folks a-laughin' down in the store. Well, my second lectur'-night come, and I had fifty peupils. They had just done beatin' time, 'Upward beat, downward beat, hither beat, thither beat,' and had done it first-rate; and they was all standin' up on the floor to try a lesson in tune. I was standin' up before 'em, with my hand raised, and had jest said 'Se'cond!' (I was proud to see 'em, it was such a promisin' class,) when I see some of 'em begin to put their han'kerchers to their faces and stop their mouths, and some on 'em ag'in was holdin' down their heads and snickerin', and them at the foot of the row begun to move off. 'What in the creation,' says I, 'is the mat —!' But just at that minute I smelt I think the most s'archin', the awfulest smell that I ever see in my life. It was dreadful!

'Sir, a little ways from where we was all standin' was a window, which I h'isted; but it was a dampish, sour day, and some of the girls had pretty thin frocks on 'em, so I had to shet it down

ag'in considerabul quick. We then moved to another eend of the room; the class formed, and though there was some coughin' at first, I got 'em arrang'd good, and had jest said '*Sesund!*' ag'in, when right under my feet, standin' up at the head of my exlent class, there come up ag'in that *dread-ful-smellin'* smell! It was the most ex-screwshiatin' flavor that ever my nose went into; and this time the peupils could n't stand it.

'Now I was mad! I was determined, if I choked in doin' of it, to find out what it was. I peeked down through a leetle crack in the floor, and there I see a feller standin' on two chairs, laughin' ready to bu'st, with a great big ox-bladder, and pipe stuck into it, a-squeezin' on it together like a bellowess, and the eend of the pipe run through a leetle hole just where I'd been standin'.

'It was the meanest, nastiest way of breaking up a singin'-school that I ever see, and I've had some experience in such things, when I was a younger man, and could stand it better. He'd been and gone and got two bladders and filled 'em runnin' over with *Sulfrated Hidrogen Gas*, and he was a-squeezin' it up into my school-room! None o' them peupils 's been to my school since — not one on 'em; and I've got to pay my board for two weeks longer here, any how, 'cause I agreed to, in writin'; and every time I go out doors I see some o' my peupils a-laughin' and puttin' their hands to their noses in the most provokin' kind o' way; and I've got to stay here two weeks and bear it. Did you ever hear of any thing so mean in your born days? I hope you will print this, for the sake of justice, and the cause of humanity, and also the art of music. Your obedient servant,

PETER CRAM.

'P. S. I've just been told that it is a son of old Mr. WETHERBY, to Tinnecum, that keeps the 'pothecary-shop. That lets the thing out o' the bag to-once-t.

F. C.'

WE have given all the material parts of Mr. CRAM's letter; and would now advise him to leave the inhospitable place where he is sojourning, so soon as his board is up, and repair to Bunkum, which is within twenty miles of Hetchabonnuck. We ask our friend and contemporary, the Editor of the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff,' to bestow such attention upon Mr. CRAM as may be in his power. That gentleman has grown gray in the service of his ked'ntry's psalmody, and deserves the good wishes and patronage 'of community.' . . . At the principal book-stores in New-York may now be found, in two neat volumes, '*The Trippings of Tom Pepper, or the Results of Romancing.*' HARRY FRANCO, whose own memoirs proved so acceptable to the public, is the author. While the work was in process of publication in the columns of the '*New-York Weekly Mirror*,' we quoted, at different times, several entertaining passages from its chapters; and the promise which they held out we find sustained by the work in its completed form. Buy and read these '*Trippings*,' reader, for well will they repay perusal. They embody stirring incident, trenchant satire, broad fun, and genial humor; nor are touches of the truest pathos wanting, to diversify the interest awakened by the work. . . . We have not seen the new literary venture, '*The Princeton Magazine*,' but from one or two selections from its pages, which we have seen in the daily journals, we infer it to possess some cleverness. '*The Reconstruction of Society*,' after CANNING's manner in '*The University of Göttingen*,' has some caustic stanzas, of which we subjoin a brief specimen:

'WHEN others, once as poor as I,  
Are growing rich because they try,  
While my capacity and will  
Give me a taste for sitting still,  
When all around me are at work,  
While I prefer to act the Turk,  
Or spend in drinking or at play  
The greater part of every day;  
And, as the upshot of it, feel  
That I must either starve or steal:  
The only remedy I see  
For such abuses, is the re-  
construction of society.

When others know what I know not,  
Or bear in mind what I forgot  
An age ago, and dare to speak  
In praise of Latin and of Greek,  
As if a tongue unknown to me  
Of any earthly use could be;  
When bookworms are allowed to rule  
In University and School,  
While I, because I am a fool,  
Am set aside, or thrust away,  
Or not allowed to have my say:  
The only remedy I see  
For such abuses, is the re-  
construction of society.'

An intended hit, this, at those drones in the social hive who would level down instead

of levelling up society. . . . We cannot think the '*Lessons from a Recent Occurrence*' would be acceptable to our readers. The unhappy WERNER, like the man in the stone prison, which was made less by a loop-hole every night, until it finally closed upon and crushed him, is immured in the cell from which he is to come forth to die ! It is a sad, an awful thought, and all sensitive hearts shrink from its present contemplation. . . . We have seen, and read of, some 'cool' things in our day, but the following, which we derive from an esteemed and always entertaining correspondent, is positively 'iced : ' ' A young lawyer got his first note for collection. It was against a country customer ; so he sat down and wrote him a letter, in due form, advising him that his note was left for collection, that it ' had run a long time, ' and required immediate attention to ' save costs. ' In about ten days he received this answer :

' Valley Forks, November 15, 1849.

' F. J. H., Esq. : DEAR SIR : I received your polite note of the fifth instant this day. It was directed to the post-office at Freetown. The mail comes from your village to Tompkinsville every day by the stage, which runs from your place to Owego, leaving your village at six o'clock in the forenoon. From Tompkinsville there is a mail every other day to Freetown, and also to Valley Forks. From thence there is a cross-mail around the hills through the lower towns in this county to our place once a week, but the post-masters on that route can't read very well, and sometimes keep a letter over one mail to spell out the direction. By directing your letters to this office, where I get my papers, I should get them generally in about three days after you mail them, and about a week or ten days sooner than if directed to Freetown ; which delay might, in some cases, be of considerable consequence. I hope, my dear Sir, you will not suffer any inconvenience from it this time ; but I thought it best, as you seemed a little ignorant of the geography of this part of the country, to give you this information, that you might in future know how to direct to, dear Sir,

' Yours respectfully,  
' JOHN CALKINS.

' P. S. — As to that note : you say ' it has run a long time. ' I can only say, as the boy said of the molasses, ' *Let her run !* ' J. C.'

It strikes us that it would be rather sharp practice to serve a summons and complaint on that customer ! . . . ' THE anecdote of big feet, in your last ' Gossip, ' writes a friend, ' reminds me of the lobby member who went before a committee of the legislature to get them to divide the town where he lived. He got the ' Committee on the Division of Towns and Counties ' together, read his petition, and proceeded to illustrate the matter. As he had no map, he said, putting out one of his feet, ' Let this represent our town. ' ' Stop ! ' says the chairman ; ' if the town covers as much ground as your foot, we shall report unanimously in favor of its division ! ' . . . Oh it was pitiful, just now, to see the surgeons come in, with their splints and bandages, to set ' Young KNICK ' s arm, broken recently in a fall from the lower cross-timbers of a dwelling in progress of erection in the neighborhood. Is there any thing like the appealing look of a child in agony, or any tones so touching as ' Oh, mother ! oh, father ! do n't let them hurt me so ! ' — and all the while, from a pair of great lustrous hazel eyes, the round tears expressed *whole* from the lids, in the intensity of the poor child's pain. It is a sad thing to see or hear the sufferings of children. When we are sitting sometimes in ' JIM GRANT ' s barber's-chair, under the neat manipulations and soft touch of ' Gus. ' s facile hand, we hear the cry of acute anguish, or moan of gradual distress, from children in the establishment next door, who come to be operated upon for club-feet. It almost makes us to ' shudder and grow sick at heart ' to hear the piteous wailings of the poor little sufferers, and the almost sadder voice of entreaty and encouragement of the mothers, whose very heart-strings are torn at the anguish of their beloved ones. . . . THERE is not a little of the ' true touch of

nature' in the lines entitled '*The Old Mill*,' from a new contributor. We have pleasure in welcoming the writer to our pages :

Do n't you remember, LILY dear,  
The mill by the old hill-side,  
Where we used to go in the summer time  
And watch the foamy tide;  
And toss the leaves of the fragrant beech  
On its breast so smooth and bright,  
Where they floated away like emeralds,  
In a flood of golden light?

LILY, dear!

And the miller, love, with his slouchy cap,  
And eyes of mildest gray,  
Plodding about his dusty work,  
Singing the live-long day?  
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,  
With many a motley patch,  
And the rude old door, with its broken sill,  
And the string, and the wooden latch?

LILY, dear!

And the water-wheel, with its giant arms,  
Dashing the beaded spray,  
And the weeds it pulled from the sand below,  
And tossed in scorn away;  
And the sleepers, LILY, with moss o'ergrown,  
Like sentinels stood in pride,  
Breasting the waves, where the chinks of time  
Were made in the old mill's side,

LILY, dear!

LILY, the mill is torn away,  
And a factory, dark and high,  
Looms like a tower, and puffs its smoke  
Over the clear blue sky;  
And the stream is turned away above,  
And the bed of the river bare,  
And the beech is withered, bough and trunk,  
And stands like a spectre there—

LILY, dear!

And the miller, LILY, is dead and gone!  
He sleeps in the vale below:  
I saw his stone in the winter time  
Under a drift of snow:  
But now the willow is green again,  
And the wind is soft and still:  
I send you a sprig to remind you, love,  
Of him and the dear old mill,

LILY, dear!

M. Z. W.

'Why was 'nt you in your place to vote this morning?' asked one member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania of a brother member who had been absent. 'I could n't come,' was the reply; 'I got hurted; I was threw from a horse-t.' We thought of this SOLON's case, when we found our friend and correspondent, CARL BENSON, the other evening, with his right foot wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid on a chair in his sanctum, in as dainty and respectable a manner as if it were a gouty limb. Now how would one of our fashionable dandies, who carry their brains in their pockets, have dispelled the ennui that would have been consequent upon such an accident? As MACREADY would say, 'They could ah—not ah—do—it!' But what doth 'CARL?' Sits him down in his nice library, and from a full mind enlivens the dullness of re-hashed English reviews in one journal, by lively essays on society, and the pages of 'Old KNICK.' with a scholarly rendering of a quaint old poem; insomuch, that being ourselves favored, and our readers also, we look upon the fact that his pet saddle-horse grew devotional, kneeled down, and tipped him over his head, as a 'spe-

cial providence,' and are *almost* selfish enough to be gratified accordingly. Howbeit, we wish him a renovated limb. . . . WHAT ridiculous weather! A friend, writing from his country-seat in Westchester county, says: 'All my sympathies are awakened by a passage in your letter to C——, in which you speak of coming here 'on some of those fine March days which surprise us with a touch of summer.' Do n't think to find any such thing! Although now far in April, yet, as HALLECK says,

'The winds of March are humming now  
Their parting song, their parting song,  
And I should think they're coming now  
It rather strong, it rather strong!'

I have n't the book, and quote from memory. Instead of a 'touch of summer,' I have found only a touch of rheumatism! . . . 'The Commercial Advertiser' of this city, and 'The Daily Advertiser' of Newark, are 'down upon' Monsieur VATTEMARE, erewhile of ventriloquial and necromantic repute in wonder-loving circles, as an humbugous person, unaccredited as an international agent, and acting on his 'own hook,' and mainly for his own behoof. These journals declare and re-affirm all this, and more, of a gentleman formerly of 'universal acquaintance, wonderful ubiquity, and windy vocation.' But 'there are always two sides to a question,' and we have not as yet heard from Monsieur VATTEMARE. . . . THE ensuing lines will make their own way to the heart of every thoughtful reader. 'NELL,' to whose kindness we are indebted for them, cannot favor us too often:

DAILY care and toil and trouble  
Wait upon us, from our birth;  
Every sorrow hath its double,  
Close attending us on earth.

If a passing gleam of gladness  
Pierce the heavy clouds of care,  
Straight the gathering mists of sadness  
Darken the rejoicing air.

Outwardly the world doth glitter  
With a pomp of joy and bloom;  
But each earthly cup is bitter,  
And for all awaits a tomb!

This is truth, ambitious dreamer!  
Though thy widening future glows  
Like the gorgeous clouds of evening,  
Curtaining the sun's repose.

This is truth, devoted lover!  
Though the loved one, in thine eyes  
Fair and pure, seems all thou needest,  
For another Paradise.

Aged wanderer! thou wilt tell me,  
Sadly tell me, this is truth:  
For thou hast outlived the visions  
Of thine early, ardent youth.

Pilgrims are we all, and strangers,  
Treading with unconscious feet,  
Day by day, the lessening margin  
Where the Past and Future meet.

Meet, in that most blissful Present,  
Which to all of us will come,  
When the earth-bound struggling spirit  
Finds a holier, purer home.

Soars and higher soars forever,  
Breathes a full, immortal breath;  
Sees accomplished each endeavor,  
Dreads no more a future death.

Sighs no more o'er earthly sorrow,  
Daily trouble, sordid care;  
Fears not lest each coming morrow  
Bring a heavier wo to bear.

Toward that home, that state so glorious,  
Let us daily lift our eyes,  
And by faith and hope victorious,  
Look beyond these lowering skies.

Oh, how welcome to the weary,  
To the world-worn and oppressed,  
Skies with clouds no longer dreary,  
Mansions ready for their rest!

'NELL.'

A COURTEOUS daguerreian artist of the metropolis writes us that he is forming a miniature-gallery of 'eminent men' in our city, and as 'one of 'em,' asks us for a sitting. Bless your heart, dear Sir, we are nothing of the sort; and willing as we might be, under other circumstances, to present you with our poor 'picture in little,' in the category you mention it is 'not in our way: we are afraid we can't do it.' Our only ambition, to adopt the words of a writer who is 'eminent,' is 'to be admitted into many homes with affection and confidence; to be regarded as a friend by children and old people; to be thought of in affliction and in happiness; to people the sick room with airy shapes 'that give delight and hurt not,' and to be associated

with the harmless laughter and the gentle tears of many hearths.' When in this vocation we become more 'eminent,' we mean to sit for our daguerreotype. Meantime, we rely for sufficient show-case publicity upon the awful caricature - 'burst' of 'Old KNICK,' which about once a year the phrenologist FOWLER places in his window by the side of PETER ROBINSON, the murderer, POPE PIUS NINTH, MUNROE EDWARDS, Senator SEWARD, GIBBS, the pirate, and our friend Colonel WEBB. . . . WILLIS, in the 'Home Journal,' in one of those trenchant sentences which 'bite like a serpent and sting like an adder,' says that 'The Literary World' weekly review is a 'journal conducted by sour, disappointed, unsuccessful authors, turned booksellers' hacks.' These 'be cruel words!' . . . 'CHILDREN and fools,' says the old adage, 'always tell the truth.' 'Mother sent me,' said a little girl to a neighbor, 'to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening.' 'Did she say at what time, my dear?' 'No, Ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that was all she said!' . . . AN Albany sexton, some twelve months ago, seized a lad of seven years of age, who happened to be 'whispering in meeting,' raised him up, and 'chucked him down' with such force, that a spinal complaint ensued, from which the poor boy recently died. May the DEVIL take that sexton hereafter and beat him to death with the tassel of his tail! . . . We regret to be obliged to differ in opinion with 'The Presbyterian' religious journal, touching the reading of well-conducted Sunday papers; but we quite agree with our respected contemporary that the crying of them before the churches, during divine service, is an 'invasion of private right,' a 'crying evil,' one by no means necessary, and which ought to be abated. We remember well, as a boy, however, to revert to the main subject, that in 'our family' the 'Secular Intelligence' departments of such religious journals as the 'New-York Observer' and the old New-Haven 'Religious Intelligencer' were by no means the last portions of those papers which were perused on the Sabbath; and we thought of this fact yesterday (Sunday) morning, when we saw that those who seldom read Sunday papers exhausted the entire stock of the quiet lad who permeates our neighborhood, that they might learn the fate of Dr. WEBSTER, which was to have been decided on Saturday evening. There is certainly a great difference in Sunday papers; but we spoke of a 'well-conducted Sunday journal.' . . . 'CHARLES is quite sick on the Isthmus,' writes a Californian correspondent, 'and the Chagres river is quite low, too.' Curious concatenation! . . . 'The Tribune' daily journal appears this morning, and will appear daily hereafter, on a double-sheet, of twice its usual size, and with new and enlarged types in its editorial departments. We never think of our old friend HORACE GREELEY, or read his journal, which we do every day, 'Sundays excepted,' without wishing that those distant editors who take the 'cue' of their impressions from partizan or rival journals, could really see and know the man *as he is*; a man careless, it may be, of the *style* of his dress, preferring comfort to fashion, but yet of scrupulous cleanliness in person and habiliments always; possessing a benevolent heart, and 'clothed with charity as a garment;' bestowing with a free hand to the truly needy and deserving, whether political friend or foe; frank and fearless in the expression of his opinions, whether such opinions are to be praised or execrated; of indefatigable industry, and unpretending, kindly manners - this is HORACE GREELEY. 'We speak the things which we do know;' for we have been acquainted some sixteen years; our printing-offices connect, and we meet almost every day. We were before Mr. GREELEY in the literary field hereabout; remembering well the initial number of the 'New-Yorker,' his first venture;

occasionally, also, if we recollect rightly, giving it a paragraph, and sitting as chairman of the committee to decide upon the prize-tales published in the early numbers of that excellent weekly. '*The Tribune*,' through the aid of the great business tact and talent of our friend M'ELRATH, and the extensive and able editorial assistance secured by liberal enterprise and directed by superior skill, has now become one of the most influential and widely-circulated of all our public journals. Although we are far from agreeing as touching the extent to which certain of its views are carried, all must concede the evident sincerity and great ability with which the principles and aims of '*The Tribune*' are advocated. And now, asking attention to the fine lines which ensue, we close by wishing our old contemporary 'Success and long life!'

TO HORACE GREELEY.

I know of no crusader bold  
Nor palmer, nor paynim,  
However stout his battle-arm  
Or loud his battle-hymn;  
Nay, though they sum their chivalry  
With RICHARD gather'd in,  
And add one worthy of their fame,  
The brave old SALADIN;  
I know not one of all their host,  
From rearmost to the van,  
Whom I can hold by right and truth  
So brave and true a man  
As he, who of his own resolve,  
By conscience pricked and stirred,  
Dares brand a wrong before the world,  
By deed, or thought, or word!

He is my hero, first of all,  
Though spear nor sword he wield,  
Who holds the Wrong his only foe,  
The Right his only shield;  
Who dares to battle for the Truth,  
Though Error on her side  
Has gathered hosts, and shakes in wrath  
Her pennons far and wide:  
'The more the merrier!' is his cry,  
This hero, braver far  
Than ever he, 'gainst Saracen  
Who waged the bloodiest war;  
For though he win for but one truth  
When martyrdom is passed,  
His victory is for his race,  
As long as time shall last!

C. D. STUART.

THE MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have recently issued an unpretending but very clever book, under the title of '*James Mountjoy, or I've been Thinking*.' With a few faults in its plan, among which is a lack of unity, it has nevertheless so much of nature, of attractive incident, of jovial humor, and of true pathos, that we hesitate not to commend it to a wide perusal. . . . VERY 'Boz'-ish indeed is an article in DICKENS' '*Household Words*,' upon the '*Amusements of the People*.' The picture drawn of one of the lower order of melo-dramatic theatres is extremely graphic. Here is a true sketch of the dramatic 'operatives' at such places: 'If an actor's nature, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to what he works in, the actor can hardly be blamed for it. He grinds hard at his vocation, is often steeped in direful poverty, and lives at the best in a little world of mockeries. It is bad enough to give away a great estate six nights a-week, and want a shilling; to preside at imaginary banquets, hungry for a mutton chop; to smack the lips over a tankard of toast and water, and declaim about the mellow produce of the sunny vineyards on the banks of the Rhine; to be a rattling young lover, with the measles at home; and to paint sorrow over with burnt cork and rouge; without being called upon to despise his vocation. If he can utter the trash to which he is condemned, with any relish, so much the better for him, Heaven knows; and peace be with him!' The following is exceedingly characteristic. A dark-visaged woman has just disappeared from the stage, having uttered some suggestive words about 'the Che-ilde of Mystery and the Man of Ker-rime,' to a low trembling of fiddles, when enters the hero of the play, '*Michael the Mendicant*,' who is received with a tornado of applause:

'At first we referred something of the cordiality with which he was greeted, to the fact of his being 'made up' with an excessively dirty face, which might create a bond of union between himself and a large majority of the audience. But it soon came out that he had been hired in old time by Sir GEORGE ELMORE, to murder Sir GEORGE's elder brother, which he had done; notwithstanding which little affair of honor, MICHAEL was in reality a very good fellow; quite a tender-hearted man; who, on hearing of the Captain's determination to settle WILL STANKOR, cried out, 'What!



more bel-oed! and fell flat—overpowered by his nice sense of humanity. In like manner, in describing that small error of judgment into which he had allowed himself to be tempted by money, this gentleman exclaimed, 'I sier-ruck him down, and fel-led in er-orr!' and further he remarked, with honest pride, 'I have lived—er as a beggar—a roadersider-vaigerant, but no ker-rime since then has stained these hands!' All these sentiments of the worthy man were hailed with showers of applause; and when, in the excitement of his feelings on one occasion, after a colloquy, he 'went off' on his back, kicking and shuffling along the ground, after the manner of bold spirits in trouble, who object to be taken to the station-house, the cheering was tremendous.'

The keen satire of all this is apparent. Many a JACK SHEPARD has been trained to 'ker-rime' by just such inculcations as those of 'MICHAEL the Mendicant.' . . . We go to press on the very morning that the *Twenty-Fifth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design* is opened to the public, at their new and superb rooms, Number 633 Broadway. Being unable, from a preëngagement, to accept the invitation to attend the opening festival, or the private view of the pictures, we shall reserve any elaborate notice of the exhibition until our next number; simply remarking, at this time, that the rooms are most easy of access, spacious, beautiful, and admirably lighted in every part; that the walls present a collection of paintings that have never been excelled in the Academy; embracing the best efforts of such preëminent artists as DURAND, ELLIOT, HUNTINGTON, INGHAM, PAGE, GRAY, PEALE, CROSBY, KENSETT, EDMONDS, CHURCH, HICKS, BAKER, and their compeers; and that the younger artists have greatly exceeded the merits of any previous efforts of their pencils. There is one small picture, a scene by candle-light, that is a perfect miracle of art. It is positively seen by the light of its own painted candle! A view of this picture is worth a season-ticket. . . . THE late Professor CALDWELL, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, said to his wife: 'You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep, when I am gone. You will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen REDEEMER; but come in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing.' . . . IN some grave-yards one shall scarcely see a stone that has not a pious verse, or a passage from Scripture, after the general inscription; and that these are not always appropriate, or in the best taste, we have sometimes shown in these pages. The following inscription may be seen on a grave-stone in the county of Greene, in this state: 'Here lies the body of JOHANNES SMITH, aged sixty-four years and two months. *'Go thou and do likewise!'*' Comprehensive, that! . . . '*Our Latest-Born,*' from a friend, is unequal. There are lines and combined words in several of the stanzas which we are sure the writer would have revised, had he not written and despatched his poem in haste. These three unconsecutive verses are very pretty:

A MERRY babe and beautiful is this our latest born!  
Her cheek is soft as silky thrads that overlay the corn;  
Her eye is like a tiny spot of Heaven's sereneest blue  
Imbedded in the snowy clouds, with starlight flashing through.

Her hair is not a silver-white, nor yet of golden hue,  
But of a color cunningly compounded of the two;  
Not flimsy as the gossamer that glistens in the sun,  
But like the richer fibre from the multicaulis spun.

She enters on the race of life with tottering steps and slow,  
And often stumbles on the floor from over-haste to go:  
Thus infancy has ups and downs, as well as graver years,  
But bears them with a lighter heart, if not with fewer tears.

Apropos of '*Infancy*:' there have been some fine lines on this theme translated

from the French by WILLIAM DOWE, for the 'Dublin University Magazine,' of which we annex a specimen :

'WHEN baby comes, the family circle cries  
With great applause: its little sparkling eyes  
Brighten all bosoms in that happy place;  
And saddest brows, and guiltiest, it may be,  
Unwrinkle on a sudden but to see  
That innocent glad face.

'Yes, whether June has greened the sward, or whether  
November draws our touching chairs together  
Round a great household-fire in quiet talk,  
When the child comes we feel a general cheer;  
With calls and laughter, and the mother's fear,  
Seeing him try to walk!

'It looks so fair, the infant with its smile,  
Its soft sweet trust, its voice that knows no guile,  
And would say all the grief it soon dismisses;  
Letting its pleased and wondering glances roll —  
Offering to life, on all sides, its young soul,  
And its young mouth to kisses.'

HERE is a good thing, quoted by a friend in connection with a somewhat kindred anecdote which has appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER: 'The members of a society in Maine, by dint of long exertion, had erected a small church. One of the number was despatched to a large town to request a noted divine to take part in its dedication. Not getting his errand exactly, he simply applied to the minister to come and 'dedicate our new church.' 'What part do you wish me to take?' said the clergyman. 'Why, we want you to dedicate *the church*,' was the reply. 'But do you wish me to deliver the sermon, or to make the opening prayer, or only to make some remarks?' 'Why,' exclaimed the brother, piqued at the obtuseness of the parson, 'we simply want you to dedicate the church, the *whole* on't; it's only seventy-five feet by fifty; want you to *dedicate* it!' . . . How fresh, how redolent of the dense pine woods of winter, is the following passage from a pleasant epistle just received from an esteemed friend in far-east Maine: 'A friend of mine brought down from the icy lakes, a week ago, a pet which 'Young Knick' might hesitate at disporting himself with; a yearling moose, with an eye like a bucket of blackness, and a 'reach' to his fore-paw that would eclipse HYER or SULLIVAN. They *lasso'd* the creature, and thenceforth did he devote himself to exhibitions of intense malice and thoughtful viciousness. He would, and still does, attract visitors to a nigh approach, by his seeming reveries and dreams of pine-forests, and suddenly 'double up his huffs and give 'em a lick,' as a suffering victim of his unmerciful 'right-and-lefts' ejaculated. But he pines in the stable, and I am afraid will die for lack of the thick-set forest and the untrodden snow of our mountain fastnesses.' . . . THOMAS CARLYLE is 'making an ass of himself.' His '*Latter-Day Pamphlets*' are 'killing him by inches.' He turns God and Christianity out of doors, and sets up house-keeping on his own hook, as if he were a better cook for society than all the wise and good men of our own and other times, and the best universe-maker extant. He is a Germanico-Scotch mystic, 'in these latter days,' and not far short of being a crazy man. 'Verily,' as DOMINIE SAMPTON hath it, 'he speaketh in an unknown tongue!' . . . MESSRS. GOUPIL, VIBERT AND COMPANY, late of the 'International Art-Union,' are devoting their energies to the early importation of the best pictures and rare prints, from the most eminent sources in Paris. Of several of these we shall speak in a future number; and in the mean time commend their rare collection to the attention and favor of the public. . . . THERE is a meeting-house in a small town in Massachusetts where the minister stands in one town while his

audience are seated in another, the boundary-line running across the end of the church, in front of the pulpit. We have sat in a meeting-house, before now, when we should have liked such an arrangement, boundary-line or *no* boundary-line. But no matter how far off one may wish a dull minister, one must 'grin and bear him.' The pulpit is the only place whence a man can be 'bored' perforce, in this 'free and enlightened ked'ntry.' . . . *'The Presbyterian,'* to whose courteously-presented difference of opinion in the matter of *'Sunday Journals'* we have alluded elsewhere, has this paragraph:

'In these days of cheap clothing, cheap books, and cheap newspapers, we have met with nothing that comes even within sight of the following, which we extract from Bishop HUGHES's organ, where it appears as part of a long article, calling the attention of Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, to the claims of a Ladies' Fair in behalf of indigent females:

'CATHOLIC reader! have you thought, oftentimes, of the great rewards promised to the exercise of charity — charity that covereth a multitude of sins? Go to the Fair, and lend it your patronage, which may seem trifling to you, but which may obtain for you a crown in heaven, even though furnishing a single copper to your needy fellow being.'

'Only think! 'A crown in Heaven' for a cent! Could any thing be conceived cheaper?'

We should be sorry to have written this. We should have held a work of benevolence, let what religious denomination soever might be engaged in it, as at least sacred against ridicule. Such, however, is the spirit of sectarianism; a spirit still farther evinced, as it strikes us, when the same journal objects to permitting sermons to be reported, because 'all sorts' of denominations may thus gain access to the public ear. Now we seldom go into a Catholic church; but we never *did* enter one without feeling that even if it were true, as some uncharitably allege, that every sincere worshipper there was deceived, it was nevertheless a solemn, a goodly sight. When we were at Montreal we attended the funeral of a Catholic priest at the great cathedral in that city. The deceased had lost his life while engaged in a 'labor of love' at the ship-fever hospital on Nuns' Island. When we looked at the ten thousand worshippers in that vast pile; at the white-robed priests officiating at the altar; at the votive offerings near the confessionals; when we saw the tears which fell from the eyes of that congregation, and the remains of that faithful shepherd of his flock, who in his last moments in the lazar-house had said,

'ONLY betrothed to CHRIST am I,  
And wait his coming from the sky,  
To wed my happy soul;'

when we saw all this, and reflected that here were sorrow, affection, sincerity, devotion, we remember thinking, almost aloud, 'What are mere differences of forms and creeds, when the heart, the *heart* is the test?' But we are forgetting our lack of space, in our besetting tendency to reminiscence. . . . We regret to record the death of DAVID C. COLDEN, Esq., of this city; a gentleman whose great loss will be felt in many a public and private circle of lamenting friends. As an officer of several metropolitan charities, he was unostentatiously assiduous and useful. He was a gentleman of cultivated tastes, of accomplished manners, and varied acquirements. He has left a void in the society which he adorned that will not soon be filled. In common with all who knew him, we offer to his surviving relatives our sympathy in their bereavement. . . . This is the fifteenth of April; so that our friends, the publishers, and our literary correspondents, will understand why it is that works and articles recently sent have failed to be acknowledged in the present number. Our edition for England goes in the steamer of the twentieth. The *'Ingleside Reminiscences'* have been mislaid at the printing-office. Will the writer favor us with a second copy? They promised an attraction which we should be sorry to miss.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE PHILOSOPHICAL EMPEROR:

OR AN EXPERIMENT IN MORALS.

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BY A. B. JOHNSON.

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### THE PURSUIT.

Two days had been passed by the emperor and his companion in the gloomy abode of the miners, when, at evening, as they were preparing to endure the miseries of another night's lodging in the same quarters, their humble protector, the quondam corporal, hurriedly announced the approach of a party of cavalry who designed to search the mines. No delay was practicable, and by his guidance the fugitives groped through various passages that permitted no erect position by the passengers, but led from the mine through a long-disused air-shaft. They emerged into the open ground, about five hundred yards from the accustomed place of egress, and which they saw in the distance surrounded by armed men, some on horse-back and some dismounted. The emperor expected that the corporal would now leave them, with such directions as he could hastily communicate; but such was not the intention of this humble adherent, who, knowing well the adjacent country, insisted on guiding them to some place of greater security, and had provided for the occasion. horses, which the three instantly mounted.

They rode at first stealthily, then rapidly and without intermission, until the day began to dawn, when they had arrived on the borders of one of the many lovely plantations with which the picturesque kingdom of Tuscora is known to abound, and from whose exuberant fertility, equability of temperature and perpetual verdure, the opinion probably originated that Tuscora constituted the type of Elysium, as described by the ancients. Every where the eye is met by all the

choicest elements of poetry; fruitful valleys, vine-clad hills, streams and streamlets, rivers and rivulets, bubbling fountains, tumbling cataracts; nor are wanting in the distance sterile rocks with snow-clad summits, and in some places the whole jumbled together in inexplicable union, as they are constantly described by ambitious youthful poets; if poets be ever other than youthful. Urged by fatigue, as well as by a desire for concealment, the travellers took a prosaic survey of their position, and thereby discovered that the plantation before them had been recently ravaged. The buildings had been partially burnt down, and were apparently untenanted. This circumstance was not unfavorable, and they moved forward to reconnoitre the premises more in detail.

They entered the mansion which had probably been the residence of the planter, although it was now but little more than a mass of ruins; when they heard voices supplicating for assistance with every epithet of entreaty that suffering can dictate, and uttered in the guttural voice that denotes extreme debility.

Curiosity, or perhaps humanity, vanquished all considerations of personal hazards that might attend an interference with the sufferers, over whom possibly some enemies might still exercise a dangerous supervision. The voices proceeded from the cellar; but to obtain an access thereto, amid the fallen timbers and prostrate walls, seemed a work of much labor. Leontine, at the suggestion of the emperor, inquired of the unfortunate persons how assistance could be rendered. They replied that two days previously a party of soldiers had plundered the plantation and burnt the buildings, under pretence that the owner, who was a foreigner, maintained treasonable correspondence with Boresko, his native country. The planter had been carried into captivity with all his slaves, except the two who now invoked assistance. They had originally been planters themselves, and free; but having from some unknown cause been deprived of their freedom and sold into slavery, they had so pined with grief as to be incapable of labor; while their master, provoked at their apparent contumacy, kept them chained in the cellar. They had thus escaped detection by the invaders, but only to have perished in the conflagration, had not the floors fortunately so fallen as to arrest the fire before it penetrated to the cellar.

The emperor, in more prosperous moments of his life, might have little heeded the miseries of a couple of slaves; but now he personally labored with his two companions in extricating the sufferers. On the removal of some half-consumed beams that lay across the door of the cellar, the party were able to descend more easily than they had anticipated; when they found a man and woman chained to an iron bar that extended across the floor, and was masoned into the walls. The corporal being a good mechanic, and accustomed to the handling of metals, worked with vigor, and succeeded in releasing the slaves; who, when brought into the open air, fainted from exhaustion and the efforts which they had made to assist in their own release. For a time life was supposed to be extinct; but they gradually revived, and the emperor was grieved to recognise, what he had already feared from

their narrative, that the emaciated objects before him were the happy planter and his neat wife whom the imperial experiment had converted into slaves. Their appearance, and their confinement for contumacy, sufficiently comported with the emperor's theory, which required that a change from freedom to slavery should produce unhappiness; a conclusion which one less philosophical than the emperor, and less self-willed than an absolute monarch, might have been content with believing, without the evidence of so disastrous an experiment. But the emperor was not without consolation from his theory, which taught that the parties were the authors of their own unhappiness. Other agricultural slaves were happy; hence the defect in the present instance was not in the position, but in the stubbornness of the parties, by not accommodating their feelings to their circumstances.

To atone, however, as far as lay in his present power for the unhappiness which he had occasioned, the emperor distributed to them liberally of the provisions which the provident corporal had brought from the mines; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing them regain their energies sufficiently to stand without assistance. They little suspected that the hand thus kind to them had been the cause of all their sufferings; and while they expressed their gratitude with all the abasement of slaves, they proposed to conduct their deliverers to a neighboring planter, who, from their knowledge of him, would, they believed, afford the party all needed rest. The emperor hesitated in accepting the proffered assistance, but eventually assented; and the grateful slaves, yet too feeble to walk, were mounted on the horses of Leontine and the corporal, and slowly guided the travellers until they arrived in sight of a small cottage. It was surrounded with all the fragrant and gay shrubbery common to the country, and presented an exterior of rural peace and happiness; but only in mockery of the occupant's sad feelings, which he scarcely attempted to conceal from the strangers who approached him. He was feeble and abstracted, and evidently deemed his own sorrows too engrossing to leave him any pity for the travellers, or the liberated slaves, whom he seemed to know. Still he tendered mechanically some tokens of hospitality, and the emperor no sooner viewed him than he recognised in the broken-hearted host the former purse-proud citizen whom his experiment had reduced to the condition of a planter.

'Truth is stranger than fiction,' thought the emperor, as he looked at the man whom he thus accidentally encountered, just after meeting with the couple whom he had rescued from the ruins: 'Had I read of such a coincidence in any work of fiction, I should have condemned it as overstepping the probabilities of life. If I live to regain my throne, all the unfortunates shall be made happy; for my theory, being true in the descending vicissitudes of fortune, will doubtless operate equally well in the ascending vicissitudes to which I mean to subject the actors.' Thus consoled, the emperor was rather exhilarated than depressed by the despair that was visible in the countenance and conduct of his entertainer, for he deemed it only a proof of the truth of his philosophy and of the future happiness of the present sufferers.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

## THE CASTLE.

‘WHAT is one man’s meat is another man’s poison,’ says the proverb, and ‘What is one man’s joy is another man’s sorrow,’ say we. Such at least were the present shelter and preceding escape of the emperor, which, while they filled him with hope, overwhelmed the old commandant with despair. He had early forwarded a faithful narrative of the whole disaster to his sovereign the king of Tuscory, who, furious with disappointed ambition, denounced the unfortunate commandant for either criminal negligence or more criminal connivance. Suspecting that treachery might have infected the whole garrison, he hastily despatched a force to insure the safety of the fortress, and to send the disgraced commandant in chains to the capitol. Vain, however, were such precautions. The poor commandant, more condemned by himself than he could be by his sovereign, contemplated no escape, no exculpation, no resistance. He admitted, much beyond the truth, that he had been negligent, and that his life should be forfeited as a possession no longer desirable to him or useful to others. And when he surrendered himself a prisoner to the officer who had been sent to arrest him, the act seemed to yield him a consolation which nothing else had yielded since the fatal morning that disclosed his misfortune.

Nor were the feelings of Theadora much more composed than those of her unhappy parent, whom she had, as she now saw, guiltily destroyed. She swooned repeatedly during the day that her father was arrested, and at intervals raved frantically, as was thought, by accusing herself aloud as the cause of all his misery. She insisted on being carried into the guarded room where he was confined, and at the sight of him manacled and fettered her agony was terrible. The intensity of her grief served rather to withdraw the stern old man from the contemplation of his own situation to that of the only being who, for many years, had been the object of any tender emotion in him; but when he distinctly learnt from her the agency which she had exerted in the escape of his prisoner (and which she narrated fully, as far as she knew the particulars), the soul of the father seemed to struggle between rage and tenderness, and he answered not but with groans that denoted a wo too powerful and strange for words to express.

Early the next morning was designated for the departure of the prisoner; and as his unfortunate daughter entreated to accompany him, and being, as she insisted, the only criminal of the two, a carriage was vouchsafed for the new circumstance, that they might be transported together, although the orders of the sovereign had contemplated no such contingency. And while the sad cavalcade of coach and accompanying guards, in long procession and double file on either side, were issuing through the heavy postern of the fortress, thrown open wide for the occasion, the hardy veterans who constituted the painful escort, and those who remained to garrison the castle, exhibited, even to tears (the strong man’s opprobrium), that amid all the obduracy of war, all the artificial training of military discipline, all the pride of vaunted stoicism, human nature will retain the effeminacy of compassion.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

## THE PLANTATION.

WHILE these, sorrowful and slow, are wending their steps toward the capital of Tuscora, the cause of all their misfortunes, the emperor of Boresko, with his companions, is resting in the mansion of the disconsolate planter. The wanderers intend to resume their journey under cover of the approaching night; but the horses are too exhausted to proceed, and the emperor, reluctantly yielding to necessity, concludes to retain the present shelter for another day, and retires early to an humble, but more comfortable bed than he has enjoyed for many a dreary night. Weariness is the best of anodynes, and as he had since early in the morning labored assiduously, he soon slept soundly, despite the loss of rank and empire. The two slaves also forgot their mental griefs amid the urgency of their physical wants, and slept gently; dreaming perchance of happiness long lost, and now dreamily restored; for dreams are often thus kind to the bereaved. All slept except the planter. His corporal organs had not been overtaxed, and his thoughts wandered as usual to the city, houses, friends and honors, from which he had mysteriously been driven. He recalled in self-torment the day on which he had last enjoyed his prosperity; the day on which his carriage had been honored by the company of a nadir of the empire. 'The day too short, the night alas! too long, on which he had been awaked from his sleep, and suddenly deprived of all his property but the pittance on which, as a vulgar planter, he protracted a miserable existence. The day! the day! the night! the night!' Thus he raved, and in the excitement of his fancy he vividly recalled the detested drum whose boding sound had marshalled to his stately mansion the armed myrmidons who executed the commands of the emperor, and for no offence that he had ever heard. 'Oh, day too happy to continue! Oh, night too direful to be forgotten! Oh, drum too portentous to cease from sounding in my ears!'

While he writhed his body in an agony of recollection, the sound of drums, of which he had been raving, seemed more than an illusion of his imagination. The sound floated in the distance, and became progressively distinct, until the portentous notes broke loud upon the surrounding stillness, and he could no longer doubt their reality. Suddenly, however, the clamor ceased, and he again began to suspect that he had been deceived by his imagination. He had experienced similar delusions before, though not quite in the same degree. He listened again. The effort tranquillized his feelings; and his thoughts being thus diverted from his sorrows, the poor wretch sank into a feverish doze.

Little was the relief procured from his slumber, for it was busy with more than the horrors of his wakeful thoughts. Again the drum seemed to marshal the spoilers to his happy home, and he awoke in terror. He had slept longer than he supposed. The day had dawned, but drums were actually sounding; and as he sprang from his bed and ran hastily to his window, in fear more than from curiosity, he saw the plain around his house covered with soldiery, while martial music



streamed from a numerous band. The standard of his native country, still dear to him, though a ruined man, gleamed through the morning haze as it floated and quivered in the breeze. 'Great God! forgive a wretch, nor drive me wholly mad!' exclaimed mentally the tortured man, as yet unassured of the reality of what he saw. 'What new mischief is impending now? Is the humble lot to which I am fallen to be sunk still lower?'

But suspense was not long to torture him. The cry of 'Long live the emperor! long live the emperor!' burst from several thousand swelling breasts as the emperor himself, escorted from the shelter of the planter's humble cottage, advanced loftily, again every inch a monarch, toward his exulting troops, to receive the enthusiastic greeting of brave men for a long-exiled and still cherished sovereign.

The faithful corporal who accompanied the imperial wanderer to his present shelter had, instead of retiring to rest with the other inmates of the cottage, sallied forth, soldier-like, to satisfy himself of the safety of their quarters. He fortunately strayed within view of the fires of a camp, which he approached stealthily, until he found that the soldiers were his countrymen. Delivering himself then to the first sentinel whom he met, he demanded to be led forthwith to the officer in command, who with tears of loyalty and joy heard of the proximity of his imperial master, to whom he was still faithful, as was the whole empire. Since the captivity of the sovereign the government had been vigorously administered by a regency composed of the Empress consort and the great traveller and critic, Doesamuse, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, whose numerous literary labors may be found in every language, and seem more than any other human productions destined to live every where and forever. The efforts of the regency had been unremitting to obtain by negotiation the liberation of the sovereign; but the tyrant in whose power chance rather than skill had thrown the Emperor, resolved, with the consciousness of inferiority, to derive the utmost possible advantage from the Emperor's captivity, and would accept no proposals for his release, in the belief that better terms might be extorted. Injustice and avarice thus, as usual, defeated their own end, for the escape of the captive removed all inducement for concessions, and implanted in their stead purposes of vengeance; hence no sooner had a rumor of the Emperor's escape reached the government of Boresko, than a large army was despatched toward the capitol of Tuscora, and the present detachment had been sent to scour the enemy's frontiers and secure the emperor's personal safety.

At the earliest dawn forth from the bivouac of the night marched the imperial troops toward the humble lodgings of the emperor, though they had been preceded by a guard, which, on the first knowledge of his proximity, had been despatched to keep watch over the imperial quarters. The approach of this guard caused the sounds that had been heard during the night by the restless planter; while the approach of the main body was what aroused him in the morning.

The transition experienced by the Emperor was one of those wonderful vicissitudes that belong more frequently to the narrations of fiction than to the realities of life; but his deprivation of authority had not

been long enough to debase his sentiments, and he as suddenly resumed the lofty condescension and august deportment of a sovereign as though they had been interrupted by only an unquiet dream. Loud roared the artillery an imperial salute in honor of his presence. Low bowed gorgeous standards and glittering swords, as cheered by exulting music he passed before his rejoicing troops, to thank them for their loyalty.

In the general enthusiasm all seemed happy but the poor planter. Unconsciously he had entertained the author of all his misery. But misfortune, though it had well nigh broken his heart, had not wholly eradicated his accustomed loyalty; so far, therefore, as a broken spirit can forget its sorrow, he rejoiced at the opportunity which chance had given him to be serviceable to his lawful sovereign. He had not presumed to hope that the occasion could in any way result beneficially to himself, but the Emperor had not in his restoration to power forgotten his philosophy. The period long hoped for was arrived, in which he could test his power to increase human happiness, as well as diminish it. He summoned the planter to appear before him, and while surrounded by a galaxy of noble officers, he publicly thanked the abashed poor man for his hospitality, and conferred on him at the instant the dignity of nadir of the Empire, with a restoration of his confiscated estates, and the grant of a large annuity besides. Nor were forgotten the two more humble individuals who had been reduced from competency and freedom to poverty and slavery. They were restored to freedom and their plantation, with the grant of a large addition thereto from the national domains.

The joy which was evinced by the poor couple, as well as by the newly-created nadir, fully realized the best expectations of the imperial philosopher, and completed all that had remained unproved of his great experiment. Historians seem to be much divided whether the Emperor derived more satisfaction that morning from his restoration to power or from the fulfilment of his predictions as an author; and one cannot help seeing that the fact elicited by the experiment is of great importance to rulers, for we may well hope, and well expect, that the power thus proved to be in their possession will induce them to increase human happiness as often as practicable, and to diminish it only when the diminution is indispensable.

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CHAPTER NINTH.

THE RESTORATION.

THE subsequent progress of the Emperor was a continued triumphal procession. The intelligence of his approach preceded him with the swiftness of the winds; and as soon as he arrived within his dominions, he was met at short intervals by delegations from all classes of his subjects, who vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty to his throne and devotion to his person. Public thanksgivings were celebrated in every temple; brilliantly illuminated were all edifices in the cities, towns and villages, through which he passed; a joyful peal was sent forth by every bell, while every cannon roared a loud amen.

The Emperor was yet ten days' journey from his capitol, when he was met by the Empress. Unexpectedly to the two august personages the processions, by some misconception in the arrangements, encountered each other unawares. The meeting was tender in the extreme, for this was an occasion in which Nature refuses to be regulated by Etiquette. The Empress had endeavored to discipline herself for the meeting, but her emotions were too powerful for her fortitude, enfeebled as her health had become by the painful scenes through which she had passed. She swooned, and was with much difficulty resuscitated; while the Emperor, in his solicitude as a husband, forgot that he was the observed of all observers, and felt and acted only like a man.

To the capitol the cortege eventually arrived by rather slow advances, and, as had been previously arranged, the Emperor caused himself to be immediately crowned anew, as deeming himself unqualified for the discharge of his high duties until he had been again consecrated by all the solemnities of religion. The ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence; and that no human being might have just cause of regret, the Emperor took that occasion to make restitution to the remaining sufferers by the great moral experiment, which sought to prove (and had proved to his entire satisfaction) that Providence is not obnoxious to the imputation of making some classes of society happier than others. He accordingly sent for the nobleman whom he had deposed, and not merely reinstated him in his titles, but promoted him to the higher dignity of chamberlain, to the inexpressible gratification of the new dignitary. The slaves, also, that had been sent to the copper mines, and whom the Emperor had accidentally encountered in his affliction, were redeemed by purchase, and all (except five who had died from grief and ill-treatment) were brought back to Boresko, enfranchised and invested severally with small plantations, which raised them from the lowest degradation to a state of happiness that seemed more pungent and blissful than was experienced by any other of the parties to the experiment.

But the Emperor, in the exuberance of his bounty, thought of the persons also who had aided in his escape. The corporal who had evinced so much sagacity and fidelity received the command of a regiment, with the gracious assurance from the Empress (who condescended to permit him to kiss her hand on the occasion) that she was sure he might deem the present promotion as only an earnest of the regard of his sovereign. The present exaltation proved, however, too much for the poor fellow's equanimity. He had performed, nothing for which he expected more than a restoration to his office of corporal, or possibly promotion to a sergeantship, though he would have performed the whole with equal zeal had he known that no reward would have ensued. He ought, from the Emperor's theory, to have been greatly advanced in happiness by his increase of station; and perhaps he was for a short period, but his new honors brought with them new and unexpected troubles, just as a newly-introduced exotic plant will bring with it, or soon originate, some insect, big or little, that will prey upon it. The corporal found that he possessed no pedigree, being ignorant of the name of even his grandfather, while all his new associates were

continually boasting of their ancestors. The defect depressed his spirits by destroying his self-complacency, until eventually, by long contemplation of his deficiency, he became thereon monomaniac. Every thing that was said in his presence seemed to allude to his pristine ignobility, and every allusion to his services was deemed a sarcasm on his sudden elevation. He accordingly became morose and melancholy, and was found one morning suspended by his gaiters from the cornice of his bedstead quite dead, by the agency of his own hands. The reason of his death was carefully concealed, because to the unphilosophical, who are always captious, it might have seemed to militate against the Emperor's theory.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

## THE RETROSPECT.

ALL had been rewarded except Leontine, whom the Emperor, amid the rapid occurrences of the last few days, had not missed, but who now could no where be found, though he was sought diligently. He was on horseback when last seen, and by great effort was traced to the frontier of Tuscora. What this meant no person could conjecture, though all now recollected that his conduct had lately been singular, and that he seemed abstracted and gloomy.

To the frontier he had indeed departed, for he had by some means acquired information of the painful catastrophe which the escape had occasioned to his beloved Theadora and her father, the commandant. Desperate as the attempt was, he resolved to surrender himself to the vengeance of his betrayed sovereign, in the hope that as he alone was guilty, his confession and surrender would establish their innocence and insure their safety. Their fate, however, had become materially changed since they were last heard from by Leontine; for while they were travelling toward the capitol, at the slow pace we have already described, an officer from the rear galloped furiously past their carriage, as if charged with important intelligence to the commander in front. Suddenly the van of the detachment accelerated its speed, and the carriage also was urged forward to its utmost capacity. The cause of the change of speed was not long a mystery, for a discharge of musketry, that soon became incessant, denoted that the rear of the escort was attacked by an enemy, and that the van was fleeing to prevent a rescue of the captives.

Furious and fearful was the speed with which, over uneven roads, the vehicle was driven, that contained the unfortunate commandant and his repentant daughter. But little heeded he external inconveniences; nor did a thought occur to him that he might be benefited by the struggle that was raging in the rear. More than once he started instinctively, as if to mingle in the contest and aid his attacked countrymen; and when the resistance of his chains revived a consciousness of his disgrace, he groaned in agony as he recoiled into his listless seat.

But Providence had destined that the van guard should not escape. The rear guard had been overtaken by the Boreskoe forces, which had been detached for the purpose of making a diversion into Tuscora.

The resistance of the rear was known to be hopeless, except to favor the escape of the van; but the Boreskoens saw the guarded carriage, and suspecting from the solicitude evinced for its escape that it contained their enemy, the King of Tuscora, they pursued it with an ardor which was boundless. The balls in fearful number began to whistle around the carriage, as it was approached by the pursuing cavalry. One pistol bullet passed through the carriage, shattering the glass in front and wounding the postillion in his back, who gasped and fell from his seat, leaving the affrighted horses to the guidance of their fears. His body struck the horses as he fell, and they dashed forward with augmented recklessness toward a steep declivity, which threatened inevitable destruction to the carriage and its inmates; when suddenly, and from no obvious cause, they deserted the main road, and, turning short, brought their heads in contact with a wall, which arrested their further progress, without damage to themselves, the vehicle or its inmates.

The skirmish was soon ended by a surrender of nearly the whole of the escort, when the carriage was again put in motion, conducted by a new postillion, and turned toward the capitol of Boresko, under the guard of a strong detachment from the ranks of the victors, and accompanied by the captured Tuscoreans. Theadora, though greatly agitated by conflicting emotions, felt an intuitive consciousness of benefit from the change in their destination; but far different was the effect on the commandant. He was anxious to be delivered up to the indignation of his sovereign, and he esteemed all delays, especially such as were caused by the triumphs of his country's enemies, as but an aggravation of the evil to which he had been a party. Not a word, however, was exchanged between the occupants of the carriage, for each was engrossed by the particular reflections which the sudden reversal of their destination copiously supplied.

#### CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

#### THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

Nothing occurred to retard the onward progress of the captives, and proceeding with steady military pace they duly arrived at Kroywen, the capitol of Boresko, where a large building, situated in the suburbs, and appropriated as a place of confinement for prisoners of war, received them as its inmates. An open area of about four acres of ground, enclosed by a high stone wall, surmounted with iron *chevaux de frise* and broken glass, afforded the means of exercise and recreation during the day to all the prisoners who chose to frequent it; while at night all were carefully locked by within the building, that had at one time been used as a barracks for the troops stationed in the city.

But little heeded the afflicted old commandant the means thus afforded for recreation; and Theadora, fully convinced of her guilt, vainly endeavored to soothe in him the misery which she had occasioned. He no longer repulsed her efforts, and, probably from a conviction of her repentance, no longer addressed her with asperity; but

vanity, which in seclusion he had nourished, and which in turn had nourished him, no longer existed in him, and nothing remained in its stead to mollify his broken spirits. He shrank from observation, and remained as closely confined as though he possessed no power to quit his chamber; nor did Theadora reflect that the sovereign to whom they were prisoners owed his liberty to her, and that she possessed claims upon his favor. She had commiserated his sufferings because he was unworthily detained from his throne; but she had never contemplated from his release any result but the gratification of her sympathy; and had the thought of any present benefit occurred to her mind, the declaration of such a contingency would have deprived her father of the little self-possession which he retained. Of Leontine Theadora thought often, and felt no little curiosity, or perhaps a warmer motive than curiosity, to ascertain his fate; but female delicacy restrained her from instituting inquiries in relation to him, and her position precluded any direct intelligence.

They had been but two days in the prison when one of the keepers announced to the commandant that orders had been received to convey him at noon into the presence of the Emperor, and that his daughter must accompany him. That the interview was sought to reproach him for the severity he had exercised toward his captive the commandant did not doubt, until he reflected that so small a revenge was incompatible with the conduct of a great sovereign. Possibly then the interview was designed to elicit some important military information, or perhaps for the more noble purpose of liberating a faithful enemy, whose fair fame the Emperor had been the means of tarnishing; and by permitting the commandant to return to his native country, enable him to cast himself upon the justice of his master. But little heeded the stern old man what the object of the interview might be; the world to him had lost its lustre, and nothing remained worth living for. To Theadora the summons was equally inexplicable; but as she was conscious of at least no offence to the Emperor, she experienced no feeling of alarm, except the perturbation which is naturally inseparable from a personal connexion with any event of magnitude and mystery.

When noon arrived they were conducted to the outside of the enclosure, and placed within a splendid equipage, which awaited their arrival, and in which they were rapidly driven toward the imperial residence. The vast superstructure soon gleamed through the distance, as intervening objects opened it to view and again shrouded it from sight. At length noble trees, the growth of ages, and skilfully arranged and grouped, announced that the carriage was meandering through a gigantic park. The wheels revolved rapidly over avenues of the utmost smoothness and solidity, while at increasingly short intervals sentinels were stationed in gorgeous regimentals and with glittering arms. Theadora contemplated with youthful emotions the pageant through which she was fleeting, and the noble stature of the guards, who at length formed a continuous file on either side. But her surprise cannot be imagined when, as the carriage stopped at the great portal of the palace, she beheld, clothed in the gorgeous uniform she had been admiring, but more richly habited, and equipped as a general

officer, and in stature as towering, erect and noble, as the noblest, the cadet Leontine. In his journey toward Tuscora, to surrender himself into the power of his sovereign, he had heard of the fortunate capture of the commandant, and immediately retraced his steps to the imperial court, where he was again graciously received by the grateful Emperor, who bestowed on him the rank of Major-General.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

## THE INTERVIEW.

THE Emperor was not so old as to have forgotten the romance of youthful affection. The obligations which he had felt toward Leontine had originally been mingled with impressions that his motives were mercenary, and he had esteemed him as a useful traitor rather than as a youthful enthusiast. But after Leontine had explained, with simplicity and modesty, the motives which alone had caused him to hazard his life and sacrifice his allegiance, the Emperor was induced to criticize leniently faults by which he had been so greatly benefitted, and to requite them in a way congenial to the temperament of the actor. To that end the present interview had been ordered; and though Leontine had consented to act in it, and appear under his high military commission from the Emperor, the acceptance was subject to the condition, insisted on by Leontine, that he should at all times be at liberty to surrender himself to the King, his former master, if he should deem such a surrender essential to the safety of the commandant or the happiness of Theadora.

The dejected but still proud commandant encountered the presence of the emperor without servility or fear; nor would he deign so much as a passing look at Leontine, whom he contemplated with horror, and to whom this silent rebuke was manifestly distressing. The youth, beauty, and highly imaginative organization of Theadora sustained with less apathy the august presence of the emperor; she impulsively sank upon her knees as the monarch graciously advanced toward her. He was affected with her appearance, and raising her tenderly from her suppliant position, saluted kindly her cheek, calling her his protecting genius, his sympathizing deliverer, for whose sake he deemed her father not an enemy, not a prisoner, but a friend whom he was desirous to ennoble and make happy.

'Sire,' exclaimed loftily the aroused commandant, 'I am not ignorant of the great guilt of this unfortunate young woman; but although I have been unwilling to requite it with my own hands in vengeance on her head, far rather would I perform that office than see her derive the slightest benefit from her treason. If indeed your majesty shall desire to compensate me for her crime, which has been useful to your majesty, send us back to our injured sovereign, that we may expiate our offences as his justice shall prescribe.'

'Not so, mighty prince!' exclaimed Leontine; 'I alone have been the offender, and on me alone should fall the punishment. The noble

commandant has not swerved from his integrity, while his noble daughter, in sympathizing with misfortune, but obeyed a feeling which heaven made irresistible. To pity is not criminal, and of nothing but pity can she be accused. I will return to Tuscora, and let justice satisfy its demands on the guilty, and not unworthily upon the guiltless.'

'That cannot be,' replied good-naturedly the emperor; 'sovereigns owe to themselves and people a duty which requires that they should protect their benefactors. Beside, despatches are recently arrived, announcing that my brave troops have been victorious in a general engagement with the forces of Tuscora, and that on the field of battle a treaty was concluded by which a general amnesty is guaranteed for all offences connected with the late hostilities, and including specially by name all persons now within our presence.'

'Alas, Sire!' groaned forth the unhappy commandant, 'pardon is not my wish, nor can it restore the lost faith of my unfortunate child, or the lost self-respect of her more unfortunate father. Long may your majesty live! and for your good intentions toward an humble and ruined man may heaven spare you the affliction of an unworthy child! But the moment I regain the power, she and I must return to our native land, nor cover our offences by any treaty won from our betrayed master by the armies of your majesty.'

The emperor was perplexed and almost angry at the obstinate integrity of the old veteran. It conflicted also with his published philosophy; for no proffered elevation seemed able to restore the happiness of an humble station. He dismissed the parties, but instead of permitting the commandant and his daughter to return to prison, as the commandant desired, he compelled them to lodge in a splendid mansion near the palace, in the hope that reflection would make their conduct conform with his philosophy; a result which now seemed more important to the emperor than even his desire to benefit Theadora or requite the services of Leontine.

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CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

T H E C O N C L U S I O N .

BUT time failed to meliorate the sentiments of the commandant. Like a caged bird, who, in attempts to regain its liberty, beats itself to death against the wires of its gilded prison, he rebelled against all efforts that were made to soothe him, and grew continually more dispirited and more morose; so that he eventually refused to see his daughter, whom he deemed accessory to his detention. She by the most filial attention endeavored to atone for her offence; but death alone seemed able to relieve him from the reflections that continually tormented him, and death, the last hope of the unfortunate, finally arrived. He died a broken-hearted man, in the fifth month of his residence at Boresko.

Poignant was the grief of Theadora, for she was the cause of his untimely fate; and great was the sorrow of Leontine, for he had created the misfortunes of both the father and the daughter. Even the emperor was grieved, for he knew that the whole had proceeded from



efforts to terminate his captivity. The funeral was conducted with great military pomp, and the imperial family condescended to participate in the pageant. To soothe the feelings of Theadora, a communication was obtained for her from the now almost tributary king of Tuscora, condoling with her for the loss of her father, whose fidelity the king was pleased to say he had long been convinced of, and not only pardoning, but applauding her for the sympathy she had manifested toward his illustrious brother and good ally the emperor of Boresko, when casually a resident of the castle.

Human nature is as manifestly formed to endure the calamities of life as oaks are to endure the tempests of winter. In due time, therefore, Theadora became tranquil under the loss of her father, and in a little further time, cheerful. Yielding to the solicitation of friends, she gradually re-mingled with society, and eventually shone in court, where the emperor, intent on his moral theory, and desirous that her history should not result contradictorily to his system, never failed to distinguish her with his attentions. In gratitude for his condescension, she eventually complied with his known wishes by yielding to the well-proved affection of Leontine; and they were publicly married, the emperor himself giving her away at the altar. They became the most conspicuous ornaments of the brilliant court of Boresko; but attentive observers could discover in Theadora moments of abstraction, and occasionally a hurried manner, denoting a mind oppressed with painful recollections.

Even Leontine, although blessed as he was with the consummation of his most romantic aspirations and the gratification of his most ardent desires, felt evidently more embarrassed than exalted when the adventures were referred to that had gained him his elevation. He evinced a painful sensitiveness whenever he was spoken of as a native of Tuscora; and his enemies (what court favorite is without them?) soon noticed his growing sensitiveness, and failed not to play on it, to his increasing misery. In short, could the hearts of Leontine and Theadora have been inspected, they would have been found to contain much regret, much self-reproach, much consciousness of ill-desert. In consideration of these results, which the emperor discovered as well as his courtiers, he inserted in the next edition of his moral philosophy a new chapter, in which he maintained that as a man deviates from virtue and duty, he removes himself out of the principle that makes increased honors and riches an increase of happiness.

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EPIGRAM.

MODERN philanthropy, I often hear,  
Is wide, diffusive as the atmosphere:  
I grant it all, and more by parity  
Of reason has this airy charity;  
Colorless, scentless, tasteless, of light weight,  
And always keeping in the gaseous state.

## THE IDEAL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

## I.

With all thy visions fondly cherished,  
 Wilt thou then faithless from me part?  
 Thy joys, thy griefs, have they too perished?  
 Can nought recall them to the heart?  
 Oh, golden time of life! can never  
 Be stayed thy unrelenting tide?  
 In vain the wish! thy waves forever  
 To the eternal ocean glide.

## II.

The cloudless suns have lost that gleaming  
 That once they o'er my pathway threw;  
 Those visions fled; that pleasant dreaming  
 That to the soul has seemed so true:  
 Gone, gone is now the fond believing  
 In all the soul's sweet imagery;  
 Prey to the Real's harshness leaving  
 What once was Beauty's self to me.

## III.

Even as of old PYGMALION, longing,  
 Gazed on the marble's changeless face,  
 Till in the stony cheek came thronging  
 All that makes living loveliness:  
 Thus, earnestly with nature dealing,  
 Deep meaning in that look I sought,  
 Till the created seemed revealing  
 New beauty to the poet's thought:

## IV.

And, in all cherished dreams partaking,  
 The silent one a language caught,  
 Love answering to my love awaking,  
 She understood my earnest thought;  
 Then lived to me the tree, the flower,  
 Then sang the rippling of the brook;  
 Yea, even the soulless felt the power  
 The echo of my life partook.

## V.

A circling all my breast indwelling  
 With yearning boundless urged me on,  
 To enter on life's way impelling  
 In deed and word, in seem and tone.  
 How glorious was this world's concealing,  
 Before the buds to blossoms grew!  
 How small, alas! was its revealing!  
 Its promised fruits how poor, how few!

## VI.

Urged onward by a will undaunted,  
 Unchecked by sorrow's chill delay,  
 With happy visions ever haunted,  
 How stepped the youth upon his way!  
 Even to the dimmest stars of heaven  
 The flight of his intentions flew;  
 No bound was to their soaring given,  
 No distance and no height they knew.

## VII.

How lightly then their wings upbore him!  
 What to the happy youth was hard?  
 How danced the joyous ones before him,  
 The guardians of the untaught bard!  
 Love, with the sweet reward it giveth,  
 Fortune, with golden coronet;  
 Fame, with the starry wreath she weaveth,  
 Truth, in her sunlight glory set.

## VIII.

Already, on the way half ended,  
 Vanished the guides he made his stay;  
 Faithless from him their footsteps wended,  
 One after one they dropped away:  
 First Fortune lightly from him vanished;  
 Unquenched remained the thirst of mind;  
 Doubt's tempest-clouds unpitying banished  
 The sunlight that Truth left behind.

## IX.

Wreaths I beheld from Glory's bowers  
 Unhallowed by the ignoble brow;  
 Too soon, alas! the dear spring hours  
 Of Love have found their winter now!  
 Still and ever stiller growing,  
 The lonely path before me lay;  
 Scarce Hope herself before me throwing  
 Her faintest light upon the way.

## X.

Of all this flattering attending,  
 Who from my side would never roam?  
 Who stand with comfort o'er me bending?  
 Who follows to Death's gloomy home?  
 Thou who the wounds of sorrow healest,  
 The tender, gentle hand of *friend*,  
 That, in life's toiling, comfort dealest,  
 Thou whom I early sought and gained.

## XI.

And, willingly with it uniting,  
 Soothing like it the mental storm,  
 Action, in action's self delighting,  
 That ne'er destroys, though slow it form;  
 That, to the work of endless lasting,  
 But grain by grain the sand can lay,  
 Yet from the debt that Time is casting  
 Strikes minutes, days, months, years away!

N.

## THE FIRST AND LAST APPEAL.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STONE'S PICTURES.

BY W. H. COCKEIN.

## THE FIRST APPEAL.

'Gude lassie, ye ken richt well that for aye long the light of your bonnie ee has been dearer to me than all the siller that micht kem to me, if I could be rich as the laird of Glencairn; ye ken richt well that I see your face in every flower your gude faither and mysel culls, and sends to the castle; but then the flowers kennie be sae fine as you, my Maggie, and they waud nae mak your hair more bonnie for aye that, lassie. When they first bud I will bring to ye the bonniest o' them. When the Lavroch whistles his song high over us, will ye nae hie wi me to the forest, and wark sae merrily; the harvest time will bring to us new blessings, and we will dance and sing wi' the reapers, as they return to their cottage home. And then when the cauld winter of this life comes to us, ye shall say that all is truth that I now tell ye. And as the frosts of time mak every year your bonnie hair to wichten, and your bright ee to graw dim, will we not love each other e'en more tenderly than in the days of our early love? But I hae naught to offer ye neither of pairls nor of gauld; but, lassie, these waud nae mak my love greater than it now is, my ain Maggie.'

'Andre, how ken ye be sae silly as talk o' love? What waud my puir faither do, and the bairns that my maither left? They're owre young to be left to the world without ony to care for them. But hush, Andre, here kems the Laird's son, and it might nae be prudent for ye to be seen in conversation wi me. Know ye, Andre, my ain, that I will think of it, and talk to my gude faither on the subject.'

'I hae my doots about it,' muttered Andre, as he walked from the garden; 'but if the heir to Glencairn estate plots wi' Maggie, I will be e'en wi' them.'

The foregoing conversation took place between the daughter of the principal gardener of the Glencairn Estate and the son of one of the chief tenantry. Maggie and himself had been brought up together; she the bonniest lass that could be met with, and himself the pride of the young men of his age in the neighborhood, the course of their intimacy from childhood had progressed in one unruffled course, more as a brotherly and sisterly affection than that of the deeper passion of love.

The arrival of the Laird's son, who had ruined health and pocket in the gay metropolis, and upon whom Maggie was known to smile, was the occasion of many doubts and fears in the honest heart of Andre, and gave birth to the remark made by him in the interview in question. Not many days had elapsed when the sister of Andre, conveyed

to Maggie a request, that she would meet him at a certain hour on the following evening at a well known spot, called the Lover's Well, an unfathomed spring in the neighborhood, round which there lurked many a legend of days gone by, of disappointed and unreturned love.

To this request Maggie willingly assented, although at first with some feeling of disquietude, as previous to this occasion the intervention of a third person was considered unnecessary, so mutual had been the feelings of each to the other, from childhood until the time of their previous interview, when he had ventured to breathe to her his 'FIRST APPEAL OF LOVE.

'Let Andre know that I will see him at Sabbath eve, and tell him I dinna ken, why he waud nae hae come wi the message himsel', but then he's ower strange a times, and perhaps, puir lad, he canna come; and whether or no, I'll forgive and forget.'

#### THE LAST APPEAL.

'MAGGIE my ain that was, I know richt well ye hae nae love for me ony more; there was a time when ye smiled as I approached ye, and your'e tiny foot went e'n faster on the brake, as ye spun by your'e door, and ye singing sae prettily a' the while; but your ee changed Maggie, and my puir heart dies when I see how cold ye are, and to see ye sae pleased at the young laird when he comes to bid ye good morning, and the blessing of heaven, when all the while he waud harm ye, Maggie, with his heart as black as the mare that Tam O'Shanter crosses wi' o'er the waste; making sadness and misery when ye hear the noise of its brawny hoofs; but, Maggie, by this hand of your're ain, that I now hold, ye shall nae ga' from me, till ye say that ye will reject him, and turn away when he comes to ye. My ain Maggie, smile on me, my ain loved one.

'Andre ye waud nae gie me detention in this spot contraire to my wishes; and Andre ye look sae pale, and your'e hands seem sae cold that ye frichten me, and I would go; and ye know it is not many, Andre, to keep me against my wishes when I would go.'

'Nay, Maggie, ye hae heaped up my misfortunes, and my heart waud break. I canna survive the big blow ye hae given me, I waud hae died to serve ye, and ye hae turned cold up me.'

'Andre, in the name of heaven let me go. I hear the bairk of the laird's dogs, and what if he saw my hand in yours, Andre, and yoursel' agitated?'

'May the curse of the unhappy light upon him and his house! May ruin and desolation ———'

'Andre, Andre, do nae curse! kem haim wi' me, and I will love; heavens, Andre, what waud ye; help, oh! faither, bairns! gude Andre;' a shriek, confined and stifling, and all was still.

The tale was soon told to the young laird, who was hurried to the spot by the screams of Maggie. He knew from the bubbles and agitation of the deep well that she had indeed perished! The truth glanced upon him in an instant, that Andre had leaped with her into the unfathomed depths of the Lover's Well into which he looked!

It is unnecessary to add whether the curse was fulfilled, which legend says commenced with the dawn of the day next succeeding the death of Andre and Maggie.

From the nature of the spring, no attempt was ever made to recover the bodies of the unfortunate pair; but they were mourned for by many of their generation, and even to the present day it forms one of the interesting legends with which the traveller in the Highlands is delighted; and they even say that the pair may be seen hovering over the well previous to the decease of any of the once powerful, but now ruined house of Glencairn.

*Philadelphia, April, 1850.*

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L I N E S : A D I E U .

THE hours near thee are passing fair,  
But Health turns pale at my delay,  
And sighs for more congenial air  
Upon a long and lonely way.

I fain would leave some token light  
Of hopes that through my feelings rise,  
Like stars upon the brow of Night  
When Day goes down the evening skies.

I dreamed of gems entwined with gold,  
Bright gems, to vie with parting tears;  
But they with all their beams were cold,  
Or flamed with fire that ofttime sears.

I leaned o'er flowers by culture reared,  
Where they in rich profusion grew;  
But none among them all appeared  
An emblem meet, dear friend! for you.

I sought in silence for the wild,  
Far straying by a woodland stream;  
Like infants' eyes they sweetly smiled,  
Yet could not breathe love's blissful dream.

I mused beneath the forest bower:  
What fairer thing the bright earth bore?  
When in my heart appeared a flower  
That there would lie concealed no more.

I may not *now* reveal its bloom,  
Yet through my yearning soul it sends  
A blood-like pulse, a rich perfume,  
That with my inmost being blends.

I wear it like a knightly charm  
O'er the wild sea and wilder strand,  
To star my path, and nerve my arm,  
And guide me to my native land.

## HYMNS TO THE GODS.

## NUMBER ELEVEN.

## TO FLORA.

HEAR, lovely CHLORIS ! while we sing to thee :  
 Thou restest now beneath some shady tree,  
 Near a swift brook, upon a mossy root ;  
 All other winds with deep delight are mute,  
 While EURUS frolics with thy flowing hair :  
 A thousand odors faint upon the air,  
 And ripple softly through the dewy green  
 Of the thick leaves that murmuringly screen  
 Thy snowy forehead. Struggling through their mass,  
 The quivering sunlight rains upon the grass  
 In golden flakes ; round thee a thousand flowers,  
 Still glittering with the tears of spring's light showers,  
 Offer the incense of their glad perfume  
 To thee, who makest them to bud and bloom  
 By thy kind smile and influence divino.  
 Thine arms around young ZEPHYRUS entwine,  
 And his round thee ; with roses garlanded,  
 On his white shoulder rests thy snowy head,  
     Thy deep eyes gaze in his,  
 Radiant with mute, unutterable bliss,  
     And happy there,  
     Oh, lovely, young, enamored pair !  
 Your rosy lips oft meet in many a long warm kiss.

Now the young Spring rejoices and is glad,  
 In her new robes of leaves and blossoms clad ;  
 The happy earth smiles like an innocent bride  
 That sitteth blushing by her husband's side ;  
 The bird her nest with earnest patience weaves,  
 And sings delighted, hidden in the leaves ;  
 From their high homes in old and caverned trees  
 The busy legions of industrious bees  
 Drink nectar at each flower's enamelled brim,  
 Breathing in murmured music their glad hymn ;  
 The Nereids come from their deep ocean-caves,  
 Deserting for a space the saddened waves ;  
 The Dryads, from the dusky solitudes  
 Of venerable and majestic woods ;  
 The Naiads, from the beech-embowered lakes,  
 The Oreads, from where hoarse thunder shakes  
 The iron mountains ; wandering through cool glades,  
 And blushing lawns, when first the darkness fades  
     Before the coming dawn,  
 And ere the young day's crimson tints are gone,  
     In glad haste all,  
     Their lovers to enwreath withal,  
 Gather the fresh-blown flowers, cool with the breath of dawn.

Oh, gentle Queen! we spill to thee no blood;  
 Thine altar stands where the gray ancient wood,  
 Now green with leaves and fresh with April rains,  
 In stately circle sweeping round contains,  
 Embowered like a hill-environed dell,  
 A quiet lawn, whose undulations swell  
 Green as the sea-waves. Near a bubbling spring,  
 Whose waters, sparkling downward, lightly ring  
 On the small pebbles—round whose grassy lip  
 The birds and bees its crystal waters sip—  
 Thine altar stands, of shrubs and flowering vines,  
 Where rose with lily and carnation twines.  
 We burn to thee no incense; these fresh blooms  
 Breathe on the air more exquisite perfumes  
 Than all that press the over-laden wind  
 Which seaward floats from Araby or Ind:  
 No priests are here, prepared for sacrifice,  
 But fair young girls, with mischievous bright eyes,  
     With white flowers garlanded,  
 And by their young delighted lovers led,  
     With frequent kisses  
     And warm and innocent caresses,  
 To honor thee, the victim and the priest instead.

ALBERT PIKE

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D J O U U L N A K I B .

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A LAY OF ANCIENT TURKEY.

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It is a trite remark, that if we would learn the early history of a country, we must first study its ballads. Minstrels are the servants of tradition, and it is to their songs that a chivalric but not highly instructed race entrusts the task of perpetuating its early triumphs and glories. With the view of illustrating the earlier traditions of the Turks we have undertaken the translation of the following ballad, which still retains a considerable popularity in the streets of Stamboul and throughout the Sultan's dominions. Often of an evening we have stopped, or passed through the bazaars and besestans of the capital, to hear it from the mouth of a Koumbaradji, or professional story-teller, who may generally be observed perched upon a low kab-kab, drawling out this ballad in a monotonous but not unpleasing tone; and seldom does the audience fail to reward the bard by a low-muttered and approving bish-millah, accompanied with a bakshish of a few scudi. It is reported that such was its popularity with the late Sultan ABDLOUL MEDJID, whose passion for poetry and sherbet perhaps hastened his early death, that Kislär Aga, the chief of the black Eunuchs, was frequently commissioned to seek the most popular Bostandjis of the city to divert him and his beloved Chasseki, (the favorite of his harem,) by singing to them 'The Swine-Eater,' and other ballads. 'Djou ul Nakib,' or 'The Swine-Eater,' is current under different versions throughout all Turkey,



and is even sung in the Tripolitan dominions; but we have selected this version as the best known, as well as the most agreeable. Its authorship is a matter of some uncertainty, though it is generally attributed to Hoshab-Hadjee Bechtash, surnamed Zulutflu, or the Melodious, the renowned poet of the age of Amuret the First. In our opinion, however, it is the production of an earlier period, for reasons which it is not necessary to give in the present article. The story is founded on a superstition once common with the vulgar, that the horse of the Pasha Mustapha Al Faquir had miraculous powers of divination, which are set forth in the course of the poem. In our endeavors to give as nearly as possible a literal translation, we have, of course, sometimes been obliged to sacrifice some of the exquisite beauties of the original, and at other times to retain expressions for which we could not find equivalents in the English language. Through the kindness, however, of an esteemed friend and ripe oriental scholar, who will not, however, permit us publicly to return him thanks by inserting his name, we have been favored with the notes which illustrate the text, and render the phrases retained from the original intelligible to the English reader.

THE gulzul pipes its sweetest lay,  
Her evening hymn to parting day,  
And o'er Kaftan and Minaret  
A ray of sunshine lingers yet.  
As if of night 't would seek relieve  
To greet the rising star of eve.

The breeze comes stealing o'er the cheek,  
And lightly skims the gay cacique,  
With muftis laden from the groves  
Where bulbuls mourn their summer loves,  
And Pishnar's turrets faintly glow,  
Reflected by the waves below.

Hark to the cry from the minaret high.  
The voice of PASHALIK invites to the prayer:  
Ceased is the sigh, and dried is the eye.  
Of the faithful fourlough who guardeth there:  
The muezzin hath changed his varying hue,  
As he lists to the sound of that cry 'ALLAH HU!'

ALLAH il ALLAH — God is great;  
Great is the power of MAHOMET's word!  
Oulah Kalsean — thy will is fate!  
Sharp is the edge of the faithful's sword!  
Paynim and Frank are dust in thy sight,  
Guard the believer's sleep this night.

Guard o'er the faithful city's sleep,  
Toward Mecca bent thy servants pray;  
May the Ohman all his vintage reap:  
Grant us the strength thy foe to slay;  
Guard us when hours of night wax late —  
ALLAH il ALLAH — God is great!

Thine is the power, thine the sword;  
Thine is the all-consuming word:  
Thine is the power to give and take:  
Thine is the power the strong to break:  
Guard us from Afrite, ghouls or sprits;  
Watch o'er thy city, LORD, this night.

At early dawn we kneel and pray,  
Turbaned head is bowed in dust;  
The same at eve as at break of day,  
Thy faithful follower ever must:  
ALLAH, the hours of night wax late,  
ALLAH il ALLAH — God is great!

Why comes he not amid the crowd  
Who greet the Prophet's shrine that eve,  
With turbaned head and gesture proud:  
That faith in which he did believe  
Hath lost no charm for him, I ween,  
Who weareth still the Prophet's green!

ALLAH PASHA goes forth in state,  
He sits to-day at the judgment gate;  
There let the Turcoman bend the head,  
The Franguestan there must sue for bread;  
Yet none shall want and none shall need  
Who touch the tail of the Pasha's steed.

That steed impatient paws the ground.  
While faithful Yashmaks watch around  
To catch a whisk from that tail, whose touch,  
They said, would cure the ills of such  
Whose pallid cheek and drooping eye  
Proclaimed their early fate to die.

And piled on high at the Pasha's feet  
Were gifts the faithful deemed most meet.  
To the Pasha's taste; cloths whose dye  
With famous GLAMSCHIN's wools might vie;  
Rahatee-lokoom, and jet black pearls,  
And yatghans woven by the Amree girls.

Quoth SCHIEKH ALEEF: 'Who eateth the flesh  
Of the unclean swine who roam at will  
O'er the grassy summit of Attar Feah,  
Whom KORAN's page forbids to kill,  
That man,' saith ALEEF, 'I bid him take heed  
That he touch not the tail of the Pasha's steed.'

The tinkling sound of the nargulléh,  
Responsive to the loud chibouk,  
Commingled with the madjoon's bray.  
Swept o'er the valley of Koulbouk:  
Yon rider's cheek hath a pallid hue;  
Hark to the cry, ALLAH HU! ALLAH HU!

He comes, he comes, I know him well;  
Full well I know that lurid brow;  
No darker glooms in hermit's cell,  
Nor penance makes by pilgrim's vow:  
For him, I ween, at Eden's gate  
No hours seven impatient wait.

HASSAN hath come from the wild foray ;  
The Tartar chiefs long mourn the day  
When first he mounted his wild Kiebob,  
And o'er the plains of Bairam rode:  
The Pilaufs fly in wild alarm  
From the Scindar borne in HASSAN's arm.

'Hast come o'er the plains of Attar Fesh?  
Hast eaten of swine's forbidden flesh?  
Of swine alone by Franks adored,  
By Moslem's sacred faith abhorred?  
HASSAN,' cried ALEEF, 'I bid *thee* take heed;  
Touch not the tail of the Pasha's steed.'

Sadly fall on the chieftain's ears  
The words of STAMBOUL's sainted schiekh;  
The eye of HASSAN now wilder glares,  
And paler still is the hue of his cheek:  
The Pasha's steed doth rear and bound;  
*A corpse lies bleeding on the ground!*

By Pishnar's fount there is a grassy mound, [say  
And there I've heard the watchful shepherd

A dark-eyed Bashkir visiteth the ground,  
Her nightly vigils there to keep and pray.

'T WAS ZELICA, the light of HASSAN's home,  
The low-voiced playmate of his happier hours  
With her in youth he had been wont to roam,  
To chase the khamyds and to pluck the flowers.

There HASSAN, fated chief, who sinning died,  
Sleeps his last sleep, unhallowed and alone;  
Unmourned by all save her, his harem's pride,  
No turban carved upon the moss-grown stone.

One morn they came, and there they found her  
not:  
But lo! before the shepherd's wondering eyes  
A beauteous flower had grown, whose highest  
top  
Was lost amid the dark blue of the skies!

And so I've heard a pious banshee say,  
That by that flower, whose foliage never dies,  
The soul of HASSAN crept from earth away,  
And rests with ZELICA in Paradise.

#### T O L E I G H H U N T .

'A FARD-LIKE spirit, beautiful and swift'—SHELLEY'S ADONAI.

A NOBLE truth thou speak'st of ONE\*, a star  
Flown up to heaven: he was *our* brave JAFFAR,  
And spite those caliphs FASHION, FOLLY, PRIDE,  
Gave to *us* poor *his* gospel ere he died.  
How many souls, unbonded of their fears  
By him, bewail him with their sighs and tears  
Who taught them courage for their deep despair,  
Gave them his hand (a brother's heart was there),  
Made them cast off their shame of low degree,  
Teaching them manhood's true nobility,  
That the proud tyrant, the proud priest and peer,  
Are the world's mean, her robbers. O, that here  
SHELLEY might come—stricken from heaven his star—  
To be on earth, once more, our brave JAFFAR!

And he *is* here! Shines not from heaven the star?  
Lives he not strong in thoughts, our brave JAFFAR?  
In thoughts which lift us up, and make us strong  
In his glad music of immortal song?  
The caliphs have not killed him, for he lives  
In truth of his own utterance, that gives  
Hope to our hearts and nerve unto our arms;  
Nor any more can caliphs with alarms  
At their fierce threatenings fill us; though they swear  
Of him whoever to speak well shall dare,  
To crush. They hunted him to heaven; thus far,  
No farther could they go! and there our star  
Defies them; so do we for him, our brave JAFFAR!

C. D. STUART.

\* ALLUDING TO LEIGH HUNT'S late poem addressed to the memory of SHELLEY.

## THE BIRTH OF THE POET.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

## I.

APOLLO one morn, with a roving design,  
Sweet Helicon left, and took leave of the Nine:  
'I will see,' said the god, 'if on earth can be shown  
Hill, mountain or valley, as fair as our own.

## II.

Come, MERCURY, hie thee! thou know'st the world well;  
Thou hast traversed it often. Oh! say, canst thou tell  
Of one green sunny spot in its beauty so rare  
As the vales we are leaving, our Helicon fair?

## III.

The messenger-god, with a smile, made reply:  
'I have marked such a spot as I journeyed oft by:  
Auld Scotia 't is called; and, some say, bleak and bare;  
But the heart-flowers of feeling and friendship bloom there.'

## IV.

'Hie we hence,' said APOLLO: 'I swear by our sire,  
The picture thou paint'st doth my wonder inspire:  
To witness pure friendship for pure friendship's sake  
Were a journey great Jove might be willing to take.'

## V.

They sped to Auld Scotia, the home of the brave,  
That ne'er yet gave birth to a coward or slave:  
O'er moorland, o'er mountain and valley they flew,  
Nor paused till the sweet winding Ayr met their view.

## VI.

Delighted the god saw the heather and broom,  
As far o'er the moorland they shed their perfume,  
And the meek mountain-daisy, in beauty and pride,  
Grow humbly, the feather-fringed bracken beside.

## VII.

'I knew not,' the god said, almost with a tear,  
That Nature's rich bounties neglected bloomed here:  
Hie hence to the god-head, and bear him my prayer  
That he grant us a poet to sing of sweet Ayr.'

## VIII.

Quick MERCURY speeds with the prayer to great Jove,  
For a bard who would sing of pure nature and love:  
The god in loud thunder the answer returns;  
*The prayer is granted — the poet is BURNS!*

## O N B E A R D S .

## NUMBER THREE.

‘*LORD, worshipp’d might He be ! what a beard thou hast got !*

‘*— His beard grew thin and hungerly, and seem’d to ask him sops as he was drinking !*

‘*— WHY should a man whose blood is warm within, sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?*

‘*— WITH beard of formal cut.*

SHAKESPEARE.

LET New-York flourish !—I remember, when I was, what I should now consider to be, a very young man—when trees all covered with blossoms bloomed over the ground now occupied by Grace Church and bees hummed in the gardens of the surrounding suburb ; and the early morning broke in silence and in slow degrees, except the song of birds that gemmed the shady way above that hospitable spot ; where dwelt at that time the true and pure of heart ;—I remember, that it was our practice to take our early exercise by a ride on horseback into the dewy solitudes of our fair island, and win an appetite for breakfast.

With some who had grown up a-horseback, the excursion was always a pleasant movement of exhilaration ; but with those who rode by prescription, for health and exercise, the ride was any thing but a source of enjoyment. Parties of this sort, or solitary horsemen, were encountered at every intersection of the Bloomingdale road, and nothing could be more distinctly marked than the contrast of expression between those who truly loved their horses and glowed with the sympathy that springs up between the noble being and his rider, delighting in his fire, his strength, and the song of his footstep, and relishing with him and only equally with him the freshness and hilarious joy of morning—and these gallipot and pestle-and-mortar riders for life, who carried in their faces thoughts of drugs and drenches, powders and peristalticks, beside the mortal and consuming fear of being sooner or later spilt upon the path.

With this last mentioned class, it was truly a choice betwixt two Evils, Equitation and Dyspepsia ; and one of my friends who belonged to our party, a person I remember of long gaunt bony limbs and bilious temperament, arrived at the magnanimous resolution rather to die outright of Dyspepsia, than of the martyrdom of being every early morning summoned and mounted and jolted and galled and carried away as it were by piecemeals of leather through the portals of Death.

Let New-York flourish ! Well Sir, he sold his horse, this friend of mine ; he sold his hard-trotter, his bone-setter :—a cruel mouth the beast was also accused with I must do him the justice to say now that we have got rid of him, though I did not like to mention it before ! He sold the horse then, and gave God thanks into the bargain ! for he felt now at leisure to indulge himself in the delights of a rosy morning nap, at which time suggestions of the fancy according to the opinion of our Fathers border more nearly than other dreams upon the

sober realities of Truth: and which is probably cause of the preference given, by most persons ignorantly, to repose at that especial period of the blessed day.

My friend was a philosopher, and he now stoutly resolved to profit by his experience, and never thenceforward to take an airing upon four sentient legs, while four, or even if you please *two*, quiet and in-offensive wheels could be set forward in the same unity of propulsion.

He also remembered to have read — as I suppose — the following passage from Montaigne :

‘DARICUS, in order that he might not forget the offence he had received from those of Athens, ordered one of his pages to whoop three times in his ear so oft as he sat down to dinner, ‘Sir, remember the Athenians.’”

And, acting upon this example, my friend desired Juba his old black Servant, if he should find his master asleep and difficult to awake at any time for the shaving water, when he came into the chamber in the morning, to say something to the sleeper about his late horse; as that would effectually arouse his attention and yield him at the same time the satisfaction of recalling a grievance that had now happily passed away. The joy that attended this his now horseless state lasted for some days, during which Juba had had no opportunity for acting upon the admonition, and his master had probably forgotten having given it. He was awake with pleasure.

Time blunts however, and vulgarizes our perceptions in this state sublunary existence, toward the happiness we enjoy, as well as toward our sorrow and care; and at length we become coarsely indifferent even to emancipation from positive distress. And thus our liberated horse-owner grew used as matter of course to the deep enjoyment of his morning rest; as if no damask roseleaf on his couch of fragrance had ever during life been doubled, or in any manner laid awry.

This was the state of things, this was the repose of his soul, when on one bright and early morning he was startled from his dream of bliss by the sound of Juba's expostulatory intonations: ‘Massa! Massa Ysaak! horse, Sair! him waitin’ Sair! him saddled Sair! him bydded Sair! him kickin’! stable man no hold him Sair! him hard mouse! him dibble hoeself Sair! him waitin’ Sair! an igor, he no wait mosh long!’

‘Heavens!’ exclaimed the discomfited gentleman all startled from his sleep, ‘is it really so? can it have been only a Vision of relief that I have been indulging all this time? I could have sworn now that I had sold that d —— d relentless hard-mouthed devil of a horse four days ago; if it may be called selling a horse to take fifty for four hundred! I certainly did! I sold him to Suydam! I can’t be mistaken in the fact, for I remember being delighted that he should come to be owned by a man with a suitable termination to his name for the master of such a beast! What is the meaning of all this? What are you grinning about with all your white teeth you old black rascal? Is the horse really come back?’

‘Massa Ysaack tellee Juba him no wake for shábin’, den him wake for horse.’

‘O I remember! I remember! Thank God! There’s no harm,

Juba! but do n't do it again my good fellow! I have one ache still left in each particular joint of my body at the bare recollection of that vile animal!

— 'Now JOHN WATERS!' I think I hear our grave EDITOR say, 'will you give me leave to ask you, and this with some touch of the fervour of your late horse-owner, what possible relation this rigmarole story of yours may by any means have with the subject, in the discussion of which according to your motto you had engaged your pen and my Magazine?'

Venerable FATHER KNICK. ! none on Earth. Not the remotest relation in life with the motto of the Essay, but closely with the number thereof. If you take the trouble to consult the heading you will find that in my enthusiastick desire to aid the community in ridding itself of these atrocious beards, I was so injudicious as to number my Essays; and the necessity of furnishing the Number THREE for this month reminded me of this imperative morning ride.

I do not comprehend either why an Essayist should be more strictly than a Reviewer confined to his subject. The latter we all know in some of his most admired achievements sets up at the head of a chapter the title-page of some work he professes to criticize; and using it as a starting-post, turns his back, mounts his horse and darts from it at full speed, and never pauses before it again until brought round at the end of a four-mile heat; when he alights, makes a quotation, is weighed, and disappears.

This obviously as you perceive brings me to the consideration of the Saucer or the Trencher Beard, to which I had the honour to allude at the close of my last number of this very prolonged Essay.

The Saucer or Trencher Beard then is affected and cultivated mainly by those to whom nature hath denied a growth of hair upon the cheek the lip and upper part of the chin; and often in these instances it renders the appearance of the wearer eminently vulgar and grotesque.

I have before me in my mind's Eye while I write, a short stout thick-set clumsily-built man with hardly any neck, who cherishes a broad layer of black hair from the deep throat to the chin as a cushion for his jaws to repose upon. He has neither moustache nor whisker. The hair of his head is of a sandy brown and is made to hang in long loose dishevelled masses down his head and one side of his face, and is endeavored to be controuled behind the ear, where its ends mingle with the back outskirts of this trencher beard.

The Eyes are made of cairn-goram the Scotch pebble of that name. The sight is slightly oblique, and the brows are dark like the beard. Large full unhealthy cheeks of an opalescent hue indicate personal confinement or want of exercise and complete the head. *The effect*, when seen in the distance, of this strong contrast between the complexion and the black isolated undergrowth of hair seen like a streak beneath it, is to sever the head from the body; and the spectator beholds in front a head of John the Baptist brought before Herod in a black charger.

There is nothing indeed to represent the blood of the Decapitation unless you adopt in its stead the small streams of Tobacco-juice which

from excessive and wholly misplaced gesticulation and oratorical attempt are made to ooze out of the corners of the subject's mouth.

This is a trencher, or a saucer beard! It is that of a publick speaker; whose appearance beyond that of other men ought to be marked in every respect by the nicest possible rules of propriety, neatness, decorum, elegance, and grace. — To your Tents, O ISRAEL!

It is while closing this number of the Essay that we have had the satisfaction to learn through the interesting columns of *The Tribune*, for which the Proclamation has been translated, that His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias has turned His gracious attention to this *growing* Enormity of Beards; which will in future throughout His vast dominions and in Poland be confined in its 'detestable usage' to the serfs and mancipia and gross wretches of the lowest class, to whom and to whose Fathers the luxury of lather has ever been unknown and unimaginable from the days of NOAH; and we intreat that a copy of the Proclamation may be forthwith appended hereto. May the gracious shadow of HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY never be less!

JOHN WATERS.

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THE EMPEROUR AGAINST BEARDS.

'We find in 'La Voix du Peuple' a copy of a Proclamation from the Civil Governor of Warsaw, which we translate for 'The Tribune' as a literary curiosity:

"TO THE MILITARY PREFECT OF ——:

"HIS MAJESTY the Emperor of all the Russias having graciously turned his attention to an unfortunate habit which has begun to prevail among the nobility of his empire, namely, the habit of allowing the beard to grow, has deigned to order all his noble subjects to abstain from that *impropriety*.

"The Council of Administration of the Kingdom of Poland, His Highness the Prince Lieutenant presiding, after having maturely deliberated on this affair, have declared that the same disposition ought to be applied to the nobility of the Kingdom of Poland.

"HIS MAJESTY having permitted the Russian nobility to wear uniform, a privilege which he has graciously extended to the Polish nobility, it is evident that the beard, being incompatible with the uniform in Russia, cannot be tolerated in Poland.

"In consequence of this decision, which has been communicated to me by His Excellency the Minister of Home Affairs, I call upon the Military Prefects to take prompt and efficacious measures to the end that the detestable usage of wearing beards may be repressed, and that the inhabitants abandon this indecent and subversive innovation.

"If, contrary to every expectation, any persons should dare to not conform with this law, I call upon the Military Prefect to inform them of the unhappy consequences which will not fail to overtake them, and I formally order him to send me immediately a list of the disobedient, to be submitted to His Highness the Prince Lieutenant, who will decide upon their fate.

"The Military Prefect will address to me his report on this subject within eight days at the farthest.

"LASZCZYNSKI,

"Counsellor of State, Civil Governor of Warsaw."

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L I N E S : E V E N I N G .

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

Gone, what a glorious eve! — earth, sea  
And sky ne'er seemed so fair to me:  
The moon is up — the round full moon —  
And Hesperus will join her soon;  
Already round her stars have met  
By thousands, and are meeting yet;  
But with a dim, uncertain light,  
They seem diminished in her sight.  
Wears all around, beneath, above,  
A look of loveliness and love,  
And things most rugged and most rude  
Are softened, sweetened and subdued

By mellow moonlight into shapes  
The pencil's magic vainly ape.  
How well the deep gives back again  
The night-sky from her azure plain!  
For there is not a breath in motion  
To break the slumber of the ocean;  
Or if it move the balmy air,  
Wafts only odorous incense there.  
Whose are the woes so great that he,  
Gazing upon that quiet sea,  
This neither earth and yonder sky,  
Would not forget his wish to die?

## S T A N Z A S : D E A T H .

'Ow many funereal monuments of the ancients Death is represented as a beautiful youth, leaning upon an inverted torch, in an attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed.'

'How beautiful is Death — Death and his brother, Sleep!' — SHELLEY.

DEATH! with thy folded wings and slumb'rous eye,  
O, seraph calm and pale!  
Thou lean'st on Life's unflaming torch, yet why  
Before thee should we quail?  
Sleep's sadder brother — thus how truly called —  
Kind healer of our care,  
Who at thy noiseless step should be appalled?  
I find no terror there!

I would not go with thee unto the grave,  
Not there! not there!  
Thou bear'st the spirit hands immortal gave  
Unto a home more fair:  
Angel of mercy, sent us from the skies  
To free the suffering clay,  
On the hushed face thy hallowed impress lies —  
Pain's shadow melts away!

Let weary Nature soothe herself with tears;  
Grief sobs itself to rest;  
Each broken tie, lost bliss of many years,  
The mourner knoweth best;  
And while so beautiful the sleep of death,  
The fond, fond heart  
Clings to the form so void of quick'ning breath,  
Unwilling thence to part.

It is a sorrow, when the cherished go  
Forth from our stricken breast;  
What though they 'scape the weight of earthly wo?  
Each was our heart's own guest!  
That heart will droop, the watching eye grow dim,  
The lip forget its smile,  
Though Memory chant, with softened tone, her hymn,  
And Grief's excess beguile!

To me be ever thus a seraph seen,  
O, Death! with slumb'rous eye!  
Near my last couch upon Life's spent torch lean,  
And 'neath thy wings I'll lie!  
Thy beauteous wings, to shield me as I sleep,  
Thy calm, pale face  
To look in kindness upon those who weep  
Around my resting-place!



## THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES LAMB.\*

BY F. W. SHELTON.

ANTAGONISM is the strange charm which endears Lamb's writings. Not that he carried this to perverseness or violence, nor yet beyond the bounds of mere originality. He was unlike; but more than this he repelled. Hence he is a contradiction, for his humanity is a proverb. The tenderness of a boy's heart went with him to the tomb. In his opposition he never wrote a line which merited a malignant return. He was an enemy to be loved; a fault-finder whose poutings were agreeable; in short, an enigma which needs to be unravelled. It is hard to analyze. We know if we are charmed; if the landscape pleases us; if the picture has prevailed with our untutored fancy; if the beauty we gaze on has inspired us with her love; but it is altogether by a something, we know not what. Blessed be our kindly natures! we are pleased first, and inquire the reasons afterward. Let us see if we can reconcile Lamb with himself; if we can interpret the religion of his nature by those writings wherein his heart is embalmed. The circle of his admirers has ever been rather choice than large. It is certain that he selected few friends, chosen for individuality, strong antagonizers. Such as they were, they were not easily found, or soon parted with. Death alone broke up the little company. He set out with Coleridge. Torn away, in course of time, from this good man, he lost the half of his soul. He had disabilities without and within which forbade to throw himself into the bold, arduous struggle of life. The very intercourse of men would have been the rude, sweeping demolition of much that was fine in his character. He was not in contact with the general world; was opposed to their systems; courted not the favor of their 'good people.' They made no concessions to him; why should he to them? He passed with one faction for a free-thinker, with another for a bigot; but most did not understand him.

It was the same with his friends the books. Few and rare were his 'midnight darlings,' his folios. Milton or Shakspeare he loved; they had grand names; but those which sounded sweetest to him, and carried a perfume in the mention, were 'Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.' The art of reviewing, so verbose and so nugatory, had as little to do in governing his preconceived affection as with the final destiny of the books. It mattered not from what royal presses they came, *cum privilegio*. They had their own *Imprimatur* (those which charmed him most), a something unseen or disregarded by the common eye. What he says on book-borrowers

\* This essay was published some years ago, but with so many errors of printing as materially to mar, and in some cases to destroy the sense. If you will republish it as now corrected, you will do an act of justice to the affection which is borne by the writer and others to the memory of one whose praises cannot be too often repeated — the amiable man, the exquisite essayist, CHARLES LAMB.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

discloses his taste : 'That slight vacuum in the left-hand case, scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser, was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on 'Urn Burial;' here stood the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' in sober state; there loitered the 'Complete Angler,' quiet as life, by some stream-side; in yonder nook 'John Bunce,' a widower volume, with 'eyes closed,' mourns his ravished mate.' The current literature, which pleased the million quite well, passed him by almost unheeded. The volumes of the greatest novelist of the age were to him wearisome in the extreme. Let them sway others with a dictator's mastery; he was not so constituted. He would rather have been found with that party of simple folks who are said to have read Sir Charles Grandison by slow stages, with a 'realizing sense' (as a boy-Crusoe), following him through with overwrought anxiety, and at the conclusion of the history had the village-bells rung for joy. The delicacies which he affected would be quite imperceptible to a rough palate. They were called from some ultimate realm, where they grew up from among the dust of forgetfulness, and after he had served them up in a style incomparably gracious, they were to the liking only of the most judicious epicure. He was, moreover, repugnant to the spirit of the present age. It was bitter cold and stony-hearted; rushed on in the breathless race, and cast back no parting looks. To him the whole past was as a well-stored church-yard, where he rambled reverentially with the dead, and deprecated violence with the pathetic words of Shakspeare over his sepulchre. The past indeed was a part of his present, brought near to him by many chords, and laid hold of by his fine sympathy. While others would bury that which had been, without any tearfulness, he could not see the time-honored relic pass away, and be consoled with any hope of better; he drew near to the grave of departed custom and wept—*quàm familiariter!*

In his conversation he opposed even his beloved friends, so curiously that it might seem merriment. It was in accord with his character. Those who were allied to him could penetrate his meaning; why he should rejoin to the obvious, why parry that which resembled a truism, why set up a beautiful true standard to cast it down by a single breath of sarcasm. As to the opinions of most men, the mere actors on the theatre of common life, he did not agree with them. He closed his ears with the desperation of the 'enraged musician.' He did not modulate his temper to any of their 'soft recorders;' their best agreements sounded harsh and wrangling; chorus, strophe and antistrophe were alike displeasing; and the full, consentient voices of men, on many subjects, struck his peculiar nerves like the first preparation of an orchestra. He understood them no better than he did the music of the day, the operatic flourishes, the long prolusions of our best masters, to which rebellion amounted to rank treason; his guilt was equal to 'stratagems and spoils.' Yes, he was positively averse to professed music; and this antipathy was remarkable for one whose tastes were so delicate; who so loved to 'gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to adorn the rose.' He made 'MELODY in his heart.'

As to his writings, which are a true transcript of his nature, they consist almost entirely of a parcel of ingenious paradoxes, the idea of

which might provoke a smile with some, meet with the contempt of others, if not with the stubborn, sturdy rejection of most. Some consider him as thrusting merely in a graceful sword exercise with shadows of his own conjuring, with fancies which have no substance, and in which himself reposes no implicit faith. His assertions or negatives persuade those who think they understand him, that he is not in earnest, that after all he feels like other men, and has a mere tact at writing. His essays might bear them out in such a supposition. What do we find there but queer assimilations, balanced with the strongest antipathies. His idiosyncrasy meets you at every step. It is not enough for him to fly off with a swift attraction to the weakest side of weak argument; he puts his negative against the whole world by jocularly upsetting maxims which claim a prescriptive right to be held true. In one whole essay he is found combatting what he calls 'popular fallacies.' These are truths which, no doubt, have been sometimes thrust forward with unbecoming positiveness. They are, for the most part, *argumenta ad homines*, to shut the mouths of people suddenly; and he turns round with gentle fierceness on the 'pains-taking preachers.' He denies that 'a bully is always a coward.' Some people's share of spirits is low and defective. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valor. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. 'A man must not laugh at his own jest.' What! expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it! To sit esurient at his own table, and his company so weak as to be stirred by an image or fancy that shall stir *him* not at all! 'Enough is as good as a feast.' Who believes it? It is a vile, cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism; a lie palmed on the palate which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superfluous there is something left for the next day. 'We should rise with the lark.' It is not well to be ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. The good hours of the dawn are too sacred to waste them upon such observances, which have in them something pagan and Persic. It is the very time to linger abed and digest our dreams; to re-combine the wandering images which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast-feeders, they gulp them too grossly to taste them curiously. We live to chew the cud of a 'far-gone vision.'

Such is the humorous example of the real contradiction of his tastes. So were his true feelings opposed to the vulgar. So would he run counter to self-complacent philosophers, who felt impregnable in the safety of their strongholds. There is, indeed, an amusing element of selfishness in the application of most of their wise saws; a want of natural love beneath a face of supernatural wisdom. Let us go on with this antagonism; follow it through all the titles of Elia's essays, which do not prevail with matter-of-fact men; which rather repulse them on the threshold, and do not afterward court their esteem. The praise of chimney-sweepers! a complaint of the decay of beggars in the metropolis! What inverted ideas! Arguments turned upside

down! Contrary conclusions enough to make a cold man shut up the *recherche* essay-like Greek. 'What,' says he, 'on All-Fool's-Day?' 'I love a *fool*! — as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. He who hath not a drachm of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April fool*.'

What says he on whist, agreeing precisely with the opinions of Mrs. Battle: 'Cards were cards! She would not have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business; *she unbent her mind afterward over a book*.' He deprecates 'grace before meat' in a manner which might be considered 'positively shocking.' On this point we must say, that a proper scrutiny of his words would not place the writer of this at swords' points with him. It is the *want of grace* which he is aiming at; it is the *absence* of thankfulness. It is the inappropriateness which halts on the very verge of a raging appetite, and abolishes a religious look to plunge profanely into the midst of dishes. He would have the general interfusion of a religious gratitude not so distinctly marked by the professed occasion. He would have a thank-offering for books, for friends, for music, for delight experienced through art. These nourish the more imperious necessities of the soul, and enliven in a better way. And we must say, though we adhere religiously to 'grace before meat,' and would return a glad thanksgiving for *that too*, that the inconsistency lies with most of the company who sit down to the table, not with Charles Lamb; for religion should be like the general *light* of heaven, which is not so much known by its proper name or quality. Variegated scenery, green trees and grasses, show it forth rather in its *effects*. The rose makes no allusion to it, yet we know what imparted to it the ineffable lustre of its cheek; and the most gorgeous plant on the globe cannot proclaim it, for the same principle has distinguished the simplest flower of the vale.

With respect to the manner, as well as matter of Elia's essays, we must also view it in the light of opposition. His biographer has said, that never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. They are, indeed, symbols of the contrariety of the man. The one who approached nearest to him, with whom he always lived on terms of affection, he has made mention of under the name of Bridget. And this person never doubted him except on one occasion, when he spoke in a *kinder tone than usual*. Regarding his character throughout, we are prepared to assert that there is a vein of affection running through him, the dearest, the tenderest which ever coursed, like pure gold, beneath the surface of humanity; in the light of which his inconsistencies appear constant, his difference in agreement, his repugnance the largest sympathy which the human heart is capable of, his non-accordance is love:

'Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!'

The truth is, he wanted sympathy for others, only as they were destitute of the kindly feelings which actuated his own heart. He required not only that they should be men, but *human*; and to the largest quality he clung most. What wonder that he excluded the mass from his peculiar interviews! — for how many breathe, at best, but a vegetable life, and how many regard the mere animal with its lusts, and of the rest how few rise above a species of indifferentism. He followed a representative system. If he elected few, they represented *all*; for they possessed the most of humane quality. He then discarded what was adventitious, and loved them not in spite of faults, but (pardonable frailty!) the very faults themselves. Upon this broad principle he includes every species of skeptic and philosopher. He has a deal of that angel's charity which flew to heaven's chancery with an oath. A lover, like himself, is a contradiction. He is exclusive, even to a suspicion of contempt for all mankind. But does he hate any thing for the time being which is good? He *must* love human perfection, for he thinks that he sees in one the embodiment of all its charms, and he looks at all things in a shining light. His dislike is a mere negative; his repugnance is only for the bad. This apparent narrowness made the very religion of Lamb appear to others like the want of it, and the finite seemed to be regarded above the infinite. But if he clung where his affections first took root, with a parasitic fondness; if, by a peculiarity of his nature, he shrunk from the idea of the infinite, as one prefers his own snug chamber to the outside wintry moor, it may be referred to the principle already stated. It was the fault of his fondness, not his fondness for a fault. Was it the want of a living faith which caused him to look as he did upon death? He did not fear death: *he loved his friends*. But admit that he did. The best may entertain such dread, albeit they would express it otherwise. The great and good Johnson would not have the theme named. We know that his capacious mind, in regard to external habits, was restricted to a narrow compass. He loved the streets of the city better than the high hills. We know with what awfulness he awaited his latter end; how he kept shrinking back, as if he held the samphire-gatherer's place on the cliff. Thinking instantly to be gone, he would say with wondrous expectancy that he was here still. At last he exclaimed, in the pomp of Latin, '*Jam moriturus sum.*' It was with a like feeling that the dying Hoffman spoke of 'this sweet habitude of being.' Well has the poet Virgil called it, in the *Æneid*, '*Dulcis Vita.*' Pathetically has Horace alluded to it in his 'Ode to Postumus.' 'Pleasing, anxious being!' as Gray calls it. Oh! the cup of life, with all its bitter, bitter ingredients, to him who has looked on a few revolutions of the glorious sun, is beyond all price; and though it be stirred up sometime from its deepest dregs, when we come to part with it it has a flashing surface and is crowned with flowers at the brim. For this the starveling, the poor coward, who has responded never to one joyful throb (like him who fell a victim to Rob Roy McGregor's wife), implores, though it must be passed in the lowest dungeons of the hills. But for the gentle, the intellectual, the heart of hearts, mortal life subserves already for a sweet communion of souls! There is, indeed, a worldli-

ness which is the death of the soul. It turns away its face from heaven. Rooted in the earth, it strikes in again with its returning branches.

Elia loved the world, but not with a worldly love. If he seemed to make the less triumph, it was not in fact to substitute the carnal for the spiritual, it was the spiritualization of the carnal. We *must* love these clay temples. Like the ivy, we rise above them by clinging to them. The objects of a just affection, though they abide on earth, are high and towering; they are not collateral, or in a wrong direction, but rather in the path-way to heaven. There are always tendrils above the other verdure, without a hold on earth, which cannot choose but clasp higher. Elia's affection for the old is resolved into the one peculiarity of his nature, which made the past near and dear to him. He could say with Horace, '*Non sum ex iis qui miror antiquos*;' that is, in any vain sense, merely because they were ancient, for some charm which he understood not (as many a wise-faced virtuoso will cram his house with his grandmother's arm-chairs, though they had long been with his grandmother's picture, in the lumber of the garret), but he admired them for humanity's sake, with a distinct love. He could not bear that any thing which had *been*, of a good heart, should be forgotten, or coldly remembered, or put aside, for other. Who shared with him in these times of renovation, when the old serpent of sin is perpetually coming out with a sleek skin, but with his old nature? Who of this generation possessed a tithe of his true veneration? 'He passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate.' If any one, in this day of abstinence and negative works, has never yet perused his 'Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,' there is gratification in store for him, allowing him to possess the right spirit. Having first quoted Spenser, where he speaks of the spot in which the Templar Knights were wont to tarry,

'Till they decayed through pride';

he reviews the present aspect of the place — not without tears, with a swift glance at the changing metropolis. 'Where is the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden-god of Christian gardens. If its business be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sun-set, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture, and be led to fold by. The shepherd 'carved it out quaintly in the sun,' and turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tomb-stones. The artificial fountains of the metropolis are in like manner fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up or bricked over. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. *Why not then gratify children by letting them stand?* Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them, at least. Why must everything smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is

there not in the bosom of the wisest and best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments?' We cannot quote these humane sentiments and not pause to admire them. We envy not the man's heart who can resist such unpretending eloquence. Indeed, what boots the philosopher's great stores, if he has unlearned the simplicity which he had when a child? His progress is inverse; his learning can but end in ignorance. If it is to demean or narrow one's self to come down to things childish, then the course and spirit of true learning is arrested, which is to grow young by growing old. The old English writers whom Elia affected, whether in prose or poem, had this undisguised simplicity and freshness, and this formed the reason of his attachment, which was rather just than fanciful. Centuries resemble individuals in their progressive character. There is an age of childhood when language is heartfelt, and a later period, of artfulness and deceit; and a case may exist where one must go back for sympathy beyond the age in which he lives. Charles Lamb's feelings are, moreover, throughout with that party which needs succor, and which is most liable to be forgotten. As he was interested with the poor child looking wistfully, its cheek pressed against the cold pane, into the pastry-shop, rather than with the sumptuously-fed, and the scholar who longed for the rare volumes in the book-stall, which he was unable to procure, rather than with the great literary lion; so he turned from the present age, which was valiant to trumpet its own praise, to the merit of old days which was in danger of perishing; and even there his associations were not always with the greatest, but with the tenderest; not with the bold excellence which was most discernible, but with the elusive beauty which is almost doomed to die unseen. From the grand, bold chant of Milton, he would descend to pick out some quaint charm in Cowley; and from the ample enclosures of Shakspeare, hasten to the unknown garden of the modest. The *virī fortes ante Agamemnona* pleased him, as already hinted at, because he was obliged to draw no distinction between the writer and the man. Though he admired the beautiful, it was the *poet* that he knew rather than the *poem*, Spenser rather than the Faery Queen. The symbols might be exquisite in themselves, but they were only the tokens of a genuine, sincere heart. There is a difference in this day, when writing has become a venal art; when the artificial is made to bear so exact resemblance to the real. Books are as great hypocrites as men. The architect of periods learns to adapt his pieces nicely; but it is by no means certain that the author of the polished sentence feels rightly. Nay, his artificial adjustment is a very part of villany, opposed to the rough magnanimity of the elder school. It aims to make him either worse or better than he is; to make his shame a glory, or his glory a shame; and if of these twin ambitions, which inherits the palm? Books now-a-days do not make you acquainted with the 'things of a man,' any more than Johnson's Dictionary lets you into his real benevolence of heart. Lamb reckoned *biblia-a-biblia*: such as court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards, bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large: he might have made the list longer. Great as Scott was, a just thinker, and with a general tendency to good, his

books were not books to him, because they must have lacked, in some measure, this perfect harmony. He wrote the history of Jeannie Deans, and it moved all hearts to tears; yet lifted as he was above the allurements of flattery, if he had a fault it was said to be an attachment to the circumstance of rank. So the works of Byron did not affect Lamb. Between him and them there was a wide gulf fixed. This may appear strange, for the poet's melancholy characters have been considered identical with himself. This invested all which he wrote with a marvellous interest. It would have linked him with Elia, if the pictures presented had been pleasant as well as true; if they had portrayed him somewhat less than human, instead of exaggerating his inhumanity, as pitying instead of striving to be pitied. As it was, these over-true revealments produced a lack of sympathy. But how does our author forget himself in his enthusiasm! how does his cheek glow like a coal, and his eye kindle, when he accosts both *the poet and the man*! 'Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge! Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!'

We believe that we have now spoken truly of Lamb, not desiring to represent him without faults, for then he would *not* have been human. His affinities were for a genial goodness; and if he erred, it was on the side of forgiveness, where mortal errors appear with a better grace. Between himself and his writings, if there be an antagonistic attitude, there is the most perfect reconciliation. He has exposed his heart and unveiled his motives, and pictured in all its various phases the life of his affections, wherein consisted his little world; and that with such a curious minuteness, that we are almost better acquainted with him than if we had sat at his table, and partaken of his daily bread. His essays are his autobiography; his thoughts are his history. And as actions are but the external accomplishment of what has already been performed within, it is questionable whether any feeling could be detected which would have led to a selfish course, or whether any antipathy has been shadowed forth, which was not almost implied in the title of a truly benevolent man. Few men have ever brought themselves to so honest a confessional. With those who shine distinguished on the roll of British essayists he has little or nothing in common. He is without the great pomp of the Johnsonian period. He is not didactic, serious, laboring to impress the mind; he plays round the heart and indulges genius. Sometimes he discharges the arrows of a polished wit, at others rises to an eloquence not so stately as that which thoughts of Iona and Marathon inspired, but kindled by associations of a dearer kind. Addison retains his place as a model, but he is coldly elegant, as if he thought, in every period, of being the founder of style; and as if he wrote merely to illustrate the graces of composition. The eye wanders over his sentences, and sees the balance admirable; the ear listens, and finds the melody perfect. He is the store-house of the rules of rhetoric which Elia breaks, yet so as to have more grace in the breach than in the observance. As we pass through the essay of Addison, we are reminded by its nicety of the drawing-room of the



old school. In fact, Addison wrote for the polite courtier; but the only courtier that Charles Lamb ever dedicated a thought to was the gentle, loyal heart of a *man*. Here he stands apart in a deserved triumph. Of all the essayists, it may be said of him that he was entirely original, and originality is GENIUS.

May, 1845.

A N O R I G I N A L F A M I L Y P I C T U R E .

MEIN HERR PAINTER, will you now,  
Will you paint us right, Sir?  
Me, the goodman, and my frow,  
WILHELMINA SCHWEITZER,  
And our sons, ADOLPH and JOE,  
And our daughters, whom you know,  
PEGGY, LIZZY, KITTY,  
Bouncing girls and pretty.

Paint the church exactly in  
Middle of our village;  
Paint the lasses as they spin,  
And the lads at tillage;  
Paint this house of ours, and don't  
Fail to paint upon the front:  
'Reerected newly  
1800, July.'

Sunday inside church for me,  
At communion-table;  
Workday outside; JOE shall be  
Helping in the stable:  
Paint our garden, trees, and wall,  
And our daughters, paint them all,  
KITTY, PEGGY, LIZZY,  
With their fingers busy.

As I love gay colors, too,  
Like a decent fellow  
Paint my face a vivid blue,  
And my wife's a yellow;  
Paint our daughters red and gray,  
And for both our boys, that they  
Need n't look like bumpkins,  
Paint them green as pumpkins.

Make the sketch look neat and nice;  
Spare no pains or colors;  
SCHWEITZER won't begrudge your price,  
Though it be two dollars:  
Mind and let the frame be strong,  
Six feet broad and ten feet long,  
Under piece and upper:  
Now come in to supper.

J. CLARENCE MANSOON

## T H E U N F O R G O T T E N .

Oh! if some silent stream might flow,  
Whose mystic flood, like that of old,  
Might bear away each pang of wo  
Unto oblivion, dark and cold,  
Its rolling tide with countless tears  
From burning eyes should swollen be,  
And sins of long-revolving years  
Should stain its current to the sea :  
Then might the spirit plume its wing  
Unfettered by each vain regret,  
Nor keen remorse should plant its sting ;  
'T were blessed to forget.

Yet not alone do grief and care  
Enwrap us in their gloomy shroud ;  
The heart has cherished joys, and there  
Are sunbeams shining through the cloud :  
Oh, who would cast the gem away,  
Because perchance its native dust  
Had dimmed awhile the sparkling ray  
Earth held within her trust !  
So memories sweet upon the soul  
Linger where sin and pain are met ;  
O'er *these* may dark oblivion roll,  
*Those* would we not forget.

Ah! no, we would not crush the power  
That hovers fondly o'er the past ;  
That crowds each swiftly passing hour  
With visions all too fair to last :  
We breathe again our native air,  
We tread the paths in childhood trod,  
And with hushed reverence linger where  
We earliest learned to worship God :  
We see, oh, dearest sight of all !  
The pleasant homestead standing yet,  
Nor lone is each deserted hall ;  
And shall we *these* forget ?

The heart were but a dreary waste,  
Where nothing lovely might abide,  
If the fair shapes by memory traced  
No more in airy forms should glide :  
If a soft echo, low and sweet,  
Could bring no more the parted strain,  
Nor the light tread of vanished feet,  
Nor music to hushed lips again ;  
Sweet voices from the realms of peace,  
Kind eyes no more with tear-drops wet,  
Gladden our hearts ; we *cannot* *these*,  
The holy dead forget.

## The Bunkum Flag-Staff.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION, AND SUITABLE TO ALL TASTES.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '08; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.


VOL. II.

JUNE 1, 1850.

No. 3.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

 OUR sick brother is better. Relieved of the brown creaturs. Last night he slept good.

A-BORROWINK MONEY.—There's no harm into it; none at all. Otherwise those who are so favored as to have estates, fortunes, independencies, to be 'left comfortable,' and such things, of which we have a profound ignorance, could n't have incomes; for incomes are pretty much derived from lending. There is no harm in borrowink. We sometimes do it ourselves. We go to a friend, and we take good care never to go to any one who has n't got a nick-name; for nick-names kind of involve the preëxistence of the milk of human kindness in the bosom, and if you see a man named William who has got money grown up to man's estate and all his acquaintance call him Bill, and you see another man named Andrew who is a kind-hearted soul and they can't find any abbreviation or nick-name for that except you name him And, which is no nick-name at all but only a conjunction, and so in p'int-blank despair they get entirely off the track and call him Dick, then you

may be apperiently certing that these men may be approached. You can get clear to 'em. You can look into their eyes; you can gwasp their hands; and you can say to 'em, slapping them onto the back familiarly, with a tolerable degree of certingty of success in the applection, 'Bill or Dick, I want you for to lend me five dollars; I'll pay it back to-morrow, upon my soul I will!' And he does it, and he never sees it more. He bids farewell to that five dollars just so sure as a friend stands onto the wharf when a ship is sailing with a consumptive patient for Leghorn, and he hugs him and he says, 'My dear fellow, God bless you! Write me soon. The climate will heal you. Adieu! adieu!' And as the sails are spread he still stands wavin' a white handkercher, laughing and showing his white teeth, but saying to the man who stands next to him, 'Poor fellow! he'll never come back! They'll have to read the burial service at sea! They've got the lead-coffin a-board to fetch him back into. The lot is bought in Greenwood; the stone-cutter's spoken to; the cenotaph is written!' JUST SO IT IS WITH THAT FIVE-DOLLAR BILL. Gone,

gone, gone, 'to that Born no traveller returns !'

We say we borrow money sometimes : at one time fifty cents, on a pressen emergency five dollars ; then again a few cents, just to make change ; but and if we *do* borrow it, we chissel it into our souls just as a stone-cutter chisels a name into a toom-stone ; we never forget it, if we have to remember it eighteen months. We 'grapple it to our soul,' as Shakspeare says, 'with hoocks of brass ;' and in due time, coming up to our friend with the smile of honesty and satisfaction on our countenance, we say to him, 'Here is the five dollars I borrowed of you.' Our friend, taken by surprise, and in all perrobability not perhaps expecting to get it again, says with an air of forgetfulness, '*What* five dollars ? You do n't owe *me* any five dollars.' 'Oh, yes,' says we, 'we do. Do n't you recollect we borrowed five dollars of you as we were going to Mr. Windust's to dine with a ferrend whom we had invited to dine with us, and to save our lives we had not a penny to buy a stake withal, and a bottle of wine, and we said to you, 'Lend us five dollars, will yer ?' And you said, 'Certingly ! Will that do ? won't you have more ?' And we said, 'No, that is sufficient !' So, after a great deal of jogging and rubbing and friction of the palsied recollection of our friend, he manages to bring back to his mind the faded image of that departed five dollars, of which he had said perobably not ten minutes before, 'I lent him five dollars a year ago. I shall never see it again ; of course not. I give that up for lost.'

Thus we see, when human natur' comes to be studied out, each man *do* take an account of what

he lend, or what he give ; and you may rest assured his forgetting it is a kind of subterfuge. He put on a pair of spurs so soon as he lent it, and he has been pricking the sides of his recollection from that day to this ; and if you do n't be honest (as you ought to be) and pay him back (as you *o* do), he will think the wus of you for it. But he ought not to pretend that he is indifferent about the money, taking credit for such nobility of character, when he is either so poor or so mean that he keeps thinking of it all the time. Oh, the deep springs of human natur' and of human action ; when you come to fish into 'em, how rare you get a bite of any considerabul size !

But as we said of borrowink money, there is no harm into it, if you mean to pay it back, and if you see the ability before you by which you *can* pay it back undoubtedly. But if the future is all fog without star or compass, and you merely borrow with no fixed determination of cheatin', but if you dono as to *how* you are goen' to pay it back ; this is entirely wrong, and unprinciple. We are perpetually receiving notes like the following :

'MY DEAR WAGSTAFF: Lend me five shillings. I want to be shampooed and get my hair curled, and to save my life have not got the *statu quo*. I am sorry to perplex you about pecuniary matters, extremely much so ; but when my accounts are made up, I will make it all right. Yours, ———.'

This individooal, we loaned him the five shillings, and a year elapsed till one day wanting the money we sent round for it. He said he would call and pay it. He did call, and caught us just as we were going to take our dinner at an eating-house, and so we asked him to go with us. The dinner cost us five shillings, after which he borrowed of us one dollar in total forgetfulness of the

debt which we pulled out and gave him. We would not have done so, but we were so thunderstruck with amazement at his audacity that we did so before we had time to think what we done. Thus by the mere axing, we were eighteen shillins out of pocket; an entire, personal sum-total loss, and that's the last time we will ever ask our dues, since it is a losing concern, but in our business arrangements, we will make allowance for so much (say one hundred a-year for bad debts,) and we will buy one hundred dollars less of tea, coffee, lights, fuel, (we do n't drink any lick,) than we otherwise would-a-done, so that we may be honest with our creditors; but toe the mark we will, and it's worth toing.

A-BORROWINK BOOKS. — This we may say is younger brother to borrowink the WHEREWITHAL. To be candid when *we* borrow books, we never return them, which has led us to an invincible resolution to borrow them no more. The fact is this. We see on our friend's table a very handsome, hot-pressed work with picturs to match, (either Melville's fixings or Carlyle's last track,) so taking that they almost seem to say: '*Do* read us. You will be very much entertained; indeed, you will.' So before we know it, we say: 'I wish you would lend me this; I'd like to read it.' To which he: 'Certainly; it's very good indeed.' We take it, (as it is so taking,) but not finding time, for time is scarce, to investigate it right away, lay it down, when somebody comes in without leave or license and takes it up. He reads a page, and then unconsciously puts it under his arm and carries it off; when, in less

than one month, the book being removed from our sight, we forget that we ever had or ever borrowed it. At other times, when our chamber is cleared up, the stray volumes are tucked away in closets or in trunks; and the affairs of the world are so extremely various, and more important matters so pressing, that ten to one that we ever think of those borrowed books again. In the meantime our friend says: 'Who did I lend my Sartor Resartus to? For the life of me I can't think; but gone it is.' His wife returns answer, looking up: 'My dear, you ought not to lend your books.'

A-BORROWINK CLOAKS, hats, and umberellas is second cousin to the above. Never do we remember that our hat, when shocking bad, was exchanged for a bran-new Beebe, or Moleskin. Contrariwise, accident has often crowned us with an old bunged-up affair, when by the expenditure of five dollars we thought we had secured a glossy and handsome covering for the next six months. Our experience in this way has been not only great but distressing. Let us learn wisdom by experiens. Rap your hat, cloak, umbrella, and Ingen rubbers, in one large bundle, and give a man a dollar to stand over them with a fixed bagnet.

REMARKABLE SUCKUMSTANS. — The following occurred very lately on the Hemptstead plains. A party, consisting of I, and Martin Van Buren, Ex-President, and John and some others, were traveling on a very foggy night. We suppose you could not see your identical nose on your face. We presently got off the road onto a

race-course, by the JUDGE'S STAND. Here we asked a man, and he said: 'Keep your eyes on yender light, and you will come ought straight.' We followed the light and went straight on followin' the road, until, in due course of time, we come out by what appeared to be the Judge's Stand; but this time we take no notice of it, only kept on followin' the road. The course being round, and yet the road appearin' pretty near straight, we kept on, until the second time, coming round to the Judge's Stand, one of the party says: 'Appears to me, we have seen that objek before.' I said: 'No, I guess you're mistaken:' so we kept straight on again, for the light appeared as far off as ever. A third time, in the space of say pretty near half an hour, we come round to that stand again, and then we all exclaim, sotto, and also viva vochey: 'WE ARE ONTO A RACE-COURSE!'

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LIVING WITH A MARGIN.—Margins are very beautiful when they serve to set off that which is fair. What can look better than a wide margin on a book, or a marge of pebbles by a brook, or of sand on the sea-shore, or of meadow by a clear runnin' stream! Now we will tell you what we mean by living with a margin. Some people, by being supremely selfish, use up on themselves all they have got to spend, and more too. They go to the outward edge of the paper with their own wants, necessities and extravagancies, leaving no room to make a single note of what may be wanted by others. Consequently, when you call on them for charity, they turn a cold shoulder, (cold as a dead mutton's,) and tell you they

have had five hundred such petitions, and there is no remedy but to reject them all. They can't satisfy all, and therefore they won't look at any; just as an ass refuses to bear a stick of timber, because he may be called on to carry the whole wood. But we tell you, if he was *our ass*, and would n't budge on an argument like this, we would thrash him until his tail wagged at the rate of fifty knots an hour. Here's where they miss it. If they allow *themselves* five hundred things which they do not really want, then to make the balance even they ought to allow a *margin* for five hundred petitions from their fellow men. We hate to see a man who looks at a beggar and examines the tissue of every individual rag he has on, before ever he'll put his hand in his pocket to shell out a single cent. Those who speculate so long on what and to whom it is proper to give, never give any thing worth having, and never establish the *habit* of charity in their own souls. The *habit of charity* once firmly established in any *one* individooal soul, does more good than fifty alms spent on the unworthy does harm. Don't be so feered of propagating beggars. It's a subterfuge. Do you endeavor to do good. Knock off your coaches and your carriages, one or two courses from your meals, and perhaps your desert, in order to give something to the poor, and do n't be as cold and impassible as a mill-stone. If he comes to your house give him a glass of your best wine, and on parting, say GOD BE WITH YOU. That's the way to do things right; and when you go to bed a'ter doin' of it, you'll feel good, and you'll sleep sweet as honey, and your heart will be as light as the moon.

A FEW MORE ABOUT MARGINS.—Allow yourself a little *time* as well as *means* for other folk's benefit. Do n't work all day in your own office, to make money for your own purse, and then take your own sixpence and get into your own omnibus, and wash your hands with your own soap, and eat your own dinner, and go to sleep in your own bed merely, and do the same every day. Take care of your own family, and reserve a *margin of time* to see the rest of your feller men. Cirkelate! cirkelate! like the Flag-Staff. It will do you good. It will do others good. Sociability is a charm. We know virtuous families where they sit in the evening, the father and mother and rest of the children, until bed time, (and never a word spoken,) as dead as a door nail. The reason is they want variety; something to exilate the mind. You put a horse on one routine, we will say a canal track, where he strains the same set of muscles all the time, and the consequence is, those same muscles can't stand it. Just so it is with men. Do n't draw a circle round you, and that a very narrow one, but do try and go abroad, and take your families with you. Make them travel up hill to look off onto the surrounding country, and do nt keep them all the time on a dead level. Bime-by there's no wivacity or animation into 'em. We never see any thing so stale and flat as most of our country villages, owing to wrong modes of thinking; whereas, if they would take the *margin of time* which belongs to them, (for the hardest working honest man has got a margin of time,) and cirkelate, and associate, and laugh and talk, and hear lecturer's and good music, and pay for it not grudgingly, and dance and


sing like so many grasshoppers sipping the dew on a June morning, they would waken up, their sleepy and neglected brains to a social sympathy and delight of which they are at present incapable. A stagnant pool lets the sticks and greenness and filth accumulate and smell bad; but a running stream, though it may bear them on its surface, carries them off, and becomes again pure, reflecting every flower which grows on the brink, and every hue of brightness in the heavens!

A PROTEST.—We are going to make a protest. In this ked'ntry attention to the gentler sex amounts to a perfect shivalry. But we must say they take advantage of it, and do n't show the same delicacy as the men in innumerable instances. You go to church a half an hour before time, and swallow your cup of tea with all your might and main, to hear Dr. Hawks, although you ought to go to pray! Well, you are established firm at the head of your own pew, and begin to turn over the prayer-books, and to read the led-pencil conversation which have been carried on at sundry times on the blank leaves, *poor passay le tong*, as the French say. Bime-by the church fills up and is very crowded. But just at this time the Misses Badgerly are leisurely putting on their shawls at their own house, and mean to pick the pocket of your ear of that sermon. They arrive at the door, but there is a great crowd, and the whole body of the church presents one mass of heads. They look at each other in despair, when Miss Amarintha says: 'Follow me.' With that they throw up their heads to the chandelier and walk boldly through the middle aisle to the

head of the church. There they come to a stand-still, seeing a firm and immovable mass, like one of Napoleon's fallanxes. They become confused. Their confusion becomes distressing. There is a cry raised : ' Make room for the ladies ; make room for the ladies.' And in a trice of time you, who were safely esconced as a bug in a rug, give place to a span new bonnet, and are set adrift like a ship without chart or compass. Now we will tell you just how we would fix this sort of ladies. We would stop and buy a hammer on our way to church, providing it was a week night, and also two uncommon large tenpenny nails, (and we would n't care if they cost twenty pennies,) and hammer them into our coat-tails, and get the sexton to draw them out when the church was over.

NOT to answer letters, or what is the same thing, to lay them aside for two or three months, is one of the crying sins and rudenesses of the day. It has already caused us to discard from our books several whom we regarded friends.

CHARITY begins at home, and ends there with most people.

THOSE who are very good may be very gay, and enjoy music and poetry and painting and dancing ; and although they *are* good, these will make them still better. But those who are otherwise may play and sing and paint and dance, but poetry and music and colors and motion can bring them no joy ; they will not enhance pleasure, but quicken pain.  We like these maxims much, and shall give many to our readers.

Do not say all you think, but be very careful to think what you say. Eschew scandal. If you speak ill of people, rest assured that the fruit of this sin is to be ill spoken of. The evil word which you speak will be but as a seed ; but the fruit which you will reap will be a harvest.

THE MOST RIDICULOUS thing that we ever see was the pictur' of a wain poet drawn by a wain painter. The painter set forth the imbesillty of the poet, and wice-wercy the poet represented the painter in a ridiculus p'int of view. It was a mere brick-dust affair. There he sot, his lower lip stickin' out and clenched onto his upper like a steel-trap, with a degree of firmness, just as if he had created a new world and meant to govern it, his eyes smilin' and seemin' to say, ' Dissatisfaction may exist in the material world : I am satisfied, and satisfied with *myself*. I have wrote a poem, which my ked'ntry will not willingly see die ; they 'll die themselves fust, before they 'll see the dying struggles of that poem !' Behold the author (and please notice that the painter has painted him with his right hand dangling down over the arm of the chair like a bunch of radishes, and with his left resting on his own vollum of poems, which his ked'ntry will not ' willingly see die ;' a heart-rending death it would be ; we think they would die hard : ' Mamaluke, and other poems, by J. Tippetton Grimes, of Grime-town.') Behold, we say, the author, the genius, the Americant ! But it would be insult to compare America with any ked'ntry on the known gloab. They an't no such ked'ntry any wheres that's ever been saw by a humanized being in Ewrop.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF:

DEAR SIR: We have long hailed your valuable paper with delight; it supplies a desideratti which has long been needed in the newspaper issuo of our age and country. It is a vehicle on which are exhibited the sister arts of poetry and advertising, also morals. My dear Sir, we reverence and love you! (We are glad to hear him say that.)

With the following poem,

Warmly yours,

Niptack.

ZADOCK EAMES.

#### CREATION.

BEHOLD [*can't read his writin'*]  
The sun is sitting in the west,  
(A most sublime aspect to conceive!)  
The moon arising in the east,  
While yonder comes a shining star,  
Sweetly bursting from afar.  
OH, HOW TREMENDUS IS THE UNIVERSE!  
On which we live, and which we breathe:  
The height, the breadth, the length, the depth,  
What mind of man can conceive!  
First in order next to the sun  
Rapid MERCURY his course doth run;  
Then VENUS right onward her bark doth steer,  
And afar the Earth has passed along;  
Behind is JUPITER, whose light is very strong.  
But we must not feel proud on account of these,  
Unless we wish our MAKER to displease;  
For if all the planets which are rated,  
That roam between NEPTUNE and the sun,  
At once extinguished and annihilated,  
It would not leave a blank in creation;  
For if the mind should go till it was jaded  
In any direction into the sky,  
'T would find that suns and stars was not faded,  
But still shining before his eye.

Sublime! sublime! But we find fault with the above poem. The sentiments is good, but the meter is not accurate, according to our ideas of the poetaster. Here is something which beats 'Creation':

#### THE VEILED BEAUTY.

WHY spread the envious gauze before  
The loveliness our hearts adore?  
Yet such the course of Nature too;  
She veils the Beautiful and True:  
These are too holy to be seen  
By mortal souls through mortal eon.  
The mountain's top is crowned with haze,  
The sun is darkened as we gaze;  
The streams flow on, concealed in mist,  
Music is broken while we list:  
But be the medium dense or rare,  
We know that Beauty still is there;  
It bursts the veil, it shines through all,  
Nor can be covered with a pall.

The glorious Woman walks afar,  
And distance hides her like a star;  
But stars will twinkle in the night,  
And beauty through the veil looks bright;  
For if the lines we cannot trace  
Upon that most angelic face,  
Not see her liquid eye, and those  
White lilies blended with the rose,  
Her figure prints the general air,  
And every heart responds 'How fair?'  
But, MARIANNA! when the veil  
Is cast aside, all hail! all hail!  
For lo! a virgin rare and good,  
Just bursting into womanhood!

We have received a great many poems and verselets, but they are too flat and insipid for the BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF, and most of them have taken for their models Poppy Young's 'Ode to Napoleon,' Pop Emmons' 'Fredoniad,' or wus than all, Elbert H. Smith's Indian poem of 'Makataimeshekiakiak,' a most dreadful affair. We won't have 'em, and we won't send 'em back either. We mean to burn 'em, and burning is too good for 'em.

#### Prospectus.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individuals. Our brother has also written to us in most flatterin' terms of our journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, who is all smiles and dimples, is ENGAGED—not to be married, reader, though that is an event no doubt to take place—but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it oc-

curs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head:

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF  
IS EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

It gives us pleasure to state that the 'Flag-Staff' meets with the warm approbation of our brother, from whom the following is an extract:

'DEAR BROTHER: I like your 'Flag-Staff' very much for the independen' course it pursues; and people in this part of the ked'ntry approve it very highly. Uncle JOHN is sick with the rheumatiz, but now better. Please set me down for one subscriber. Your affectionate brother,  
'PETER WAGSTAFF.'

*Mr. Woolsey approves it:*

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I like your paper very much.  
'JOHN WOOLSEY.'

#### RECOMMENDATIONS.

'It is a good paper.'

*Bunkum Flag-Staff.*

'It beats our own paper all hollow; there is more humor into it.'  
*Trumpet-Blast of Freedom.*

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this offis. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once't a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his

head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, fipenny bits and Uniten'd Stets' currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store-pay, corn, potatoes, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, snake-root, cord-wood, hemp, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, gingshang-root, vinegar, punkins, harness, ellacom-paine, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, hogshead shooks, old junk, sapsago cheese, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

Those who do n't want the last number of the FLAG-STAFF please return it to this offis, post-paid, as the demand for that number is very great. A patent churn and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspexion.

WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a week.

#### Contents of the Present Number.

- ART. I. OUR SICK BROTHER.
- II. A-BORROWINK MONEY.
- III. A-BORROWINK BOOKS.
- IV. A-BORROWINK CLOAKS, ETC.
- V. REMARKABLE SUCKUMSTANS.
- VI. LIVING WITH A MARGIN.
- VII. A FEW MORE ABOUT MARGINS.
- VIII. A PROTEST.
- IX. A MAXUM.
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- XIII. A RIDICULUS THING.
- XIV. CREATION: A POEM.
- XV. CREATION BEATEN ALL HOLLER.
- XVI. NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
- XVII. PROSPECTUS.
- XVIII. TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## HUNGARY.

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FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

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## I.

AWAKE, full heart of an indignant earth !  
 Is thy sword sheathed, thy voice of thunders mute ?  
 A nation strangled in the grasp of brute,  
 Unpitied Power, even in its hour of birth !  
 And Europe with cold eyes at distance stands,  
 With folded arms, while in their sad despair,  
 From the last field of blood-stained battle, where  
 Pale Hungary gasping lies, in stranger lands,  
 Far from their happy skies, their native air,  
 Far from their lone, forsaken homes, the prey  
 Of savage vengeance, now the exiles stray,  
 Lifting to Moslem hearts a doubtful prayer  
 For the poor boon by Christian men denied,  
 One shrine their care-bowed heads in peace to hide.

## II.

Thou art not fallen, O land ! though truth and right  
 Lie prostrate now beneath a conquering horde,  
 Thine is a holier strife than of the sword ;  
 For thee the stars in their high courses fight,  
 The wind, the stream, whose scornful fury spurns  
 Man's puny chains ; the mountains that are graves  
 Of freemen rather than the home of slaves ;  
 Thine the unconquerable heart that burns  
 With hate of wrong ; thine the unstaying march  
 Of human hopes, whose ever-swelling host  
 Pours with its billowy tread along the coast  
 Of waiting ages, the triumphal arch  
 Hailing afar, majestic through the gloom,  
 Rising above Oppression's trampled tomb.

## III.

Vainly, ye crowned traitors ! would ye stay  
 The voice of liberty : one feeble sound  
 Breathed on the living air that circles round  
 The souls of men, shall never pass away ;  
 Whispered from some weak lip, a season dumb,  
 It gathers moving might ; its note awakes  
 The loud, stern echoes, till at last it breaks  
 In bellowing thunders ; centuries to come  
 Receive it as it sweeps upon their ears,  
 The death-wail of the tyrant, rolling deep  
 'Mid frowning cliffs of thralldom, from their sleep  
 Rousing the world ; a startled people hears  
 The wild prophetic tone, the trumpet-peal,  
 Lifts the glad head and shakes th' avenging steel.

## IV.

Bear, then, your fortunes, patriot chiefs! We shed  
 No tear of idle pity for the great,  
 Who are not broken toys of changing Fate,  
 But in loss victors. Freedom is not dead;  
 Her life eternal is; and though ye die,  
 Like all God's seed, in your decay is won  
 A better quickening, in each martyred son  
 Writes its first line a people's history;  
 Athwart the cloud let your keen, seeing eyes  
 Pierce to the future, in your wanderings,  
 Journeys your country with you, and she sings  
 The lofty chant of her sure destinies;  
 A nation yet to be, though banished now,  
 Wearing her crown upon her queenly brow.

B. A. W.

*Newburyport, (Mass.)*

## GLEAMS OF BEAUTY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN the palace of nature sprang from chaos and light pierced the rayless matter, then first appeared that beauty which so much delights us throughout the works of creation; and it will continue to reveal its splendors until the Earth and the Heavens be rolled away, then shall these forms of grandeur return to the bosom of the CREATOR. There is the origin of Beauty and its perpetual home. It has flowed from exhaustless urns since the creation, and robed each thing that is fair with its grace. It flowed over the clouds, the waters and the plumage of birds; it poured its grace over the neck of the swan, and left its light on the face of man. It nestled in the bell of the flower, in the sinuosities of the shells of ocean, and rested on the wings of the insects. It waves from the tops of the forests, moves amidst the plumes of battle, gathers its grace in a smile, or lightens from the East, robed in the jewels of the sun, and 'filled with the face of Heaven.'

How or whence came this Beauty to dwell in flowery and cloud vestments? Where dwells the power that could fashion these; the evening and the morning, the mountains and the night, the groves and the lawns, the skies and the flowers. Morning precedes the noon and sunset gives place to the night. The verdure and flowers of spring succeed the wrecks of winter, each possessed of their appropriate delights. The storm and the night their grandeur; the clouds their manifold forms and fantastic tracery; winter its crystal palaces, and spring the variety of its verdure and its wilderness of sweets. It is present in every clime, in the golden haze of Italy and the rosy flood of its sky; it shines amidst the mists of Veleii and Niagara, and darts from the cones of the Aurora Borealis. And while it is spread out in every clime and before every eye, it has afforded delight from creation, till down through the lapse of time we behold its gleams to-day. The soul steeped in luxury

may not respond to its delights; the crushed by oppression may not hail with so vigorous a hope its presence; the poor may find little leisure for its enjoyments, yet for all these it has a form though it be nameless, and though they be unconscious of its nearness while it 'sits smiling at the heart.' The heart has no formulas that guide its emotions, its impulses are quickened by a congenial object. The laws of our being are fulfilled though we be but automatons in the drama of life. The soul is like a harp with capabilities for plaintive, joyous or solemn music, and when Beauty with its train sweeps over it, it murmurs a response, chanting, like the choristers of old, praises to HIM who fashioned the Heavens with their glory and the Earth with its beauty.

And man in all times has not only felt its influences, but has every where left behind him the memorials of his admiration, as witnessed in sculpture, architecture, painting and poetry; the castles of the Plantagenets, the mansions of the Stuarts and Tudors, the palaces and gardens of Semiramis and Alcinous, the magnificence of the temple of Solomon that dazzled the Queen of the South, and the sumptuousness of the Alhambra, likened to a silver vase 'filled with myrtles and jacintha.' And not only is the past rich in these storied relics, but the present every where teems with its offerings. Each art vies with the other in a gift that is meet. The canvass glows in every shade of coloring, and copies every form of grace; language swells in the cadences of music, and sends forth in its flow accents of pity and tones of mirth. The marble leaves its bed in the quarry and comes forth crowned with grace. Cassandra raises her eyes glowing to Heaven; her eyes, for chains bind her tender hands; and Venus, shining from her rosy neck, reveals the goddess in her unequalled mien. Though the glory has passed away from the mount, it still illumines the prophecies and shines in His words, who spake as never man spake. In the Bible, the true God is revealed as he would be worshipped and obeyed. The sweets of Creation are treasured there amidst precepts for the young and delights for the aged; amidst glimmerings of happiness and life immortal; amidst polished temples and flowery wreaths, and palaces and queen's daughters in clothing of gold, and language, plaintive, wild or sweet as strains Æolian.

Nor is Beauty only of outward forms, but it inhabits the soul of things, and its votaries must seek her within and beyond, and cease not as suppliants until its revealings are present to their vision; until it glows before them in so varied forms as if Castalia reflected from its waves gems of every hue, till they shone like the rainbow or the west. Whatever there is of loveliness on earth or in air, is typical of its form. The perfume that the lily tolls on the air, the warbling of music through the vales, the music of bells, the voice of love; the voice of the past amidst cherished scenes; the memory of the loved or cherished buds of hope; the aloe's blossom, the sandal tree's fragrance, the rose's blush, the violet's perfume; the forms of angels, the splendors of seraphs. Here it is skirted with downy gold and colors dipped in Heaven; and there the intolerable blaze of its sapphire gleams is reflected from its throne. Remove it from the earth and you leave a cheerless waste. With what will you robe the forests and the lawns; with what supply

the graceful stems and branches of the one, or the waving outline of the other ; for streams winding through meadows of flowers ; for the tassels and silver of the birch ; for all the richness of coloring and variety of form, what will you exchange ? If you tire with the round of sameness, the expansiveness that has been given to your heart will in like manner be given to those that come after you. And when you have torn its mantle from the earth, remove the blue that sparkles above, you remove the cunning workmanship from the Heavens ; nor let Iris ever more appear with her diverse-colored bow ; nor leave even Luna to wander amidst the desolation ; no lone pine to sigh back the requiem ; nor lone star to irradiate the gloom, as if the gloomy Dis tore Proserpine anew from her loved parent's arms, or Eurydice vanished again from Orpheus' gaze.

And this Beauty is no idle ornament : diverse are its uses, and its influences are never lost. No influence is lost. If it be evil, it leaves its stain, if it be good it still smoulders there, and is liable at each instant to burst into a flame. Each day some beautiful creation should be impressed upon the mind ; each day the examples of heroism should receive their moments of meditation. Youth should be continually surrounded with ennobling influences : so God works, so man does not work : a love of truth should be early awakened in them. To correct the heart, all humiliating influences must be removed, and converse be held with the ennobling forms of art. In the language of Goëthe, we have an imagination before which, inasmuch as it should not seize upon the first conceptions that present themselves, we must place the fittest and most beautiful images, and thereby accustom the mind to recognise the beautiful every where, and in nature itself, under its fixed and true as also in its finer features. Our feelings, affections and passions should all be advantageously developed and purified.

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not be enkindled on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona ; who sees aught unholy amidst the lofty conceptions of Raffaele, or feels his heart not dilated amidst the aisles of Westminster ; who could cherish in memory the heroism of the revolution and experience no emotions for his country, or be constant in the presence of the *Ecce Homo* and not be moved by the inspiration of its divineness and majesty.

Art is a store-house within which are accumulated the beauties of the past. Each gem and jewel is locked within its recess. Within its aisles and along its corridors, the canvass is ripe with the matchless beauties, the intense though noble expression, the variety and loftiness of the invention of Raffaele ; the brilliancy of the coloring of Titian ; the sweetness of Guido ; the splendor, the opulency of Rubens ; the richness, the truthfulness, the magic of Rembrandt's gloom. And here too architecture presents before us the splendors of Versailles or Blenheim, the lengthened aisles and fretted vaults, the towering domes and sumptuous decorations of ecclesiastical pomp. And sculpture within displays its creation glowing in the celestial loveliness of the *Venus Anadyomene*, or crowned with the effulgence that radiated from the temples of *Apollo*.

Nature, too, in all its forms has a language for man; voices of grief in the winds, joy in its songs of spring, terror in the storm, and it whispers of calmness along the moonlight glades, and strength and quiet in the midnight heavens repose. It is the monopolist of grace; art can only imitate it; yet we reverence it, for it brings beauty from the skies and enthrones it on our hearth-stones. The one hath strewn her jewelry along the pathway of life, the other ever weareth hers, her proper adornments; her beauties are enhanced by the manifold drapery that envelopes her, whereby she displays such grace that the eye is never satiated with gazing at her, nor the heart ever pained by communing with her. Or if we tire of the present, the visible and outward, beyond are the invisible and the unknown realms of imagination and prophetic vision. The present, even with all its splendor, sinks into insignificance when compared with the vastness of the whole; and how infinite soever it be within its bosom, the ant has its home secure as the most splendid star. The same power that suspended the nebulae in the immensity of space, robed the lilies; the same BEING that caused the earth to teem with blossom and fruit for man, attends to the cry of the raven. And all his works are enveloped with and pervaded by Beauty, as the rays of the prism are one in the sun; and in the midst of all, HE sits enthroned who created all things and gave to his works such magnificence and splendor. From his Heaven he rules by established laws; HIM angels and seraphs worship; to HIM the earth and the stars do reverence; the deeps respond to his call, and infinities of distances hear him and obey. Magnificent are thy works, worthy the majesty of God, yet shadows are they all, compared to THEE!

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A LEGEND: FROM THE SPANISH.

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'Sin vos, y sin Dios y mi.'

---

THE motto that with trembling hand I write,  
And deeply graven on this heart of mine;  
In olden time a loyal christian knight  
Bore graven on his shield to Palestine.

'Sin vos,' it saith, if I am without thee  
Beloved! whose thought surrounds me every where;  
'Sin Dios,' I am without God, 'y mi,'  
And in myself I have no longer share.

False proved the lady, and thenceforth the knight,  
Casting aside the buckler and the brand,  
Lived an austere and lonely anchorite,  
In a drear mountain cave in Holy Land.

There, bowed before the Virgin's shrine in prayer,  
He would dash madly down his rosary;  
And cry 'beloved!' in tones of wild despair,  
'I have lost God and self in losing thee!'

And I, if thus my life's sweet hope were o'er,  
An echo of the knight's despair must be;  
Thus I were lost if loved by thee no more,  
For, ah! myself and heaven are merged in thee.

M. B. H.

## ANACREONTIC STANZAS TO ———.

For you, as sweet a fairy vision  
 As ever blessed this earth's elysian,  
 I'll tempt the mount where Hippocrene  
 Spreads its thoughts-burdened water's sheen,  
 And drinking deep its wave the while  
 Bask in your more inspiring smile.

I've sung to others' beauties rare,  
 Their heaven-born eyes and golden-hair,  
 Their witching forms and trancing arts  
 Their native gifts and studied parts;  
 And little deemed, as thus I sung,  
 With earnest voice and lyre high-strung,  
 With pulse of fire that's throbbing yet,  
 Such beings e'er could bring regret.

Yes, one — oh God! a face and eyes  
 Whose impress sprung but from the skies,  
 Whose look and smile, and angel-tone,  
 Were caught from beings round heaven's throne,  
 This face and form I could have sworn  
 The loveliest e'er did earth adorn;  
 Despite my tears and prayers to be  
 The angel that she seemed to me;  
 Too kind to wound a *present* heart,  
 Yet thoughtless used it when apart,  
 We parted in our mutual tears,  
 And broke our hopes of future years.

But oh! the mild and cheering ray  
 That broke o'er my cloud-darkened way  
 When first my gladdened eyes beheld  
 In thee a vision unexcelled;  
 Earth's brilliants all in vain may shine,  
 They cannot match those eyes of thine;  
 The fires of heaven less brilliant glow,  
 While thy fair orbs light all below;  
 Thy face! thy face! — the face of day,  
 When blushing with the orient ray,  
 With *Phœbus'* tinge of golden light  
 That scares the dull and black-browed night;  
 The face of *Eve* with star-eyes set,  
 Mid clouds of hair of curling jet,  
 Cannot such sweet and blessing hues  
 Upon the sentient soul diffuse.

Each face beside thine own that's bright  
 But mocks thy sun — a lunar light;  
 And I, an humble Gheber, kneel  
 To worship light whose warmth I feel.  
*CALYPSO*-like in silence set,  
 Your charms flash out like burnished wit,  
 Or *SAPPHO*-like, with burning words  
 You sweep the mind's and heart's deep chords;



If Circe-like you weave a spell  
 So pure yours, hers seems doubly fell;  
 Reason and fancy, sense combine,  
 To make that witching form of thine:  
 The past is all a worthless dream,  
 With you my present, future theme.  
 Eternal friendship I would swear  
 Did not Love's tempting form appear  
 To bid me lay before your shrine,  
 Perchance to doom this heart of mine.  
 But better thus, so sweetly slain,  
 Than struggle on in after pain;  
 If left for aye your glorious bloom,  
 Crushed with irrevocable doom,  
 The heavy scar within my heart  
 Would cling until its pulse depart.

*New-York, 1850.*

J. B. L.

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TALES OF THE BACK PARLOR.

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NUMBER ONE.

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— 'Tis a history  
 Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale,  
 Which children, open-eyed and mouthed, devour;  
 And thus, as garrulous ignorance relates,  
 We learn it and believe.

SOUTHEY'S 'THALABA'

THE summer of 1849 was unusually warm and sultry. The wealthy and the fashionable left their mansions in the crowded city to avoid the terrible pestilence that was approaching. Business itself seemed to sigh for an hour of leisure, and consequently was complained of as intolerably dull. As for myself, I have no fancy for those crowded watering places, where the comforts of home are sacrificed for the miseries of an attic, lest your tattling and inquisitive neighbors should pronounce you unfashionable and vulgar. They are excellent places for exquisite beauty to whisper soft things to tender languishing belles; for manœuvring matrons to entrap butterflies for their portionless daughters; or for ladies of indubitable maturity to figure once more in the careless gayeties of sixteen; but as homes for old unpretending bachelors they are anything but comfortable.

There are, however, some public resorts which are in reality all that the lover of comfort and convenience can desire. Fresh breezes and cool sea-bathing, a room within sight of the earth, plenty of quiet congenial companions, and no hops or fancy balls; at such a place I found myself during the oppressive month of August, and enjoyed the rare satisfaction of undisturbed idleness. Among the many kindred spirits that entertained the same views on such subjects as myself I found an old acquaintance, whose humors and eccentricities had often amused me, and whose fund of stories and legends had served to shorten many

a wintry evening in my study at home. He had seen much of the world, and had thus added to his stock of literary information an extensive knowledge of men and manners, derived from a keen observation of the various scenes which he had witnessed, and of the different characters among whom he had been thrown. His physiognomy was marked and peculiar. A pair of gray eyes shone from under a projecting ridge of sandy hair; his high forehead was invariably carelessly shaded with thick and straggling locks; a nose of that good-natured kind which we sometimes see on the faces of old Dutch landlords; while his complexion, though somewhat florid, might have been attributed either to the effect of his travels or to the gentle influence of that far-famed Burgundy wine, whose merits he sometimes rather loudly extolled. Be that however as it may, he was of that race of men who know that living happily is synonymous with living singly, and that the pleasures of life would be neither enhanced by the chorus of babies, nor by the expostulations of an untameable shrew. In addition to all these excellences, he possessed a great taste for literature, which had been judiciously cultivated in his younger days by an erudite parson of the old school, whose historical knowledge was not confined to the books of Moses, and whose poetical studies had not concluded with the psalms.

The dress of my friend was as singular as his countenance. He wore a coat which seemed to be related both to the large family of sacks and to the breed of English riding coats. A row of large horn-buttons extended up and down the front, but whether they were for use or for ornament I never could determine. Capacious pockets gaped on either side, filled with fishing lines, boxes of patent hooks, and all the other troublesome 'conveniences' of an experienced angler. His long-waisted Quakerish vest was also made with an eye to service; for from one pocket protruded the end of a cigar-case, from another a large head of cavendish, and a third seemed pregnant with a sufficiency for a fourth. A pair of buff pants, relics apparently of other days, proudly withdrew from an ample pair of double soles; while a cap, which would have won the palm at a jockey club, completed his outer man. I have been thus particular in describing my companion for no other purpose than to give some idea to my readers of the characters with whom I associate.

We had been fishing one pleasant day, and had experienced unusual good fortune. Our worthy host, skilled in the ways of gratifying the peculiar whims of his guests, had broiled a couple of the largest blue fish which we had caught, and while we were taking our late supper, and praising his cookery, he regaled our imaginations with marvellous accounts of the 'schools which would run' as the season became a little later advanced. In a mood for promising any thing, we intimated our determination to remain until that time, and our host, assuming the air of a man who has hooked a plump trout with a painted fly, waddled pompously away. We had finished our supper, rendered doubly delicious by the consciousness that we had contributed to its excellence, and with hearts at peace with all mankind, we leaned back, as all bachelors do, in two affectionate rocking chairs, placed in the piazza, which

commanded a beautiful prospect of the entrance of Long-Island Sound. It was one of those soft and exhilarating evenings which succeed to the heat and languor of a sultry and oppressive day. The sun had already sunk below the long range of hills which skirted the western shore of the tranquil bay; but its lingering rays still fringed with a golden hue the edges of the light clouds which floated near the horizon. A light breeze had arisen, and the merry song of a boat's crew, just discharged from a long voyage to the Pacific, was borne to the small knot of anxious friends who had collected on the pier to welcome them. Now and then would be heard the bleating of the sheep or the lowing of the kine gathered in some distant farm-yard; while at regular and solemn intervals struck the evening bell, as it tolled the hour for sacred service. There is no man who, at some time in his life, has not experienced the soothing influence of an evening like that. The mind forgets the toils and sorrows of the present, and looks either with bright hopes toward the future, or reviews in pleasing sadness the faded pleasures of the past. It is a feeling neither melancholy nor joyous, yet it somewhat partakes of both. Childhood, with all its innocent amusements, with all its trembling anticipations, and with all its hallowed associations of mother's prayers and father's blessings, crowds back upon the memory. The curtain of recollection is raised, and the panorama of our own experience unwinds slowly before us. 'T is seldom in this busy, anxious world, that a man finds the leisure to turn over the leaves of his own history; but when he does, he feels himself wiser and better, and perhaps more holy and virtuous.

The boat-load had long since landed, and the last echo of the church bell died plaintively away, when I roused myself from my dreaminess and turned toward my companion. He too had been unusually affected, for his pipe was extinguished, and from the inverted bowl the ashes had lodged like snow flakes upon the wrinkles of his vest. His countenance too had lost the air of careless good nature, which it usually wore, and now assumed a curious look of half solemn seriousness. I had never caught him in a mood of melancholy before; and the expression of his face was so unlike any thing that I had ever seen it wear, that I gratified my curiosity by scrutinizing it. His sharp eyes seemed fixed on some object in the air before him; his nose had lost its social, jolly look; and the corners of his mouth were drawn down, as if his last friend on earth had discharged the final bill of nature. A laugh escaped me as he drew a heavy sigh, when, confused at being caught in reflections which he had invariably denounced as unworthy of a philosopher and a bachelor, he started up, and stammered out some remark on the oppressiveness of the weather.

'You have a meditative turn to-night,' I said, with a look which implied that I had guessed the nature of his thoughts. 'Have you been ruminating among the memories of college, recalling the sentimentalities of some boyish courtship, or reflecting on the inanities of all human hopes, and the insufficiency of all human calculations?'

'On none of those,' he replied, 'though I confess that for once I have departed from my usual rule, and instead of endeavoring to divine the signs of the future, I have been indulging in some reminiscences of the

past. You have often told me that the countenance of a delightful friend, the pages of an entertaining book, or the objects in a beautiful scene, look more attractive when viewed through the colored glass of the imagination than when seen by the naked eye itself. I always declared you to be a dreamy, ideal being, who looked at things not as they are, but as they might be; one that would fall in love with yonder moon because you fancied a resemblance between the clouds, which now half veil her face, and the shyness of a practised coquette. In short, a sort of half fact, half fiction, good for nothing but to write rhymes in ladies' albums, and to sigh over hours of departed happiness, which you would persuade yourself that you had in reality experienced. But I am somewhat inclined to come over to your views, or at least, though I beg your pardon, to embrace the most sensible of them.'

'I was thinking,' he continued, 'of some incidents which occurred during my visit to the land of our forefathers a few years since. I have a strange fancy for Germany, its rough and varied scenery, and for its smoking and beer-drinking burghers. Perhaps it may be owing to the Dutch blood which I inherited from my father, who descended, as the chronicles say, from some hard-brained Mynheer. At all events, such is the fact. It is a land where literature and science flourish together; a land whose universities preserve with sacred veneration the mutilated fragments of classic lore; a land unrivalled in wild and romantic diversity; and a land where the customs of forgotten ages are still cherished in the mouldering castles which it contains. Ah! those high and frowning walls; the deep, half-filled moat; the broken and rotten drawbridge and the high sombre turrets, speak volumes to the lover of history and to the student of the feudal days. But I do not purpose to deliver you a lecture on antiquities, or to trace the connexion between our own laws and those of feudal original; but simply to relate a little incident which occurred to myself during one of my rambles, and which may serve perhaps to gratify your craving appetite for the marvellous.'

At the prospect of a story, I drew my chair nearer and disposing myself in the comfortable position of a person who knows that he is to be entertained, without being called upon to exert himself, impatiently waited for what was to follow.

My companion slowly brushed away the ashes from his vest, refilled once more the head of Frederick the Great, and sending forth a cloud of curling smoke, thus commenced his tale.

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It was near the close of the summer, when in company with friends of habits and tastes similar to my own, I commenced my tour along the banks of the Rhine. I was impelled to this from several motives. For two years, I had been confined at Berlin, pursuing the study of the classics and toiling among the time-worn pages of Theodosius and Justinian. Filled with the decretals of Gregory, and wearied with the mysteries of German philosophy, I determined to spend a few months in travel before returning home. I was desirous also of seeing some of those

magnificent ruins, around whom poetic legends have thrown a mysterious charm, and from whose history so much pleasure and instruction is to be derived. At the social meeting of the *Burschenschaften*, or club of students to which I belonged, I had often heard strange tales concerning those venerable structures, but which I had always charged to the account of the goodly flagons of German beer, or to the flaming bowls of crambambuli. There was one, for instance, which I doubt not you have often heard repeated, about an avaricious bishop who purchased all the corn in the district, and in a time of famine extorted exorbitant prices from the starving and impoverished peasantry. In punishment for his sins a swarm of rats attacked his granaries and threatened destruction to his castle. In despair he intrenched himself in a tower which he built in the middle of the Rhine. His enemies however still pursued him, and devoured him on a luckless day as he was entreating heaven for a cessation of his evils. I have since seen the lonely tower in the bosom of the sparkling waters of the Rhine, but as to the truth of the legend, I cannot vouch, though I do not feel authorized to dispute it. Desirous, however, of gratifying my curiosity as well as for the purpose of having some strange wonders to relate to domestic but curious bodies like yourself, I bade farewell to the halls of the University, and on the morning after a grand supper party of my club, started on my journey.

I will not tire you with a prolix description of all the matters of interest which I saw, or of all the old castles which I visited; sufficient be it to say, that I suddenly acquired a strange affection for antiquities, and spent half of my time in rummaging among old vaults, and in attempting to decipher illegible inscriptions. I had thus spent several weeks in antiquarian solitude and soliloquy, when at the entreaties of my friends who were native Germans, and whose proverbial patience was well nigh exhausted, I left with reluctance the dried-up moat in which I had been searching for the fragment of a cuirass, and proceeded toward the city of Heidelberg. The traveller in passing through the duchy of Baden finds himself unconsciously beguiled for weeks among the interesting localities which have rendered this romantic city so attractive to the student of antiquities. It is equally difficult for myself to relate an incident which occurred not far from its boundaries, without halting for a few moments in my progress, to indulge in some recollections which the mention of Heidelberg awakens.

You are aware that the different circumstances, the peculiarities of the weather or the various shifting accidents under which you visit a locality with which you are hitherto unacquainted, determine essentially the impression which you carry away, and the opinion which is thus suddenly formed is the one which invariably presents itself to the mind when it recurs to the scene afterward. The memory behind the focus of the eye, like the polished plate behind the lens of the camera, receives the outlines of the object upon its sensitive surface. Association places here and there the varied tints and colorings, and the whole picture is ineffaceable.

It was near sunset as our party leisurely entered the winding and fertile valley, in whose fragrant bosom reposes the aged city of Hei-

delberg. The summits of the hills above us, were crowned with gardens and vineyards, from whose treasures, rosy-cheeked girls were bearing baskets of fruits and flowers on their shoulders, while they blithely carolled the favorite lays of their lovers. Peasants were packing their loads for the morning's market on the patient backs of their dozing beasts, chubby little boys were rolling and frolicking with the sportive house-dog and here and there among the heavy trees which overhung the valley, might be seen the varied badges of the different clubs of students who had flocked to this old seat of classical learning. The city itself is situated at the foot of the Kaiserstuhl, but is not remarkably imposing. The streets follow the analogy of most German thoroughfares, and are narrow and gloomy, but the church of the Holy Ghost with its lofty steeple, and the reverend structure of St. Peters, to whose doors Jerome of Prague nailed, three centuries ago, his famous exposition of the doctrine of the reformers, are objects of interest, which amply repay the trouble and toil of the inquisitive.

We remained here a few days, inspecting the far-famed ruins of the Schloss, which overlooks the waters of the Neckar, and the antique houses along its banks. You have never seen it, and you can form no conception of the mingled sensations of reverence, of sublimity and of awe, which crowd upon the mind of the traveller when he first contemplates the glorious spectacle. As you view the towering ruin from the base of the eminence upon which it stands, it seems like a vast pile of frowning and forbidding crags piled upon each other by superhuman hands. Lonely and majestically it stands in lofty and solitary grandeur; a link between the present and the past, but a part of which men know little. You ascend the toilsome eminence and enter within its portals. The circling troops of swallows perch upon its moss-covered battlements, and look timidly down upon the dizzy chasm below. No sentinel treads upon its deserted and lifeless wall. The shout of feasting and of revelry no longer echoes within its damp and gloomy halls. An oppressive silence reigns throughout the narrow and winding corridors, and the strange figures sculptured in the wall seem to turn from the bewildered intruders, as from a generation of which they disdained to be the images. The scene which appears before the beholder as he stands upon the summit of one of the lofty turrets which encircle the main tower of the castle like an army of watchful sentinels, is truly magnificent and imposing. Far below at a distance, which the eye fears to measure, is the moat, once broad and deep, but now filled with the accumulated rubbish of ages. From this height, a besieged garrison of women in the feudal days, could have safely beheld the approach of enemies, and with terrible effect rolled down stones upon the heads of their assailants. On one side rise the dusky summits of the Vosges in grand and imposing succession, on the other is seen the Rhine, winding quietly along its romantic banks, while for miles in the distance appear the small villages, the broad and waving fields, and the castles of olden time.

I have visited all the localities of which our own country is so justly proud. I have stood by Niagara and listened to its perpetual thunder; I have visited the Notch in the White Hills, and climbed to their snow-

wreathed summits ; and I have lingered for weeks among the gorgeous scenes of the Northern lakes ; but never have I witnessed a parallel in awful sublimity and grandeur, to the melancholy isolation of Heidelberg.

I was enthusiastically expressing my admiration of the ruins one evening to one of my comrades, as we were walking slowly along the banks of the river, and was regretting that I could form no more certain idea of the domestic life of the rude warriors who once inhabited those fortified towers than that which the imagination suggested, after surveying the impregnable bulwarks with which they surrounded themselves.

'Your curiosity can be easily gratified,' he replied, as he carelessly skipped a stone into the water. 'I have a relative who resides in as wild and as romantic a spot as Heidelberg, and who still scrupulously observes all the customs which belong to a baronial household. She is a sister of the Baron Von Ivenskoff, whose ancestors can be traced back for countless ages, and whose loyalty and valor have only been equalled by their love for the sacred customs of their fathers. Since the death of her brother, the baron, she has secluded herself within the walls of the castle, and in solitary independence maintains all the state of her ancestors. I have been intending to visit her, and as I know it will afford you pleasure, I shall insist on your company. You can then have an opportunity of seeing for yourself the observance of customs which have been handed down from time immemorial, as well as of testing the accuracy and fidelity of your imagination. You may be disappointed in the domestic system, but you will be amply repaid for your trouble by inspecting the curiosities of the building itself; while for my part, I shall be contented with the fruits of the larder and cellar, for we have not fared any thing like what I call sumptuously since we left Berlin, and profuse hospitality is one of the virtues of the whole race of Ivenskoff.'

I eagerly embraced the offer, and on the following morning we prepared to depart. Our route lay toward the interior and was agreeably diversified with a picturesque union of novelty and antiquity. We passed successively the remains of a venerable monastery, half hidden among the trees which surrounded it and the running vine which clung to its falling walls, a lonely cross erected by the wayside, surmounted by a grim head-piece, with eyes rolling upward, as if in hopeless supplication, and a solitary tower, without battlements, moat or drawbridge. Concerning each of these my companion had some strange and interesting legend, which served to heighten my interest in the objects, and to make me forgetful of the dulness of our equipage.

Early on the third morning after our departure from Heidelberg we came in sight of the residence of the Countess Von Ivenskoff. It was situated on a rising eminence, and commanded as fine a range of prospect as can be found in Germany. A view of the exterior merely of the castle itself was well worth the journey I had taken. It had an air of great antiquity, but bore the marks, however, of attention and repair. The portions of the outer towers which had felt most severely the influence of the weather had been carefully supplied. A weather-

cock still turned on the summit of the wing toward the north, and the quaint armorial devices in the keystones of the arched windows still protruded in bold relief from the wall. The morning had been rather warm and hazy, but now the sun had begun to dispel the mist, casting upon the peaked summits of the hoary turrets, which rose far above the heavy ramparts, a pleasant and changing hue. As we approached the wide entrance into the court-yard, now closed by a ponderous portcullis, I thought that my eye had never rested upon a spectacle more pleasing before. I imagined myself an adventurous knight in the days of chivalry and romance hastening to join the standard of the baron for a crusade to Palestine. Again all the stories of Quixotical gallantry rose before me, and I fancied that some gentle lady, with silken tresses and loving eyes, was languishing in one of the dark chambers of the castle, and was anxiously waiting for her deliverance. Nay, I even expected to behold a handkerchief fluttering from the gloomy window which faced me, and see a tiny hand encourage me to her rescue.

We had now gained the outer edge of the moat, but no one approached to lower the drawbridge. A sentinel was slowly pacing the wall, with his weapon brightly gleaming on his shoulder, but he seemed to regard us with total indifference. We called to him, but received no answer. He turned at the end of his round, methodically walked toward us, and then turned and retraced his steps.

'I forgot,' remarked my companion laughingly, as he witnessed my amazement; 'we are not now making a social call on Frau Frederika at Berlin, but we are in the fourteenth century, and are demanding admittance to the stronghold of Inslep Von Ivenskoff.'

He turned toward a post which stood at the edge of the moat, to which was attached by a brazen chain a horn of curious and antique workmanship, on which was carved, in the letters of three different tongues, 'BLOW THE HORN.' He raised it to his lips and blew a clear and shrill blast. Hardly had the echo died away from the long range of hills which stretched toward the northward, when a warder appeared above the gateway and demanded our business and our names. The answer was given, and in a moment the pulleys of the bridge creaked as the rope ran through them, and we stepped upon the passway. A moment's delay occurred, and the heavy portcullis slowly rose. We entered within the walls, and beheld a row of servants and men at arms, headed by the major-domo, ready to receive us. The old man in particular paid to my companion all the reverence which he conceived was due to a relative of the illustrious family which he served. The line of servants divided as we passed between them, and obsequiously welcomed us to the castle. But more anon.

J U S T E M I L I E U .

TRUTH'S in all creeds, our smooth eclectics cry:  
Nay, truth is one, not many, our reply:  
Grind you all paints, you have a dirty white;  
Unmixed, the sun sends forth the pure white light.



## N I G H T A T S E A .

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

I.

Oh! say not that Night wears the gloomiest hue,  
 But gaze on that fair sky and ocean,  
 And tell me if e'er was more beautiful blue,  
 More exquisite tints to awaken in you  
 The feelings of love and devotion,  
 Which young and ecstatic beholders confess  
 When Nature appears in her tenderest dress.

II.

The moon on the water voluptuously falls;  
 The foam round the tall vessel breaking,  
 At intervals shoots forth its stars, and recalls  
 The sparkle of lamps in imperial halls  
 At a feast or festival making;  
 Or the bright corruscations the fire-fly flings  
 In splendor and light from her radiant wings.

III.

And, oh, how the glorious moon brightens the spray  
 As the breeze freshens up on the water!  
 There is not a bosom to-morrow will say,  
 When the Day-Star appears in his flaunting array,  
 That his beams are more fair than the daughter  
 Of Night now showers o'er the tropical wave,  
 And the isles and the islets their light surges lave.

IV.

Even the gossamer clouds in that fairest of skies  
 Lend a something of beauty to soften  
 And sweeten the scene; for they seem to the eyes,  
 As in fitting and beautiful motion they rise,  
 Like the chariots you read of so often  
 In Arabic story as wafting to Heaven  
 The spirits of mortals whose sins are forgiven.

V.

And the air all around is scented and sweet  
 With the sandal and cinnamon blossom;  
 And the amra and almond, with odors replete,  
 Give balm to the breezes they joyously meet,  
 And send it o'er Ocean's bosom:  
 And oh, how delicious these breezes are now  
 To the feverish lip and the burning brow!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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ELDORADO: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE PATH OF EMPIRE; comprising a Voyage to California, via Panama; Life in San Francisco and Monterey; Pictures of the Gold Region, and Experiences of Mexican Travel: By BAYARD TAYLOR. In two volumes: 12mo. pp. 251, 247. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

WE have a young America now coming forward; a young America very distinct from, altogether different from, the young America of Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS and the '*Literary World*,' which gives ample promise of laying so deeply and strongly the foundations of our independent and really indigenous literature, that we no longer despair of large contributions from our country to the standard books of the world. We propose here no enumeration of these writers, and indeed we shall make no allusion now except to a little cluster of them, among which the author of '*Eldorado*' is conspicuous. Of our younger poets, BAYARD TAYLOR, GEORGE H. BOKER and R. H. STODDARD are unquestionably first in genius, and have given the surest pledges of great achievements. They are all under thirty; all full of energy and ambition; and very different from each other in characteristics. BOKER is at the head of our dramatists; STODDARD the most sensuous and romantic of our lyrical poets; and TAYLOR has years ago given sonorous challenge of opposition to his taking place among the gods of song. Those who judge of him by his '*Rhymes of Travel*' will be apt to do him great injustice. His best poems are not in that book, though that contains some fine imagination and delicate feeling, and the most vigorous and splendid rhetoric that any American has yet displayed in verse. But better things than he had done when that was printed, are his magnificent piece of word-painting, '*Kubleh*,' and the delicious poem of '*ÁRIEL in the Cloven Pine*,' (which are in the tenth edition of GRISWOLD's *Poets and Poetry of America*,) and a dozen other recent effusions that we do not name because we know not where to direct the reader to find them.

As a prose writer, BAYARD TAYLOR has remarkable freshness and vivacity, toned in feeling and expression by his poetical temper and fancy; with the qualities of strong common sense and indefectable honor, and a naturalness that sustains attention and preserves the most implicit confidence. We may be mistaken, but we have an impression that no records of travel by an American have ever *sold as well* hitherto, as his '*Views-a-foot, or Europe Seen with a Knapsack*.' This is not exactly a test of merit, as the success of certain books of travel we now think of shows very clearly; but in Mr. TAYLOR's case the triumph of the author was well deserved, and the continued demand for the work probably led to the publication of the present account of the new *Dorado*.

Mr. TAYLOR left his desk in the Tribune office on the 20th of June, 1849, for Chagres; crossed the Isthmus to Panama, arrived at San Francisco, visited the gold rivers and mines, was present at the convention which formed the California constitution, explored the forests and mountains of the interior, went to Mazatlan, travelled by land to Mexico, and returned to New-York by way of Vera Cruz and Mobile, having been absent between eight and nine months; in which time the extraordinary variety of his adventures, the freshness and diversity of the scenes and characters brought before him, his keen insight, quick observation, genial humor, and unfailing truth, enabled him to make a book which will become a classic in the libraries of travel, and which will for centuries continue to be one of the most frequently consulted authorities upon the early history of the Pacific empire.

We can enter upon no particular criticism; the brief 'argument' of the book which we have given will be quite sufficient to those who know the directness, elegance and naturalness of the author's manner; and we add therefore but the fact that the two volumes are in Mr. PUTNAM's best typography, and are not a little enhanced in beauty by Mr. TAYLOR's graphic illustrations with the pencil.

HINTS TOWARD REFORMS: in Lectures, Addresses, and other Writings. By HORACE GREELEY. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS handsome, well-printed volume consists mainly of lectures before popular lyceums and young men's associations, generally those of the humbler class, existing in country villages and rural townships. They were prepared amidst the exacting calls of a laborious profession, industriously followed; yet notwithstanding the unavoidable rapidity of their composition, these lectures and addresses exhibit no marks of haste. What HORACE GREELEY states to his readers he states clearly, in good old Saxon English, which can neither be misunderstood nor evaded. It is the object of the work before us, in the words of its author, to set forth the great truths, 'that every human being is morally bound, by a law of our social condition, to leave the world somewhat better for his having lived in it; that no one able to earn bread has any moral right to eat *without* earning it; that the obligation to be industrious and useful is not invalidated by the possession of wealth nor by the generosity of wealthy relatives; that useful doing in any capacity or vocation is honorable and noble, while idleness and prodigality in whatever station of life are base and contemptible; that every one willing to work has a clear social and moral right to opportunity to labor and to secure the fair recompense of such labor, which society cannot deny him without injustice; and that these truths demand and predict a comprehensive social reform based upon and moulded by their dictates.' Beside some twenty brief reform essays, involving a great variety of popular subjects, there are eleven elaborate productions, under the following heads: 'The Emancipation of Labor'; 'Life, the Ideal and the Actual'; 'The Formation of Character'; 'The Relations of Learning to Labor'; 'Human Life'; 'The Organization of Labor'; 'Teachers and Teaching'; 'Labor's Political Economy'; 'Alcoholic Liquors, their Nature and Effects'; and 'The Social Architects—FOURIER.' As an example of the terseness and sententiousness of Mr. GREELEY's style, take the subjoined passage from the lecture on the 'Emancipation of Labor':

'UNQUESTIONABLY the Emancipation of Labor is to be effected through or in conjunction with the mental and moral improvement of the Laboring Class. So far, all are of one mind. But whoever argues thence that nothing is to be done, nor even attempted, in the way of physical or circum-

stantial melioration, until the Laboring Class shall have wrought out its own thorough spiritual development and moral renovation, might as well declare himself a champion of the slave-trade at once. The internal and external renovation are each necessary to the completeness of the other. Merely lightening his tasks and enlarging his comforts will not raise a grovelling, sensual, ignorant boor to the dignity of true manhood; but no more can just and luminous ideas of his own nature, relations, duties, and destiny, be expected often to irradiate the mind of one doomed to a life of abject drudgery, penury, and privation. 'Tom,' said a Colonel on the Rio Grande to one of his command, 'how can so brave and good a soldier as you are so demean himself as to get drunk at every opportunity?' 'Colonel!' replied the private, 'how can you expect all the virtues that adorn the human character for seven dollars a month?' The answer, however faulty in morals, involves a grave truth. Self-respect is the shield of Virtue; Comfort and Hope are the hostages we proffer the world for our good behavior in it; take these away, and Temptation is left without counteracting force or influence. 'Without hope and without God in the world,' says an inspired apostle; 'let not the sequence or its significance be forgotten. Show me a community, a class, a calling, wherein poverty, discomfort, and excessive, unrewarded toil have come to be regarded as an inexorable destiny, and I will tell you that there the laws of God and man are sullenly defied or stupidly disregarded.'

Here is a pregnant suggestion: 'The appearance of one of our manufacturing villages, standing like some magical exhalation on a plat of ground perhaps familiar to my boyhood as a waste of rock or sand, is to me a cheering spectacle, not so much for what it actually is, as for what it suggests and foreshadows. I reflect by whose labor and toil all this aggregation of wealth, this immense capacity of producing more wealth have been called into existence; and I say, 'If these rugged toilers are able to accomplish so much for *others*, why may they not ultimately do even more for *themselves*? Why may not they who cut the timber, and burn the brick, and mix the mortar, and shape the ponderous machinery, ultimately build something like this of their own?' Mr. GREELEY proceeds to sketch such a village as he would have it; and certainly its advantages are abundantly apparent, saving and excepting the 'edifice intended for the permanent home of all its inhabitants.' This we believe to be an illusion; and although no wiser in our day and generation than our contemporaries, we cannot but prophesy, that no attempt at such social conglomeration of all tastes, all tempers, all impulses, and all tendencies, under one roof, will ever be found to succeed. The trials to that end, hitherto made in this country, and that on a small scale, must surely be admitted to have been signal failures. Even our excellent friends, the Shakers, with all their self-denying habits, divide into 'families,' instead of all living under one roof. In all that Mr. GREELEY says of associated *effort* for the good of a common community we fully concur; but we would leave the advantages thus derived to be enjoyed in separate homes. God designed *homes* to be many and not one only. Even in heaven, where there is no variety of human passion and infirmity, there are 'many mansions' for 'the just made perfect.' The essay on 'Ideal and Actual Life' is forcibly and felicitously written. We were much impressed with this admirable passage, illustrating the common discontent with the Actual:

'The swart laborer discerns the conditions of happiness only in the luxuries and dainties of the man of millions; while Cæxæus, though he hugs his possessions, finds them a heavy and thorny burden. Ease, the grand desideratum, visits neither the rude pallet on which the one rests his toil-worn, aching limbs, nor the downy couch wherupon the other nightly struggles with the twin demons Dyspepsia and Hypochondria, to whom his sumptuous fare and exemption from physical labor have rendered him a helpless prey. 'O that I were a man!' cries the impatient child; 'then I should no more be tyrannized over, and treated as a helpless idiot! Childhood is allowed no scope — no respect; its joys are few and trifling: haste, haste! hour of my emancipation!' 'O that I were a child again!' responds the man; 'that this load of consuming cares and duties were lifted from my burning, boiling, half-distracted brain! Childhood! glad season of innocence and bliss! when simple life was pleasure, and any casual grief was quickly chased from the mind's dial by whole troops of dancing joys!' The king often looks on the beggar with something akin to envy — he would not exchange conditions, as a whole; but he would give much, very much, to be rid, for a few days, of his tiresome, never-ending round of dull formalities, and absurd, exacting ceremonies, and unloved but inevitable associates, and harassing councils, and state dinners to be eaten with a headache instead of an appetite, and turbulent provinces, and unreasonable yet tenacious suitors, and murmuring ministers or allies, with death-warrants, demagogues, and a thousand shifting causes of life-long disquiet. He would not be a beggar — pride and fear forbid — the beggar might do very well as a king, while the king would starve as a beggar — but, oh, what would he not give for a week's free roving through forest and heather, plucking the fruits fresh and juicy from the branches, instead of

having them handed him, dead and tasteless, in golden vessels borne by supple slaves. Food they may still be, but that the palled appetite rejects; fruits they ceased to be when God's sky no longer bent unobstructed above them, and the ripple of the brook and sighing of the winds through the branches blent no longer with the blithe carol of the birds all around. Not even for a king will nature be defrauded; and the truant boy, who, by long watching, has found the goldfinch's nest, shall vainly consent to sell his prize to another. The nest and its twittering tenants may be carried to my lady's window and made fast there, but that which made their charm remains with the wood and its urchin ranger.'

In the opening of the lecture on 'Human Life' there is a bird's-eye view of such scope and breadth, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote it :

'To the piercing gaze of an unfettered spirit, unmindful of space, which should scan it from the central orb of our system, this fair globe must afford a spectacle of strange magnificence and beauty. Rolling on, ever on, in her appointed round, the earth must present new scenes of interest and grandeur with every hour of her revolving progress : now the swarming vales of China and Japan, the sultry plains of India, with its tiger-haunted jungles, relieved by the gaunt, bleak piles of the Himalahs, piercing the very skies with their pinnacles of eternal rock and ice ; then appear the more alluring and variegated glades of Southern and Middle Europe, and with them the scorched and glowing deserts of Africa, shining in silvery worthlessness and arid desolation. The broad green belt of the billowy Atlantic now unfolds itself, and then appears the deeper green of this immense, luxuriant forest, America, with the achievements of three centuries of advancing, struggling civilization, barely sufficing to dot irregularly its eastern border, and hardly equalling in extent those prairie openings in its centre which Nature, or rather the Red Man's annual conflagration, has sufficed through many ages to hollow out by imperceptible gradations. From amid the all-embracing foliage shine forth with steady radiance, with deep serenity, the mirror-like surfaces of the Great Lakes ; the last surpassing in size, profundity, and beauty ; the slender threads of the Father of Waters and his far-stretching tributaries are seen departing vales whose exuberant fertility has known no parallel since Eden ; while farther on, the tremendous chains of the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, heave up their scathed and rugged sides through the surrounding seas of verdure, as if in grim and haughty defiance to the utmost fury of the lightning and the hurricane, or in scornful exultation over the crouching world at their feet. Soon the broad, placid surface of the vast, unsexed Pacific presents itself, sprinkled with isles of deepest emerald where flowers perennial bloom. And still the earth rolls on, and every hour shall bring to view fresh marvels to awaken the soul to a consciousness of the Infinite, to deepen the fervor of piety, and exalt the glory of the GREAT SUPREME.

'Yet, beyond doubt, the central figure of this vast wonder-work of creation, around which all other entities and seemings cluster and revolve, is MAN. He is the presiding genius : the lord of the heritage. It is his presence which gives significance and interest to the landscape, which elevates fertility and beauty above barrenness and decay. Not in laughing meads nor rippling streamlets, not in broad blue lakes nor foaming cataracts ; not even in these vast, eternal forests, with their cavernous depths, their waving, swelling expanse of surface, their changing garniture, so green, and now so golden ; not in these, in any or all of them, does the soul of Nature find utterance. On no wild mountain-crag or lone savannah would the spirit-gaze dwell with clinging earnestness. But on the scenes of Man's earliest, sternest, most momentous conflicts with nature, with destiny, or with his own blinding, blasting evil passions ; on the narrow defile where the Spartan handfull withstood the gathered might of a continent ; the battle-field where a world was lost and won ; on the widowed solitude wherein Rome broods disconsolate over the fading wreck of her grandeur and her power, or the wintry desolation wherein gray-haired Jerusalem crouches amid the ruins of her once impregnable towers and peerless temples ; the ashes of her self-abasement trampled into her furrowed brow by the iron heel of sixty generations of tyrants. Through all circumstances, all events, this truth presents itself, that Man's being is the essential fact, his spirit the imparted vitality of the world.'

We call this very spirited English, and so we think will our readers. The lecturer goes on to depict the mastery of man over nature, to consider him as an 'Internal Man ;' the clouds and shadows which envelope him, the sins which 'most easily beset him,' and the spiritual life by which he vindicates his God-descended soul ; closing with these noble sentences : 'Happy beyond the power of evil destiny shall he be whose whole life flows on in one calm, full current of active goodness ; of unceasing benevolence to Man, of unbounded reliance on God. Looking back in the evening of his days through the dissolving mists of the past, he shall discern in every trial, Discipline ; in every sorrow, the salutary chastening of a Divine beneficence. And when the bowed frame and feeble limbs shall admonish him of failing power to execute the dictates of a still loving heart, he shall need no farther witness of the benignity of that dispensation which Sin recoils from as Death, but, pillowed on that blessed Book, whose promises have lighted the dim pathway to millions, shall sleep to be awakened in Heaven.' And with this must we close our imperfect review, leaving unnoticed many of the noteworthy themes treated of in the book, but commending them, and the volume which contains them, to the deliberate attention of our readers.

OUTLINES AND SKETCHES, BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Boston: STEPHEN H. PERKINS.

ALLSTON'S LECTURES ON ART AND POEMS. Edited by RICHARD H. DANA, JR. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THESE recent publications will do more to *popularize* the fame of ALLSTON than all his pictures, many of the best of which are in England, and there being of those in this country but one or two accessible in public galleries. They will also lend an impulse to our American art, and it is not too much to say, to Art every where, even on its native Italian soil.

The outlines and sketches are some of those found in the artist's studio after his death. They were not intended to be published, but were designs which he had abandoned or contemplated finishing and was prevented by declining health and his long labor on his 'Belshazzar.' Some are from sketches in umber; others are from hastily-drawn outlines in chalk never carried farther. They are published engraved on twenty plates, mostly large folio. When it was found necessary to reduce them, the Daguerreotype was employed, which is, we believe, the first application of that much-abused instrument for such a purpose, and of course renders them very accurate; the engraving being made directly upon the plate, covered with the silver which retained the image.

Most of them are figures of angels from 'GABRIEL setting the Watch,' an unfinished work, 'JACOB'S Dream,' and 'URIEL in the Sun;' paintings purchased abroad. These exhibit a wonderful mastery of form, both in the use of it to express correct drawing, elegance and grace, and also the loftiest sentiment. ALLSTON'S angels are certainly the most *angelic* that ever the mind's eye beheld; the only ones that fully embody the MILTONIC idea. Beside these, are some exquisitely graceful fairy scenes, of which 'TITANIA and her Court' is a perfect study of lines of beauty; 'DIDO and ANNA,' a beautiful sketch; 'HELIODORUS,' 'Girl in male Attire,' 'Ship in a Squall,' (a sketch in white chalk on dark canvass,) 'Prodigal Son,' and last, but not least, 'PROMETHEUS,' a drawing which shows its author no less true in his conceptions of gloom and despair than in his visions of beauty and sublimity.

The originals from which these engravings have been made are deposited in the Boston Athenæum, upon an agreement with that institution that they shall always be open for the use of artists under suitable regulations. They form a splendid legacy to Art from one of her most devoted and most favored worshippers.

But their value is not to be ranked with that of the Lectures. These are four in number, profound and elaborate essays, written in the closest and most careful manner, and designed to lead to a new philosophy of Art. They begin with a preliminary note, upon the definitions in which the system they develop chiefly hinges, and which forms a sort of key to the whole. But this key unfortunately, in our days of superficial thinking, is about as easy to handle as it would be to wear the helmet in the Castle of Otranto. We shall not attempt in a brief notice to explain the mystery of its management. But we may say, that from an observed experience, we can encourage those who will persevere, with the hope that the task is not utterly impracticable. And to those who will follow the author through the Lectures, we can assuredly promise as rich an intellectual repast as any to which they ever sat down, independent of the acquirement of a theory of Art which is the clearest, most comprehensive and comes to the mind with the most irresistible force of truth, of any that we ever read.

When these lectures shall have had time to spread among artists and scholars, and receive the study, without which it is impossible to have an honest opinion respecting them, there can be no doubt but they will be regarded as the foundation of a new Philosophy of Art; they will be to Painting, and indeed to all the Fine Arts, what the critique of ALLSTON's friend COLERIDGE upon WORDSWORTH has been to Poetry. And the reader who will not be deterred from the study of them by a little apparently metaphysical subtlety of argument, will find them no less beautiful as specimens of elegant literature than as works of laborious thinking. Their value to art is inestimable.

LECTURES BEFORE THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. By REV. F. W. SHELTON, Minister of ST. JOHN'S Church, Huntington, Long-Island.

WHATEVER appears from the pen of Mr. SHELTON will be found to possess two marked characteristics—directness and clearness. He does not overlay his subject with words, until what he means to say is smothered, but he conveys his thoughts at once to his reader's mind, in language singularly forcible and felicitous. We have already alluded to the first of the lectures before us, '*The Gold Mania*,' and quoted an admirable and characteristic passage from its pages, descriptive of a miser, his habitation, and its surroundings. It is a very able lecture, and will well repay perusal. The second, on '*The Use and Abuse of Reason*,' is of a higher logical order, and the subject is treated with marked power. We give the concluding paragraphs of this eloquent lecture:

'In religion Reason goes beyond her province, in a disposition to analyze simple things, to define and subdivide too narrowly, and to mar a grand truth by attempting to explain the method. In natural things we may carry this far; but in spiritual things the thoughts of God are too deep for us. Men are apt to split up elements into many parts, and enter into curious disquisitions upon each, until the grand whole is entirely dissipated and is seen no more. After they have pulled the truth to pieces they are unable to put it together, and it is forever lost to their own souls. Instead of taking the simple Faith as it is legitimately received, consisting of few elements, and those entirely consonant with the nature of man, some one will sit down to embody the whole system of God, as his own intellect deduces it, to show the right adaptation of all that multitude of parts into which he splits it. Were we not treading on forbidden ground upon an occasion like this, we might illustrate what we mean by this hair-splitting. It is enough to assert the folly of it, and that no good can come of it. It has given rise to odium, rancor and malevolence in all ages. It has taken fire and faggot to promote the peaceful religion of CHRIST. It is futile for this reason. In the cold region of pure mathematics truth is clear and crystal. You might as well attempt to deny that the sun shines in the heavens as to dispute its steps or to deny its conclusions; for the sun in the heavens bears witness to them when it pours down all its light to confirm them; it bears witness to them when it is eclipsed in gloom to confirm them. Here the symbol corresponds accurately with the thing represented. But in metaphysics the case is different; for a straight line may be defined, but an abstract idea is very subtle and hard to be limited by definition, and a thousand men see it with a thousand eyes; and as the same letters, seen from different positions, are often ingeniously made to spell different words, so the idea is taken by each from the point where he views it. The eyes of both parties take in the same substance, but they are not intelligible to each other, and hence a battle of words which is everlasting. It is hard to take hold of that which has no outward sign or representative. Language adopts this hint in the philosophy of construction. Every language is filled with metaphor drawn from tangible objects. It is found in nearly every word, making speech picturesque and intelligible. The common idiom is simple, and common thoughts are almost painted, it is so clear and evident. But among metaphysicians, in spite of preconcerted terms and definitions and the nomenclature of science, they are at loggerheads upon every question, and not one of them exactly understands the other, yet it is probable that they think the same. Upon indifferent questions of morals the discussion may be harmless, nay useful as a sharpener of intellect and for the attrition of minds; but when it comes to the all-important subjects upon which human destiny depends, upon which grounds the strongest of relations are knit together or sundered, it is a misfortune and a curse. The intellect sins, and the intellect must abide punishment.

'The melancholy lesson to be derived from the subject is, that the Reason, the noble faculty which distinguishes man from the beasts which perish: which elevates him toward God; which is capable of such sublime achievements; which makes him a partaker of such pure enjoyments; which is adapted for such indefinite improvement and may go on to grapple with more and more during an immortal existence, is itself fallen and corrupt with his whole nature. Being throned in the mind, it may not, except in subjection to Faith, cast its light of glory over the heart. It is not of itself conservative of his nature; for in the first place acute as it is, it never could have originated or con-

ceived the simplest truths which were revealed for our guidance from the divine mind. Though it may travel to the stars and measure accurately the orbits of the planets, it never would have promulgated this saying: 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you.'

'In the next place it never would have enabled man to carry out such a precept, for as we have seen, by reason of his fallen nature, he refuses to apply it to such topics. He soars with it to the visible firmament, but it does not conduct him to the higher heavens, where all purity dwells. This is proved by the history of the most refined nations. Look at them in the transcendent glory to which they have been carried by arts and arms; when the poets had wrought out the most sublime creations, models of purity and elegance for all time; when the painter and the sculptor have executed the master-pieces of art; when architecture has builded up her monuments of beauty which still live enshrined in the balmy air of Italy or Greece. But vice flourished at the same time in the most ingenious forms and lowest degradation; and at last under its baleful influence, national glory became a wreck and all but their memory has passed away. Look at individuals. In the midst of their bright achievements and endowments, they have fallen like stars from heaven, leaving only a bright light in their train, which was soon quenched in darkness.'

A few copies of the pamphlet containing the two lectures, to which we have scarcely awarded that meed of praise which they deserve, may be found at the publication office of the KNICKERBOCKER.

DECK AND PORT: or Incidents of a Cruise in the United States' Frigate 'Congress' to California. By Rev. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 406. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY, 51 John-street.

THE REV. WALTER COLTON, the recent *Alcalde* of Monterey, through whose letters from the Pacific coast, published in our leading journals, we had the first distinct glimpses of the marvellous riches of the new Ophir, was long ago known to our readers as one of the pleasantest and liveliest contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER, and as one of the most delightful of our American authors, in a certain vein of ethnological and scenic observation, for which twenty years, more or less, of continued service in the navy, in the seas of various countries, had given him ample opportunities. His previous works, 'Ship and Shore,' 'Constantinople and Athens,' etc., were noticed with just encomiums in these pages upon their appearance; and we see in the present performance the same fine qualities for which they were distinguished, with some additional attractions, from the fresher interest of the scenes visited, which include Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, Lima, Honolulu and San Francisco. The work is in the form of a diary, and it abounds with lively description, refined sentiment, and just discrimination. We have little room for extracts, but cannot resist the temptation to offer our readers a single specimen of Mr. COLTON's quality, from the journal at sea:

'A LONG line was floated astern this morning, with hook and bait, for an albatross. Several of these noble birds were sailing in our wake. One of them took the hook; and as he was drawn slowly toward the ship, his female companion followed close at his side. When lifted in, she looked up with an expression of anxiety and bereavement that would not dishonor the wife of his captor in a reverse of circumstances. We found in his shape some resemblance to the wild goose, but much larger in head and body, and with a longer wing. The hook had not injured him; and though his wings (which measured twelve feet between their tips) were pinioned, he walked the deck with a proud, defiant air; his large eye flashed with indignation and menace. His beak was armed with a strong hook, like that of the falcon; his plumage was white as the driven snow, and the down on his neck soft as moonlight melting over the verge of an evening cloud. He was captured by one of our passengers, who now proposed to kill him for the sake of his wings. But the sailors, who always associate something sacred with this bird, interfered; they predicted nothing but head-winds, storms and misfortunes, if he should be killed; and unlocking his wings, gave him a toss over the ship's side into his own wild element. His consort, who had followed the ship closely during his captivity, received him with outstretched wings; she sailed around him as he lighted, and in her caressing joy threw her soft neck over this wing and now over that. In a few moments they were cradled side by side, and he was telling her, I doubt not, of the savage beings he had been among, and of his narrow escape.'

This volume is to be followed immediately by 'Three Years in California,' which will be anxiously awaited by Mr. COLTON's many friends and admirers.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'THE MORNING WATCH, A NARRATIVE,' is the title of a highly spirited and imaginative poem, just issued, in beautiful style, from the press of PUTNAM, Number one hundred and seventy-five Broadway. It is dedicated '*To the Memory of One who liveth the Life Immortal in that Beautiful Country where is no Night on Land or Sea.*' It is replete with beauties, as we shall take occasion to demonstrate in the course of this article; and although there are a few passages which may at first seem somewhat obscure to the merely casual reader, yet a second perusal, with the author's purpose and aim in view, will make all clear. We cannot better indicate the character and scope of the poem than by presenting the author's 'Outline of the Narrative,' which was originally intended to have been embraced in side-notes, like those which illustrate COLERIDGE'S 'Ancient Mariner:'

### PART THE FIRST.

#### I.

'THE scene is in a tropic land, upon a high bluff overlooking the sea.  
'The coming of Night is announced.  
'And a traveller from a distant country asks if the night be very fair.  
'The voice replies that the night comes silently, and that a small white cloud is seen in the offing, with which the lightning is at play.  
'Also that the night doth foreshadow to the gully a long night of terror and dismay.  
'But to some it promiseth a beautiful morning, in a land where is no care or weariness, or any sorrow; for it is the Infinite God who ruleth both day and night.  
'Then the Traveller replies that this is doubtless that country to which he is journeying.  
'But moved thereto by a sudden and mysterious impulse, he calls upon God to stay the night.  
'But the night travels on.  
'Then the traveller comforteth himself that the stars — and the gentle wind, which now, after the first chill of the evening, is warm and pleasant again — will go with him on his long journey.  
'But suddenly his limbs fail him, and he, perforce, must tarry there for the night. And as the spirit of prophecy doth sometimes come to those who are about to depart hence, so now it seemeth to him his hour is approaching.  
'Pointing to the stars, he showeth the stranger how securely we sail among them, for God keepeth them, each in his allotted place, so that no harm cometh to any.  
'But, nevertheless, there is pain, and weariness, and infinite distress under these beautiful skies, as do know even the brute things of the earth.  
'Then the traveller proposeth to the stranger that he will recount to him the history of his life.

#### II.

'HE begins with a description of his native country and his early home — a pleasant land.  
'And the dwellers therein lived happily, wondering much and cheerfully how all things were so fair and good.  
'Then came a messenger to them, saying that all this visible world is not eternal, but was created in old time by ONE who still careth for it, and giveth it constantly life and motion.  
'Then behold appeared upon all things a beauty and glory greater than all other before, and they became a language which told them constantly of that GREAT BEING. So that in all time they seemed to be walking in His presence — the presence of the MOST HIGH — the WONDERFUL — the ALMIGHTY — the ANCIENT OF DAYS.  
'And the morning and the evening seemed like the going and coming of His angels.  
'A mother prayeth for her child.  
'And often at eventide she sings a song of a beautiful country, far away, where is no night.  
'But as the knowledge of evil tempts one to know and be familiar with it, so now, other agencies, evil agencies — were about him, for whom that daily prayer was offered, meeting him in all things and in all places.  
'Veiling their own wretchedness and wo, they put on the guise of sadness and a touching melancholy, alternating with an unnatural life and vivacity; and at last they lead him away.

'But before he leaves the boundaries of his home, he pauses for one last look, and behold, one looking like an angel is kneeling on the margin of the sea, motionless and speechless, looking calmly up into the blue heavens. But, as one gone mad, he turns suddenly, and the world and the dark night receive him to their arms.

xii.

'The traveller enters the world of action and trial—the crowded streets where the living and the dead pass silently, and no one saith, 'Good Morrow,' or 'How is it with thee?' for the dead, observe, are of no account.

'He descants upon the evils of the world, and hath a vision of a great battle on the plains of Hungary.

'The traveller apostrophizes the world, likening it to the ancient Nineveh, which lieth all mute and still under the sands of the desert.

'And above this great city, now under the sands, other generations come up and build their tombs, and lay them down to their last sleep; and again the sands drift about the walls, and while the blue heaven arches above them, they all slumber on together.

'But the time shall come when this great city and the great world itself shall stand in the presence of the Most High; and as the beautiful paintings in buried Nineveh do fade at the first touch of the light and the air, so at the breath of God the glory of this world passeth away, and is seen no more.

'The traveller returns to the account of his life, which now had become evil continually. Living therefore, not in unison and harmony with nature, all the visible world gradually changed to him and became, as it were, dark and threatening.

xv.

'On a bright morning in the autumn-time, the traveller goeth into the fields, seeking a holiday, and there appear to him visions of his better days.

'Old faces come crowding about him, old songs are sung again, old prayers are uttered, half unconsciously, until he hears some one say 'Amen.'

'And walking down the lawn, with the mountain-brook which discourseth incessantly with him, he enters an ancient wood; and nowhere does he find the disturbing elements which make up the strife and contest of the great world, but all is calmness and self-possession, and a speaking, or silent joy.

'He considereth the beauty of the tree: which having no thought to do other than the will of God, silently executes it; and for the beautiful light and the showers, and the night dew and the pleasant air, it returns all which it hath, and which they have made—its flowers and fruit. This is the thanksgiving.

'Again appeareth to the traveller other visions: and pictures of his past life, with a sad music, pass before him. He reflects that these pictures, though faded, will one day be revived and their color made permanent; and he discovers how discordant is all that life with the beauty and harmony of the external world.

'And he returns to his home in the mountain valley.

'But his home was desolate; the mother's prayer had been answered.

'As a year before he had looked down upon that country, almost in madness in the sight, so now appeared to him again, but in vision only, the robes of white, the pale lips, the folded hands, and the up-raised eyes, looking into the still heaven.

'Then a great sadness falls upon him.

'He lieth by the sea-side, and in sleep seeth a strange world, which, though it sailed among others that were very fair and beautiful, was itself, and of its own choice, as it were, an outcast among them.

'He looks upon the inhabitants of that world, and their silent wretchedness, which is very terrible.

v.

'The traveller wakes from sleep on the shore of the sea, and finds himself again in a world of life and action.

'But now it is no more a world of joy and beauty. Almost as one gone mad, he wanders about the land.

'But he remembers unconsciously how all things seemed to him in his early days. He knoweth that Nature is kinder than man, and, with a kind of instinct, he stays among the mountains and by the sea.

'With the spirit of a little child, he listens to what they say, for they are seldom silent, and if silent, it seems like the silence of prayer.

'Suddenly he imagines that all this beautiful worship is for him, and for a little while he rests, and is at peace with all things.

'Elate with his new-born happiness, he saith unto his soul, 'We will sin no more.'

'The traveller goes back in memory to that morning. He apostrophizes his home, and lives again in imagination through the long night of fear and dismay.

'With a mingled yearning and horror for his past sins, which still crowd about him in the silent night-watches, he barreth out the stars, for they are cold and pure, and have no sympathy with evil. But in the morning-watch these spirits depart, and there enters the Presence of One long since departed. The traveller knoweth then that angels are about him, and he sinks to rest. He saith, now I will dream of the happy land.

## PART THE SECOND.

i.

'The traveller returns again to the life-narrative.

'Telling of an old man who lived in the mountains, who describes to him a wonderful country far away in the west.

'There is no night there, but always the day—always the morning! so that the beautiful light stayeth and dwelleth perpetually with all things.

'And he sitteth all the long night under the open heavens, thinking of that country.

'And now he remembers the song, sung so often in the olden time by ONE now departed, which told of this same country, the far away country, the beautiful country over the sea.

'The traveller resolves that he will set forth in search of it.

'The morning comes.

'And a little cloud sails out upon the sky, and goes on slowly toward the west.

'The traveller leaves his home, and where the little cloud stood poised over an upland range, he says to that land his last good-by.

II.

'He now enters the wilderness.

'And at mid-day reaches a high mountain pass.

'And looking down on the country which he had left, behold the little cloud was not there, but was poised as before overhead.

'It was wonderful; for there was no breath of air in the sky, and no other cloud.

'The traveller doubts whether it be a cloud or a vision only.

'And with a prophesy which proves true, he guesses that the cloud may be going with him on his journey.

'And it was even so.

'Then the traveller buildeth an altar between the mountains, and rests for the day.

'But at nightfall he continues his journey, when, behold a bright path opens before him, where are the prints of innumerable feet—the feet, as he imagines, of those who have gone before, no doubt, in search of the same country.

'The traveller discourseth upon the way which is given to all, the path in which we must walk, and that life and death are matters of choice to all beings, death consisting chiefly in being left to one's self, abandoned of God, in whom all things that live have life.

III.

'In the course of his long journey, the traveller pauses one morning before day-break, and looks abroad upon a wide range of sea and land.

'And he discourseth with the earth.

'The earth replies, but vaguely.

'Then looking forward to the time when the earth must pass away, the traveller declares that God will build another home for him, where will begin the life immortal.

'Then comes the morning, and praying that he may be made pure, like the light, the traveller and the bright morning travel on together.

IV.

'And now many years have gone since that bright morning, but still he travels on, not doubting of the country to which he journeys.

'For the little cloud is with him always.

'And often he has visions of that land which the old man told to him—the 'far away country, the beautiful country, where is no night on land or sea.'

'Some say that he is mad; some say that he is a dreamer; but whom some angel guards from all harm.

'But he travels on; saying to all, that we shall meet again, and then will appear who are the mad men and who the dreamers.

V.

'It is now the morning watch, and the traveller having concluded the story of his life and journey asks the stranger to look forth again, and see if there be any sign of morning, for a sudden darkness surrounds him, and he surmises that his hour of departure is at hand.

'The stranger replies that the night is still moving on grandly as ever, and nowhere is any gleam of morning.

'The traveller cheereth and comforteth the stranger, that the morning, the beautiful morning, will surely come: it will not fail.

'But whether, as by the coming of death, or by the solemn stillness of the night, and the strange history of this strange man, the stranger is appalled and overpowered with the awfulness of the scene.

'But now an angel taketh the traveller away to his early home, and there, in vision, he sees again the mountains and the sea, and the beautiful home underneath the hills.

'And he heareth voices which call to him, and which say, 'The night is past, cometh the day'—far away, far away, they call to him, 'The night is past, cometh the day.'

'The day! the day! Ah, without doubt, the long, long journey is now nearly over; one step more, and now the traveller is entering this wonderful country, the beautiful country, the far away country, 'where is no night on land or sea!'

'Will the traveller return? shall we see him again?

'At some distant day he may return, but now we need not stay—it is irrevocable: he is gone. But in that country where he now dwells we may see the traveller again. *Oh, be strong, be strong: fear not.*

Having thus given the 'Outline' of the author, we proceed to present a few extracts, which sufficiently vindicate his claims to a distinguished position among American poets. His poem is informed with a deep spirit of devotion, and in some of its features is not unlike the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of BUNYAN. We alluded some months ago, in another department of this Magazine, to parts of the poem which we had been permitted to peruse in the manuscript; and we quoted on that occasion the fine opening of the first 'Part,' commencing

'In silence and sadness cometh the night;'

together with the noble passage concerning Nineveh, and the lesson taught by her

glory and her destruction. These extracts will be well remembered by our readers, for they were very striking and beautiful, and one of them in particular was copied widely at the time in contemporary publications. We commence our present extracts with a passage descriptive of a mother praying for her child :

— ' For her child, prayed she,  
That God would care for him alway,  
And lead him in His perfect way :  
And whatsoever of alloy  
Were mingled in her song of praise,  
Or pain, and suffering, and disease,  
And waking nights, and weary days ;  
Still would it be a song of joy,  
If a kind FATHER would protect her boy :  
But thou art merciful, she said, and wise,  
Oh, guide thou all his destinies !  
Not this world's fame I ask for him,  
Or power, or place, or length of days ;  
But give him strength, pure thoughts and praise,  
And make his great heart in all things  
Constant in giving — as a fountain flings  
Sweet waters momentarily :  
But if the time shall be  
When he no more will hearken unto THEE ;  
Follow no more thy counsels ; and astray,

His feet go down that way,  
Which leadeth unto darkness and the grave ;  
And there be none to save ;  
And then, amid the shoutings and the strife  
And rushing of the wheels of life,  
Shadows, terrible and dim,  
Fold round him, till he see no more  
The beacon on the far-off shore,  
Fold round him, and no angel stay  
His quick step down that starless way :  
Oh, FATHER ! let me die for him !  
Let him not die ! — but in that day  
Oh, let me die for him !

Thus daily on the marbled beach,  
The morning and the evening each,  
Were hallow'd ; and every day  
The two fair angels seemed to say, [pass away.]  
That strength was in that prayer, which would not

That mother often sings to her boy a legend, handed on from a distant generation, of a bright, a far-away country, over the seas and mountains, where it is always day :

' NEVER the night shuts in that country,  
Or cometh the gloaming gray ;  
But the day shines on forever  
In that country far away.

' All the golden hours of morning,  
Chiming ever the same sweet lay,  
Singing of morning, morning only,  
In that country far away.

' Oh, my life is full of joy,  
As my heart is full alway ;  
But often still I'm thinking  
Of that country far away.

' The night is very beautiful,  
But more beautiful the day ;  
Oh, I think that God must live there,  
In that country far away !

' Is there sorrow in that land ?  
Are there weary hearts, I pray ?  
Do they seek for death, I ask you,  
In that country far away ?

' There is no sorrow in that land,  
And all weary hearts, they say,  
Shall find rest and joy and peace  
In that country far away.'

In the following weird and original passage, the traveller, in a vision by the sea-side, ' seeth a strange world, which, although it sailed among others that were very fair and beautiful, was itself, and of its own choice, as it were, an outcast among them.' It was ' a world lying in wickedness :'

' Its light, if such it was, was as the light  
Of breaking waters on a midnight sea ;  
Where ever storm and darkness and affright  
Mingle perpetually.

' Its sky, low-hung and starless, such as night  
And coming tempest flash upon the sight ;  
A darkness beaded, as the sea with foam,  
Where slept the lightnings of the wrath to come.

' Upon this silent world there silent stood  
A vast and countless multitude ;  
With downward eyes, and lips of bloodless  
white,  
And speechless all ; no word of hate or love,  
Or fear or agony, no sigh or moan :  
But as from some ponderous bell, sky-hung,  
Unseen within the vault above,  
In pauses from its iron tongue,  
Fell through the gloom (as 't were a groan  
From all that host) one deep, sad tone,  
A single toll ; at which all eyes were raised,  
And lips apart, each looked a kind of joy,

Something like madness ; but soon again,  
As a quick lightning to the brain,  
Upon their downward faces, fell  
The look of wo unutterable !

' A mother and her child met there ;  
Both were so beautiful and fair,  
That, so it seemed, a milder mood  
Pervaded that vast multitude ;  
But the mother gazed at her speechless child,  
And the child looked up at her silent mother,  
One with a look so wan and wild,  
And with so blank despair, the other ;  
And prayed (Oh, God, forgive their sin !)  
That JESUS CHRIST might die again,  
Or some quick madness set them free  
From such unnatural misery !  
But still they gazed, the child and mother,  
And still with look more terrible ;  
Till, suddenly, each spurned the other,  
And then forever on them fell  
(Oh, type and countersign of hell !)  
That look of wo unutterable !'

Here is an aspiration worthy of a christian and a patriot; and it is expressed with unmistakeable feeling :

'O, CHRIST, who heareth prayer,  
When shall theirs be the victory,  
The many, and down-trodden; they  
Who bear the burden of the day?  
Oh! cheer and strengthen them alway,  
And let them not despair;  
Band them, the millions, all as one  
In the great might of unison;  
And with them, let Thy right arm fight  
The Battle of the Right!

'O, CHRIST, who heareth prayer,  
Thou knowest how the whole earth travaileth  
And reel with the shock  
Of war and pestilence and death!  
Even the heavens seem to mock  
At us, as prayers were wasted breath:  
Thou seest the dawning on the hill;  
When shall be done Thy will,  
Oh! when shall morning come?

Solemn and awe-full are these reflections upon life, death, and a judgment to come :

'And while the round world, cool within the  
night,  
And murmuring ever as of pleasant dreams,  
Went down to meet the morning, I to my cot-  
tage home  
Went slowly down the dewy mountain-side,  
And said unto my soul, 'Oh, wo betide  
The ill that henceforth may o'ershadow thee,  
Thou soul immortal! A few days yet we roam,  
And ever travelling in the self-same round,  
And ever seeking what shall not be found,  
And ever hasting with the farthest star,  
Silently, swiftly, to the judgment-bar!  
Oh, soul immortal, let us sin no more!  
Oh, soul immortal, let us sin no more fear!

But listening to the surges on the shore,  
Attune us to the music that is here,  
Even the echo of the life to come!  
And so, when called of God,  
We step without these walls of flesh and blood,  
It will be going to our natural home;  
Not lost, benighted, in a land of storms,  
Begirt and heralded with phantom forms,  
But light-surrounded, hail with songs of praise  
The sunny climate of our early days,  
And find again, more beautiful and fair,  
The hopes and visions that have lingered there.  
Oh, hopes gone up! oh, memories laid away!  
Unto that day  
Keep bright your robes of immortality?

The 'dead years, rolling backward,' leave the traveller, in his vision, with his mother, at the threshold of his early home, from which she departs and returns not again :

'Nor again, though soon the coming  
Of the spring bade all rejoice;  
Not again, though all the summer  
Came the birds that loved her voice.

'Oh, the many prayers in secret,  
Farnest, low-voiced, sobbing prayer,  
When she knew not that I listened,  
As an angel held me there!

'Listened, but with rebel spirit,  
And a heart unyielding, strove,  
As a demon with an angel,  
With those words of peace and love.

'Oh, my mother! oh, my childhood!  
Oh, the days that are no more!  
And the years they bear me onward  
Farther, farther from that shore!

'And still farther from that other,  
In the land where I would be;  
Far beyond the purple mountains,  
And beyond the gleaming sea:

'Where night comes no more for ever,  
And a glory is on high,  
Not of the moon, nor of the stars,  
Nor the sunlight in the sky.

'Oh, thou CHRIST! who art that glory,  
Check the rolling wheels, that I  
May hear once more of pardon  
And of peace before I die.

'Hush! I hear a music coming,  
As of voices in the air;  
Ah! the flashing, snow-white garments,  
And the floating, raven hair!

'Lo! the spirit-watchers leave me,  
And a Presence, pure and fair,  
With a motion calm, majestic  
As an angel's, enters there:

'With the same calm face and lovely  
That bent o'er me when a child;  
Oh, the look she casts upon me!  
So terrible! so mild!

'Oh, my mother! oh, my childhood!  
Oh, the days that are no more!  
Oh for wings to bear me with thee,  
Onward to that happy shore!

'With a finger pointing upward,  
And a sweet sad smile upon  
Her angel face, that whispers peace,  
The bright vision passes on!

'But I know that angels guard me;  
As a child I sink to rest:  
I will dream of the still waters,  
And a home among the blest:

'A bright home, apart from others,  
Where, with those I love and those  
Who have journeyed on before me,  
I may worship and repose?

Do not these lines strike you, reminiscential reader, as extremely touching?

Here is a glance at the procession ever moving on to the 'pale realms of shade,' journeying to the 'life to come':

— 'Some go all unwillingly,  
As to a sacrifice, and some, with fear  
And trembling, have no true life here;  
And some go smiling, as in pleasant dreams,  
Which yet are not dreams all, but clothed upon  
With truth's most radiant beams:  
These look up joyfully from the desert-strand,  
Having a Friend, they say, who hath passed on,  
And waiteth for them in a distant land.  
Some are gone mad, and up through dungeon bars

Are winking and gibbering at the winking stars;  
Some are all wild with joy (which also is  
A kind of madness, in a world like this),  
And some, with broken hearts, make no essay  
To stay their quick flight down the shadowy way,  
But lifting wasted hands, ask but to go,  
That peradventure, in some other clime,  
These lips grown pale, and cheeks all blanched  
with wo,  
May smile again as in the olden time!

Albeit this article has already reached an unusual length, we cannot resist the inclination to present two more extracts. In the following apostrophe to the Earth rolling in space, and in its reply thereto, we think will be found the elements of true sublimity:

AND thou, oh EARTH! from whose fair bosom  
curls  
The white mist, climbing to a purer air,  
And in whose lowest depths hovers and sinks  
the breath  
Of pestilence and death,  
*O, art thou peopling those wide-sundered worlds?*  
*The one with glory, and the one despair!*  
Thou round Earth—speak to us!  
We listen for thy words.

'Then instantly a round rich voice, and clear  
And sonorous as a clarion,  
Rang in the frosted atmosphere,  
Like thousands all in one:

'Oh, dreamer, look to the light!  
Doubt not it will come, as cometh the sun,  
Brighter and purer and more serene  
For the few dark hours that pass between.

'Dreamer, look to the light!  
They say I am old, that my veins are cold,  
That my years are only in thousands told;  
And wise men, pondering marks of age,  
Foretell the close of my pilgrimage;  
But they go down to their silent home,  
And I wheel on!—oh, I make no stay

With the shadows of things that have passed  
away,  
And I take no thought of the time to come,  
But ever and aye, with new delight,  
I roll in the flash of the stainless light,  
While before and behind the solemn old Night,  
Retreating and chasing, is ever in sight,  
Dropping the stars, all cold with dew,  
As the manna was dropped of old to the Jew,  
Wherever a bird, in love with the sky,  
Is looking aloft as the day goes by,  
Or flower asleep, in its shut perfume,  
Is waiting the gloom of the night to bloom;  
Wherever, instead, were cruel unkindness,  
Famine and pestilence, madness and blindness;  
Wherever is waiting a hope unblest,  
Wherever the dying are sighing for rest;  
Thus lingering never,  
But ever in motion,  
And onward, forever,  
With earth and ocean,  
With forests and mountains and rocks asunder,  
With clouds and tempest, with lightning and  
thunder,  
With old broken columns and ruins laid low,  
Temples and pyramids built long ago,  
With the numberless dead that are lying below,  
'And the living who shortly shall be so,'  
I spring forever with new delight  
Out of the darkness into the light!"

'But listen,' saith the traveller, in a tone replete with the spirit of the solemn warnings of the Sacred Book:

'But listen! for the time shall be  
When down the arches of Eternity  
Men shall remember them of thee,  
Dimly, and far away, remember thee, as one  
Who hadst a little rolling ground in space,  
Where wheeling lightly round a central sun,  
A few swift thousands thou hadst run,  
In that wild race—  
Then suddenly had ceased!  
So like a pageant of a night,  
A darkness, and a borrowed light,  
Shall thy life be!  
For it is written, there shall come a day  
When thou as parchment shalt be rolled away;  
And thy bright path in Heaven nevermore  
By man or angel seen; and nevermore  
Shall morning come to thee, or noon,

Or the sweet visitings of night;  
The snows of winter, the warm touch of June,  
Or last, the golden light  
Of autumn, robbing for the lowly grave;  
These all, with thy dominion, as a power  
And separate glory, which He gave  
Who made thee at creation's hour,  
Shall in a moment of thy rounding flash  
Cease—and thou no more!  
And I shall witness it—oh, Earth most fair,  
Most beautiful—oh, Earth most rare!  
And God shall make for me another home,  
Where, in the calm of its eternity,  
I shall anew begin the life to come!  
I shall anew begin the life that evermore shall be,  
For I am of the breath of God, oh Earth,  
And live forever!

As with the strains of solemn cathedral music yet swelling on the ear, the worshipper leaves the sacred place, so do we leave with our readers the lessons of 'The Morning Watch.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A new work by the late SYDNEY SMITH has recently appeared in England, entitled '*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*.' It consists of a series of lectures, more or less complete, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years 1804–5–6. The volume has elicited the highest praise from the best critical journals in England. We subjoin a few extracts, commencing, with the following upon '*Puns*:'

'I HAVE mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them — the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words that wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfection in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious; the other, more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss HAMILTON, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was making game of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls game; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters — from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.

The following upon '*Bulls and Charades*,' especially the close, is very felicitous, or SMITH-like, which is quite the same thing:

'A BULL — which must by no means be passed over in this recapitulation of the family of wit and humor — a bull is exactly the counterpart of a witticism; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an apparent relation between two actions which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have none at all. In the late rebellion in Ireland, the rebels, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against some great banker, passed a resolution that they would burn his notes; which they accordingly did, with great assiduity, forgetting that in burning his notes they were destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife, of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was hereditary in some families. Take any instance of this branch of the ridiculous, and you will always find an apparent relation of ideas leading to a complete inconsistency.

'I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery. If charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy; the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.'

In some remarks upon '*Wit and Professed Wits*,' Mr. SMITH takes the same ground and uses the same arguments touching this theme, which we have frequently taken and urged in this Magazine. There is no greater bore 'in the infinite region of boredom' than a 'professed,' or as SYDNEY SMITH terms it, 'a mere wit,' a 'dramatic performer,' whose intellectual 'bent' is all one way, and who throws into the back-ground those serious qualities which should intermingle with every well-balanced mind. The best wits or humorists whom we know, as we have before urged in these pages, (there is a great difference, by-the-by, between a wit and a humorist,) are business or professional men, of sound common sense, and great acumen; and SMITH himself, and DICKENS, are illustrations that the highest order of humor is not incompatible with a higher order of intellectual qualities. Mr. SMITH observes:

'I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as

one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* sign of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied with many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty. CÆSAR, ALEXANDER, ARISTOTLE, DESCARTES, and LORD BACON, were witty men; so were CICERO, SHAKESPEARE, DEMOSTHENES, BOILEAU, POPE, DRYDEN, FONTENELLE, JONSON, WALLER, COWLEY, SOLON, SOCRATES, DOCTOR JOHNSON, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the *danger* of wit: I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics: nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit: that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile; extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marl.'

We hope to see the volume from which these extracts are taken soon republished on this side of the Atlantic. It could not fail of a wide circulation among the writer's numerous American admirers. . . . A SOUTH-WESTERN correspondent sends us the following anecdote of 'HARRY H —', a prominent citizen, a member of a leading commission-house in his native town, a zealous Methodist *there*, not 'quite so much so' in New-Orleans, but 'shrewd enough in trade *any* where': 'Some years ago the Methodists were holding a camp-meeting in the country a few miles from this place, and HARRY was present. On Sunday evening a sermon had been preached, and an effort made to get up an excitement, but in vain. The congregation were extremely dull and indifferent. By-and-by HARRY arose and commenced singing, walking about the altar, up and down the aisles, shaking hands with the brethren, etc. At the end of each verse was a familiar chorus, something like this:

'SHALL I ever get to heaven, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Shall I ever get to heaven, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Shall I ever get to heaven, hallelujah, hallelujah,' etc.

He had got through one verse, and this chorus, which he sang with peculiar spirit and emphasis, and just as he had finished the last word, a student, seated in the back part of the meeting, and overlooking the whole scene, cried out, 'No-Sir-ree! *you never will!*' The preachers could not help smiling any more than the rest of the people could refrain from laughing outright.' . . . We copy from 'The Tribune' daily journal, the following notice of an entertaining work, recently published by the Brothers HARPER; regretting that our own copy came at too late a period of the month to be adequately reviewed in the present number. The author is a gentleman of decided talent, whose pen has heretofore been welcomed cordially to these pages: '*Standish the Puritan*' is a tale of the American revolution, issued under the *nom de plume*, we suppose, of ELDRED GRAYSON, Esq., and dedicated to no less a *flesh and blood* reality than our friend of the KNICKERBOCKER, LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.



The scene of the story is laid in New-York and its vicinity, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, and the numerous reminiscences and traditions of that period are made use of, for the construction of the narrative, with very considerable success. The author evidently possesses the power of quick and accurate observation; he understands the grouping of characters, so as to command the interest of the reader; and with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a lively satirical vein, he has produced a work, which in spite of faults of arrangement and style, is creditable to his talents for fictitious composition. His book will find many readers, and will well reward their attention.' . . . Under the head of '*The Knickerbocker and the South*' the Charleston '*Literary Gazette*' favors it readers with some forcible-feeble remarks against this Magazine, for having admitted a poem by ALBERT PIKE, Esq., of Arkansas, entitle '*Disunion*,' wherein he denounced in strong terms the project of dissolving the bonds which bind our glorious States together. This, it seems, is the head and front of our own and our correspondent's offending; and in this, it would appear, we have permitted 'the South' to be ill-treated. On the one-hand, we are abused by the abolition papers for 'making fun of our black brethren,' turning them into ridicule, by publishing the 'colored effusions' of such poets as PANCKO, GAUL, and the Hartford 'PLATO-ESS;' and on the other we are denounced for permitting 'the South' to be 'evil spoken of.' Well, well; we shall go on as heretofore; interfering at no time with vexed questions, religious or sectional; but striving to make a readable Magazine, which shall please many and offend none, save quacks and pretenders, literary and other. Meanwhile, if we have any 'patrons' at 'the South' or elsewhere who fancy that the KNICKERBOCKER is not worth their money, or undeserving of their favor, we shall of course be always ready to remove their names from our subscription-list. We desire no unwilling 'patrons,' nor have we any such; and we suspect it will require something more than a suggestion of 'discontinuance' by the '*Gazette*,' and something more heinous on our part than the publication of a piece of patriotic poetry, by a Southern fellow-citizen, who commanded our brave Southern volunteers in Mexico—we think, we say, that it will require something *more* than this to bring about the consummation so much desiderated by the '*Gazette*.' However, to make use of an expression which has been once before employed in print, '*Nous verrons, Messieurs*.' . . . SINCE the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER greeted our friends, one of the bright stars in the firmament of our literary world has been withdrawn, to shine forever in calmer and brighter spheres. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, of whose admirable characteristics as a poet we need say nothing here, died at the residence of her husband, near our own, in Twenty-Second-street, on Sunday afternoon, the twelfth of May, aged twenty-seven years, six months and five days. The Rev. Dr. RUFUS W. GRAISWOLD, for many years one of her most intimate friends, has published in the '*Evening Mirror*' an extended notice of her life and genius, from which we extract the following paragraphs descriptive of the closing scenes:

'Mrs. Osgood's health was variable during the summer, which she passed chiefly at Saratoga Springs, in the company of a family of intimate friends; and as the colder months came on, her strength decayed, so that before the close of November she was confined to her apartments. She bore her sufferings with resignation, and her natural hopefulness cheered her all the while with remembrances that she had before come out with the flowers and the embracing airs, and dreams that she would again be in the world with nature. Two or three weeks ago her husband carried her in his arms, like a child, to a new home, and she was happier than she had been for months, in the excitement of selecting its furniture, brought in specimens or in patterns to her bedside. 'We shall be so happy!' was her salutation to the few friends who were admitted to see her; but they saw,

and her physicians saw, that her life was ebbing fast, and that she would never again see the brooks and green fields for which she pined, nor even any of the apartments but the one she occupied of her own house. A friend communicated the terrible truth to her, in studiously gentle words, reminding her that in heaven there is richer and more delicious beauty, that there is no discord in the sweet sounds there, no poison in the perfume of the flowers there, and that they know not any sorrow who are with OUR FATHER. She read the brief note almost to the end silently, and then turned upon her pillow like a child and wept the last tears that were in a fountain which had flowed for every grief but hers she ever knew. 'I cannot leave my beautiful home,' she said, looking about upon the souvenirs of many an affectionate recollection, 'and my noble husband, and LILY and MAY!' These last are her children. The sentence of her friend was confirmed by other friends, and she resigned herself to the will of God. The next evening but one a young girl went to amuse her by making paper flowers for her and teaching her to make them: and she wrote to her these verses — her dying song:

'You've woven roses round my way,  
And gladdened all my being;  
How much I thank you none can say  
Save only the ALL-BLISSING!

'May He who gave this lovely gift —  
This love of lovely doings —  
Be with you wheresoe'er you go,  
In every hope's pursuings!

'I'm going through the eternal gates  
Ere June's sweet roses blow!  
Death's lovely angel leads me there,  
And it is sweet to go!

'At the end of five days — at fifteen minutes before four o'clock, on Sunday, the 12th of May — as gently as one goes to sleep, she withdrew into a better world.

'On Tuesday her remains were removed to Boston, to be interred in the cemetery of Mount Auburn. It was a beautiful day, in the fulness of spring, mild and calm, and clouded to a solemn shadow. In the morning, as the company of the dead and living started, the birds were singing what seemed to her friends a sadder song than they were wont to sing; and as the cars flew fast on the long way, the trees bowed their luxuriant foliage, and the flowers in the verdant fields were swung slowly on their stems, filling the air with the gentlest fragrance, and the streams, it was fancied, checked their turbulent speed to move in sympathy, as from the heart of nature tears might flow for a dead worshipper. God was thanked that all the elements were ordered so, that sweetest incense and such natural music and reverent aspect of the silent world should wait upon her, as so many hearts did, in this last journey. She slept all the while, nor waked when in the evening, in her native city, a few familiar faces bent above her, with difficult looks through tears, and scarcely audible words, to bid farewell to her. On Wednesday she was buried with some dear ones who had gone before her, beside her mother and her daughter, in that City of Rest, more sacred now than all before had made it to those whose spirits are attuned to Beauty or to Sorrow; those twin sisters, so rarely parted, until the last has led the first to heaven.'

A FRIENDLY correspondent writes us from 'down-east' as follows: 'I have been much pleased with MAGA's rebukes of sectarian bigotry and intolerance; rebukes justly and judiciously spoken. One cannot better prove his friendship for the cause of religion than by contributing to the growth of a tolerant and catholic spirit in the churches. When cant shall become unprofitable and coarseness offensive, and 'nothing else,' christianity will be relieved of its worst (because domestic) enemies, and skepticism will be deprived of its best allies. Why should professed christians treat each other (or any others, christian or infidel) but with charity and kindness? What does the member of one denomination gain by denouncing that of another as an 'infidel?' Will the scorn of the one convince the other of his error, or make his own heart the better? 'It is sorrowful,' says a celebrated English writer, 'to dream that we are scourges in God's hand, and that He appoints for us no better work than lacerating one another!' Of such I would inquire, in the language of the writer just quoted, 'Is it not wonderful that the words of eternal life should have hitherto produced only eternal litigation; and that in our progress heavenward we should think

it expedient to plant unthrifty thorns over bitter wells of blood in the wilderness we leave behind us?" — THE following anecdote, whose worst fault is its truth, exhibits a spirit more easily defended by precedent than by Christian principle. A clergyman of one of the 'liberal' denominations, who formerly resided 'on this river,' was called a few years ago to a neighboring town to officiate at a wedding. During his absence there was in some way connected with the wedding a party, at which there were 'plays and forfeits' and dancing. Immediately on his return a report was started and industriously circulated by a clergyman of a different persuasion that the former had, while absent, attended a party, and *danced!* It was not long before they met, and the former informed the latter that he had heard of the report in circulation, and that it was entirely false. 'Did you think it right,' he inquired, 'to make up and put in circulation a story of this kind, because you thought it would injure me?' 'Sir,' said the respondent, '*I do n't consider you evangelical!*' and he turned and went his way. How long will it take a spirit like this to *evangelize* the world? — RELIGION has received no benefit from the practice by many sects of permitting coarse and ignorant men to become ministers. At a revival-meeting, not long ago, in a town 'down east,' one of the clergymen present read a passage from the Bible, and commenced his remarks thereon as follows: 'Now, my friends, you see this text *puts in for Christ!*' What can any serious mind think of the effect of such language upon a revival congregation? Apropos of ignorant ministers: I knew a minister in the 'hill country,' who, in preaching from the text 'The time of the singing of birds is come,' etc., broke out after this fashion: 'And how delightful it is, my friends, to go forth in the spring and behold the *turtle* as he climbs upon some neighboring log, stretches out his majestic head, and lifts up his melodious voice!' At another time I heard him say that the 'religious life was like unto a fine-spun thread spun out by a *spunster!*' — P. S.: I see that you have heard of a lawyer away 'down east' here by the name of S — . Several years ago, during the time of the late Judge P — , our lawyer had brought a sham replevin suit for the purpose of obtaining and keeping for a time certain 'goods and chattels.' When the action was reached and was in order for trial, the defendant, as by our statute he might, pleaded the 'general issue.' 'What are the pleadings?' inquired the judge. 'The general issue.' 'Have you j'ined issue, Mr. S — ?' 'No, I've demurred, your honor,' was the reply. '*Demurred to the general issue*, Mr. S — ? I never heard of such a thing! For what cause have you demurred?' 'For *duplicity*, your honor.' 'Wha-wha-what do you mean, Mr. S — ?' 'Why, may it please the court, I assure you I am perfectly serious.' 'R-r-r — *that will never answer in this court*, Mr. S — !' . . . '*The North-American Review*,' for the April quarter, is a varied and interesting number. The article upon IAVING'S Life of GOLDSMITH is discriminating, and written with great good taste. We select a single passage, marked as we read, which we commend for its truth and beauty: 'We love best those who seem most nearly acquainted with our common daily life, and most warmly concerned in it; those who express this sympathy and concern with the least reserve, and who count most securely on the universality of human hopes and wishes, passions and accidents. There is a secret solicitude in every breast on this subject of life; it is of the intensest importance to us; an overshadowing thought, indeed, which insensibly colors all our other thoughts, while we are fancying ourselves very philosophical about the world and its affairs. It is in vain that we seek to reduce the importance of this life, or to moderate our concern in it, by considerations connected with *another*. Those very considerations do but add

dignity to a period which is so intimately connected with an unimaginable eternity. The greater our anxiety, or the stronger our hope in the future, the more intense is, and ought to be, the interest of a healthful mind in the present, and whatever tends to unfold, disentangle, or illuminate, that most puzzling but most precious present.' Of that most contemptible of all contemptible things, a *Scotch Toady*, the reviewer remarks: 'BOSWELL's mental universe admitted but one sun, and the grand business of his life was, the exclusion of what might intervene between himself and the rays which glorified his insignificance.' The following remarks, in a review of a work on '*The Siege of Boston*,' seems to confirm the argument of our correspondent who placed '*Old Put. at the Bar*' in these pages several years ago: 'It now appears very satisfactorily that PUTNAM never interfered with the direction of the troops in the redoubt at Bunker-Hill, who bore the brunt of the contest: he left that entirely to Colonel PRESCOTT. What orders he gave were at the slightest defences.' . . . THE ensuing graceful and feeling lines were sent by MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in a letter to a bereaved friend, whence they escaped into print. We commend them to the heart of every bereaved parent:

'WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,  
And tender sympathy upburst,  
A little rill from memory swelled,  
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst:

'And I was fain to bear to you  
Some portion of its mild relief,  
That it might be as healing dew  
To steal some fever from your grief.

'After our child's untroubled breath  
Up to the FATHER took its way,  
And on our home the shade of death  
Like a long twilight haunting lay:

'And friends came round with us to weep  
Her little spirit's swift remove,  
This story of the Alpine sheep  
Was told to us by one we love:

'They, in the valley's sheltering care,  
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
And when the sod grows brown and bare  
The shepherd strives to make them climb

'To airy shelves of pasture green  
That hang along the mountain's side,  
Where grass and flowers together lean,  
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

'But nought can tempt the timid things  
That steep and rugged path to try,  
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
And seared below the pastures lie:

'Till in his arms their lambs he takes,  
Along the dizzy verge to go,  
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,  
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

'And in those pastures lifted fair,  
More dewy soft than lowland mead,  
The shepherd drops his tender care,  
And sheep and lambs together feed.'

'This parable, by nature breathed,  
Blew on me as the south wind free,  
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed  
From icy thralldom to the sea.

'A blissful vision, through the night,  
Would all my happy senses sway  
Of the good shepherd on the height,  
Or climbing up the stony way:

'Holding our little lamb asleep:  
And, like the burthen of the sea,  
Sounded that voice along the deep,  
Saying, 'Arise and follow me!'

'I WANT to get some alum,' said a friend of ours to a Bowery druggist the other day, 'to allay a canker in my mouth. Please to dissolve it in water.' The man mixed something in a tumbler, that looked more like fine wool than alum-water. 'Is this alum?' asked our friend. 'Alum?—no; I thought you asked for *ellum*; that's slippery-ellum!' A bright druggist that! . . . '*Talbot and Vernon*' is the title of a new novel just published by Messrs. BAKER AND SCRIBNER. A friend, an authentic literary judge, who had been permitted to read the work in manuscript, pronounced a high eulogium upon it in the sanctum some weeks since. Finding it inconvenient to afford the requisite space for an adequate review of the work in the present number, we adopt the following notice by one of the best literary critics of the metropolis: 'It is written with the ostensible purpose of illustrating the strength of circumstantial evidence, though it is free from the dry and didactic tone which usually ruins the at-

tempt to inculcate a specific moral in a work of fiction. The narrative abounds with stirring incidents, which keep alive the curiosity of the reader; and the approach to the dénouement by means of a law-suit is managed with great acuteness and acquaintance with professional subtleties. The scene opens in one of the Western cities, and is afterward transferred to the camp of General TAYLOR, in Mexico. With a quick eye for the beauties of nature, the author introduces many agreeable descriptions of the Mexican landscape, following the course of the Mexican troops to the decisive battle of Buena Vista. We have little doubt, from the excellent promise of this production, that we shall hear of the unknown author in still more successful contributions to the literature of his country.' . . . 'It chanced some time since,' writes a friend, 'during an exhibition of POWERS' 'Greek Slave,' that a particularly ungainly and verdant specimen of a Yankee, who longed to have some definite basis whereon to build his ideas of sculpture, reluctantly paid his 'quarter,' and guiltily debouched into the sanctuary of high art. At the outset the mysterious twilight and hushed voices of the figures moving about the room, in strong contrast to the roar and bustle of Broadway, from which he had just emerged, half bewildered, completed his confusion; and after nervously crushing his wool hat into the compass of an egg, and vainly endeavoring to thrust both his huge hands simultaneously into the same pocket, the brilliant 'Slave,' in all her virgin purity and wondrous beauty, burst upon his horror-stricken gaze. His first impulse seemed to be to fairly 'turn tail' and run; but his 'quarter' was gone, and his native 'prudence' getting the better of his impulse, he evidently determined to have his 'money's worth:' so after gazing with outstretched neck and onion-eyed, open-mouthed wonder, at the slowly revolving statute for some time, he cautiously approached, until he stood among the circle of visitors; here he came to a stand, and after 'drinking in' the figure from head to foot, his eye rested upon the inscription on the pedestal, 'POWERS sculpsit,' and he broke out into soliloquy, as follows: 'PE-ōwers sculps it! does he? Well, I should raather 'spect he *did*! he's sculp'd that critter strong enough, *anyhow*, 'pears to me; he's gone and sculp'd every darned thing off from her! I had a kind o' an idee o' gittin' sculp'd myself, but I'm afraid I should be done up raather brown with sich a powerful sculp as that 'ere! 'Pon the hull, guess I wunt!' And he left 'the presence,' greatly dubitating. . . . 'The American Portrait Gallery,' by Goupil, Vibert and Company, is truly a superb work, exceeding any thing of the kind yet attempted in this country. The publishers, in their prospectus, remark: 'The Gallery which we propose to publish is a work whose utility must be manifest to every one. Although contemplated for a long while, yet the want of historical material has forced us to wait the time when we could lay before the American public a work worthy of its past and its future. It is enough to say that the past and the present will be treated with a legitimate equality. We wish to give our work the seal of historical truth that the future shall not gainsay. The portraits which enrich our Gallery will be drawn from the most authentic sources. Preëminent talent, of whatever kind, will find a place in the American Portrait Gallery. It will be confined to no party nor sect. It is intended for the people. Doubtful talent, or uncertain merit, will not cross the threshold of this *sanctum*. We wish that every American, as he regards each portrait with patriotic pride, may say: 'Behold what our ancestors have done; behold what we are!' — that every father may point to them as examples worthy of the imitation of his sons.' Three superb portraits, all excellent likenesses, have already appeared: namely, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM C. BRYANT,

and WILLIAM S. MOUNT, the latter from a painting by ELLIOTT, and nine others are already prepared for publication. The office of MESSRS. GOUFIL, VIBERT AND COMPANY is at Number 289, Broadway. . . . 'Boy,' asked a traveller of a lad in an inn on the Mississippi, 'what's the matter with that sick man in the next room?' 'He's got a majestic chill, Sir.' 'Great country on the banks of these rivers!' responded the interrogator. . . . THE following '*Literary Record of New Publications*' was crowded out of our last number: PUTNAM has recently published a volume of essays upon subjects of every-day life and literature, entitled '*The Optimist*.' Mr. HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, the author, has an established reputation as a contemplative and tasteful essayist; and the series before us will add not a little to his previous fame. If he has not the power to startle, he has the grace to win the admiration of his readers. — WORKS upon CALIFORNIA are thickening upon the public, and commanding a wide sale. One of the most graphic and picturesque of these is a volume from the press of our friends H. LONG AND BROTHER, entitled '*Notes on California and the Placers: How to Get there and What to Do Afterwards*.' It is written with spirit, by 'One who has been There,' and describes 'that which he saw, and part of which he was.' It is evidently an authentic record, and is written in a natural, manly style. And here too is *another* work, on the same general theme, from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON: the '*Diary of a Physician in California*;' being the results of actual experience; including notes of the journey by land and water, and observations on the climate, soil, resources of the country, etc. By JAMES L. TYSON, M. D. We have not as yet found leisure for its perusal. — MR. RUDOLPH GARRIGUE, at Number Two, Barclay-street, Astor House, continues the regular issues, in monthly parts, of the '*Iconograph-Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art*,' heretofore noticed in these pages. The great value and beauty of the illustrative engravings are even more apparent than in the preceding numbers. The work is one of rare and various merit, as we have before demonstrated. . . . CAN'T you take off my *baird* here?' said a grave, tall, slab-sided Yankee to an Albany barber, feeling at the same time his chin with a noise like a grater; 'it's a light baird: what d'you tax? Three cents for a *light baird*, aint it?' 'Yes.' 'Waäl, go ahead then.' While the barber was rasping 'three cents worth' from his chin, his 'sittér' saw an assistant putting cologne upon a customer's hair, through a quill in the cork of a bottle. 'Look o' here, 'Square,' said the Yankee, 'can't you squirt some o' that *pepper-saäse* onto my head tew? Say, can't you throw a leetle o' that in, for the three cents?' . . . A NOTICE of the death of the late JOHN C. CALHOUN was, among several other subsections in this department, crowded out of our last number. Since the departure of this great intellect, so honored and mourned by his state and his country, a letter, supposed to be almost the last which he ever penned, has appeared in some of the public prints. It was addressed to a young friend in the law-school at Ballston Springs, in this state, and contains much sound and judicious advice. We annex the closing passage. The conclusion strikes us, under the circumstances in which it was written, as being very touching:

'I WOULD have you remember that you will be beset with constant temptations to swerve from the standard of high moral integrity. The very obligations of the lawyer to defend his client, right or wrong, tend to familiarize him with error, and to blunt his natural abhorrence of depravity; and by obligations, I mean such only as would lead him to seek the great ends of justice. Beyond this, even though it should result in your own aggrandizement, I would not have you put forth a single exertion.' In the defence of one whom you believe to be guilty, proceed no farther than is necessary to elicit the truth by an even balance of testimony. I am aware that it will often be difficult in this respect to draw a precise line between the duties you will owe to your client, and those due to yourself

and community. But a cultivated and refined moral sense — the basis of all that is grand and beautiful in human character, and which I trust, above all things else, you will seek to incorporate into your own — will generally be a safe and accurate guide.

\* But I must close. This may be the last of my communications to you. I feel myself sinking under the wasting power of disease. My end is probably near — perhaps very near. Before I reach it, I have but one serious wish to gratify; it is to see my country quieted under some arrangement — alas! I know not what — that will be satisfactory to all, and safe to the South.\*

An old friend and frequent correspondent of this Magazine publishes the following 'Sonnet on the death of John C. Calhoun' in the Washington 'Union' daily journal:

THE great go from us, but they leave behind  
The memory of deeds that cannot die,  
In which they live forever: grief may blind  
With its regretful tears the watcher's eye,  
Who, through the gloom shrouding the bed of death,  
Sees the loved light of home grow dim and dark;  
But greatness dwells not in the fleeting breath —  
Its star survives life's evanescent spark.  
Honor and praise be his, who stood so long,  
Firm on the ramparts of his country's rights,  
Watching, with jealous gaze, the shade of wrong;  
Whose words still live and glow, like beacon-lights.  
Though the stern sentry sleeps in quiet now,  
From the set foot-sole to the swerveless brow.

R. S. CHILTON.

Washington, April, 1850.

An esteemed friend, writing to us from the national capital soon after the death of this eminent statesman, gave us the following brief yet graphic picture of his funeral: 'At one o'clock, the services in the Senate chamber being concluded, the body, encased in a metallic coffin, (an admirable substitute, it seems to me, for those hideous mahogany affairs,) was borne amid a dense crowd of spectators through the rotunda to the eastern portico of the capital, preceded by the pall-bearers and followed by the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, and other distinguished persons. The procession then moved slowly toward the Congressional Burying-Ground, some two miles distant. Here the ordinary funeral service of the Episcopal church was effectively read by Mr. BUTLER, Chaplain of the Senate, and the body temporarily deposited in the congressional vault. Among the pall-bearers, who were all old and distinguished members of the Senate, WEBSTER particularly arrested my attention. His appearance was funereal in the extreme. He is the most magnificent mourner I ever saw. His very soul seemed shrouded in mourning. The scene was rendered quite picturesque by the appearance, among the crowd of 'sad-garbed whites,' of a Cherokee Indian; a tall, lithe, fine-looking fellow, dressed in the full costume of his tribe. I learned afterward that he had known the illustrious Carolinian, for whom he entertained great admiration and regard.' . . . Is n't there a great deal of truth in the following from 'The Lorgnette,' a journal elsewhere noticed in this department: 'Dress, equipages, perfumery, and the opera, will always have native city teachers; but the Pulpit, the Exchange, Journalism, and the Bar, are drawing in recruits from the rough sons of hard country study, and of old-fashioned, rigid, academical education, whose energy, spirit, and influence, will one day make the hot-house progeny of the town quiver in their shoes. Show me an influential journalist, a rising man at our bar, a preacher at once profound and practical, a physician eminent in his profession, a merchant who is fertile in enterprise, and successful by honest industry, and I will show one who knew little or nothing of the fashionable life of the town, until his mental and moral character was already formed. On the other hand, show me a lawyer rich in political intrigue, a doctor distinguished by nostrums, a conversationalist fertile in equivokes, a poetaster, fatiguing the language with his poverty, a merchant who is rich by sac-

cessive bankruptcies, or defalcations, and twenty to one, he has been dandled in the arms of Fashion, and while yet in his teens, has converted his feeble art of the grammar, to the crowning arts of the boudoir.' . . . 'The Van Cortlandt Institute' is the name of a select boarding-school for boys, at VAN CORTLANDT'S Landing, at Peekskill, just at the opening of the Highlands. We hear 'good exclamation' of the qualifications of the principals and proprietors; their *locale* is very beautiful and accessible, and their numerous references are of the first order. . . . A few clerical worthies have put their heads together to improve the BIBLE, by getting up a new version of the same. From the specimens of these 'improvements' which we have seen, we should say the reverend tinkers had made sad work of it. We annex a 'sample':

## AUTHORISED VERSION.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is favor.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth; but he that hath mercy on the poor happy is he.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

## NEW VERSION.

How wished for are the feet that bringeth tidings over the mountains, proclaiming peace and good tidings; that publish salvation, saying unto Zion, thy God reigneth!

The voice of thy guards raiseth a sound of praise in unison; for surely they shall be eye witnesses when the Lord shall reinstate Zion.

He is despised and witholden from men; a man of sorrows, and has experienced grief; and appears as it were to hide his face from us; despised, and we did not notice him.

But he has been disregarded, such were our transgressions; he was depressed, such were our iniquities; our peaceable instructions were his means, and in his association we receive salvation.

Evil doers cloak over their trespasses; but among the righteous there is reconciliation.

There is a way which seemeth to be satisfactory to a man, yet the end thereof leads sometimes to destruction.

He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth; and he that favors the meek is praiseworthy.

Equity exalteth a nation; but generosity of nations is a sin.

'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings' is erased for the purpose of substituting the platitude of 'How wished-for are the feet,' etc.; and that most beautiful and touching of sentences, 'He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' gives way to 'a man of sorrows and has experienced grief.' Our friend Major NOAH, an excellent Hebrew scholar, well observes: 'The circulation of the BIBLE without note or comment throughout the world, has been one of the greatest blessings bestowed on man. It has taught him a true knowledge of God and the performance of his own duties. It is his great consolation, and properly understood, his greater hope of an hereafter. To apply the pruning-knife to this divine work to answer immediate objects is dangerous and improper. He who reads and understands can correct errors for himself if they are known to exist. The BIBLE appeals to the understanding, and those selected as witnesses of its truth by DIVINE PROVIDENCE should be and will be the last to change its character and import.' . . . 'If you will throw away that cigar,' said a friend of ours to a man who was puffing a villanous 'long-nine' in the bar-room of a hotel in a western village, 'I'll give you a quarter of a dollar.' 'Well, I'll do it,' said the smoker. He threw away his cigar, took his quarter, and then, stepping up to the bar, said: 'Here, give me a brandy-toddy and four more o' them cigars!' When he had lighted one, our friend 'departed straightway from that house.' . . . PUTNAM has published, in his usual neat



style, '*Letters of a Traveller, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America*,' by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. The work is a collection of letters, the greater part of which have already appeared in the '*Evening Post*,' written at various times, during the last sixteen years, and during journeys made in England, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Cuba, and the United States. 'They contain many lively sketches of natural scenery, descriptions of celebrated localities, pictures of domestic society, and criticisms on important works of art. A great mass of interesting information is here embodied, composing a work of permanent and more than ordinary value. The style is remarkable for its chasteness, precision, and condensed energy.' . . . SPEAKING of the difference between the present world and the world to come, some modern poet observes :

<p>THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours,          All, all is brightness there :          A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,          And a far milder air :          No calm below is like that calm above ;          No region here is like that realm of love ;          Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light ;          Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.</p>	<p>'That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,          Tinged with earth's change and care ;          No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers ;          No broken sunshine there !          One everlasting stretch of azure pours          Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores ;          For there ЖЕHOVAH shines with heavenly ray,          There JESUS reigns, dispensing endless day.'</p>
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We remember crossing to Hoboken one mellow autumn evening with an esteemed friend, one among the most vigorous and popular of our American poets. There was such a pomp of golden and many-colored clouds in the track of the setting sun as we had never seen before. 'Oh!' exclaimed our companion, 'what a beautiful world this is! They tell us of the balmy airs and the 'cloudless skies' of Paradise; then,' he added, pointing to the infinitely beautiful and glowing west, 'then they have not *that* there; and what can a scene be worth that has not clouds? How can we truly appreciate the light of the blessed sun without them? And how gloriously they *illustrate* the brightness of his beams!' It has always seemed to us that Heaven should seldom be compared, in its 'physical features,' if we may so speak, with the earth; but rather depicted as a place where the redeemed soul, in a new sphere of righteousness and love, shall 'look for the restoration of the old ruined earth and heaven, from which beauty and life shall have departed, and from which planets and stars have vanished away.' And this, when the fires of the resurrection morning shall redden the last day, this shall be witnessed. 'These eyes,' says a rapt master of sacred song :

'THESE eyes shall see them fall,  
 Mountains and stars and skies ;  
 These eyes shall see them all  
 Out of their ashes rise :  
 These lips shall then His praise rehearse  
 Whose nod restores the universe !'

We must not forget to say a word concerning that superb steamer, of COLLINS'S Liverpool line, '*The Atlantic*;' of its immense capacity, its beautiful model, its vast machinery, and over and above all, the most tasteful, admirable, gorgeous decorations and upholstery of its matchless cabins and saloons, under the direction of our old friend, Mr. GEORGE PLATT. Nothing at all *comparable* with these, for richness and exquisite taste, has ever been seen in any steamer that ever left this port, nor, we venture to say, any other in the world. Mr. PLATT has vindicated his claim to be justly considered an artist of the highest order of genius in his beautiful and chaste profession. — SINCE the above was penned, '*The Pacific*,' the second of the four which are to constitute the 'COLLINS line,' has reached her station at the foot of Canal-street. The praise awarded to the '*Atlantic*,' in all respects, may be awarded to her.

The same grace, the same magnificent saloons and state-rooms, the same spacious and charming cabins, are *her* distinguishing characteristics also. Success to each and all of them! . . . 'How long will it take me to reach Jamaica?' asked a pedestrian on the Jamaica turnpike. 'Walk on, walk on,' said the person interrogated. Thinking he was misunderstood, the traveller repeated the question, when the same answer was returned. Fancying that the man was crazy, the pedestrian moved on at an accelerated pace. 'Look here,' said the interrogated party, calling after the traveller, 'it'll take you half an hour. I could n't tell you, till I saw how you walked, what 'time' you 'd make!' He lived near the 'Union Course' 'most preb-ably.' . . . As we saw, passing down Hudson-street the other morning, *Dr. Rabineau's Salt Water Floating Bath* going down the river to take its old-time position at Castle-Garden and the Battery, we could n't help thinking how much comfort, health, luxury, its worthy proprietor would be enabled, during the coming summer, to dispense. Hale, hearty and cheerful, our old friend is himself an excellent example of the benefits of salt-water bathing; but there are thousands upon thousands in our metropolis who, from an experience of twenty or thirty years, can present kindred testimony in favor of his well-kept and popular establishment. . . . SOUTHEY describes a man of his early acquaintance as 'hideously ugly, his nose grown out in knobs and bulbs, like an underground artichoke, and his fingers crooked and knotty with the gout.' We knew a Wall-street bank-messenger formerly, whose feet looked like two parcels of shag-bark walnuts, tied up in small leathern bags — exactly! . . . A COMMITTEE, we are glad to perceive, has been appointed to receive subscriptions for the erection of a monument at Quebec, over the remains of JOHN WILSON, the unequalled Scottish vocalist, who departed this life in that city last summer. No amount over the sum of two dollars will be received by the committee, so that all the friends of the lamented deceased may join his friends in Canada who have made the initial movement in this praiseworthy and honorable object. Subscriptions may be made to ALEXANDER WATSON, Esq., 35 Wall-street, or to P. H. VANDERVOORT, Esq., 38 Broad-street. . . . A NEW correspondent, 'F. R.,' sends us the following rendering of the '*Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots*:'

'O DOMINI DEUS, speravi in te,  
O care mi JESU, nunc libera me;  
In dura catena, in misera poena,  
Desidero te,  
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,  
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

'THOU LORD art my GOD,  
I have trusted in THEE,  
JESU, thou SAVIOUR,  
Liberate me!  
For in prison and bound,  
With deep sorrow around,  
I languish for THEE:  
In despair, cark and care,  
With contrition's deep prayer,  
I adore, I implore  
THEE liberate me.'

'*The American Hotel*,' kept by Messrs. TABER AND BAGLEY, directly opposite the Park Fountain, has recently undergone the most important improvements, and may now be considered second to none of our metropolitan hotels. A new, capacious, and very beautiful dining-room has been added, which gives one all the luxurious accommodation that can be required; new drawing-rooms, admirably situated and furnished,

